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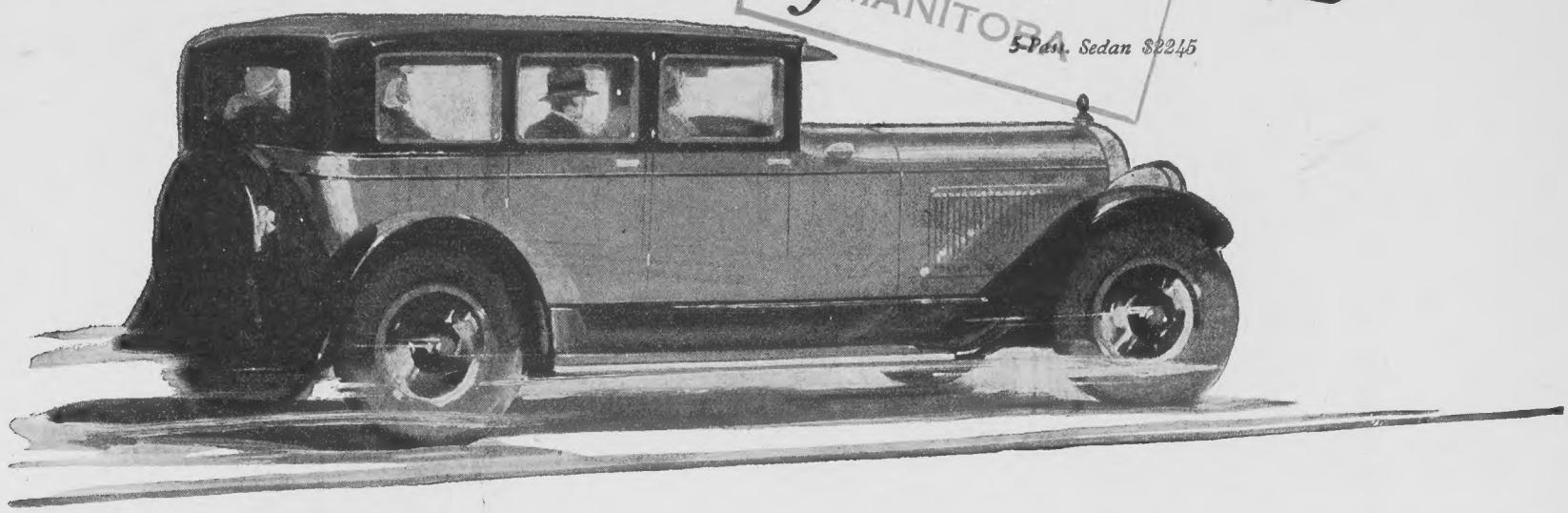
The Super-Six Principle freed to the Limit —



5-Pass. Sedan $2245

Nothing Like It in the World

In both performance and the principle by which it is accomplished, Hudson is unlike any other car in the world.

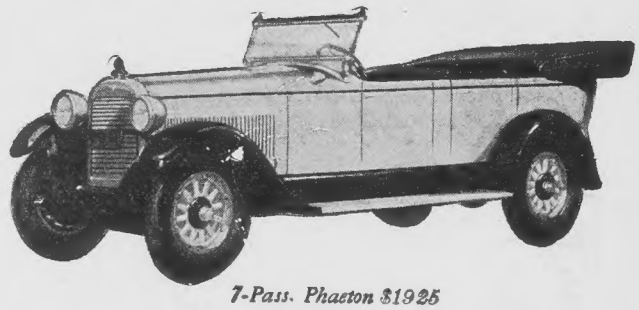
The Super-Six principle, now freed to the limit, delivers its power with the smooth flow of an electric motor. Throughout, the car is engineered to make full use of its stream of energy. And so the Super-Six gets under way faster than its rivals, and *with a total absence of the violent lunge usual to high-powered cars.*

It glides into motion from a standing start. You may travel at any speed and always find untapped reserves of power for quick acceleration. Four-wheel brakes just as softly and effectively check your speeds.

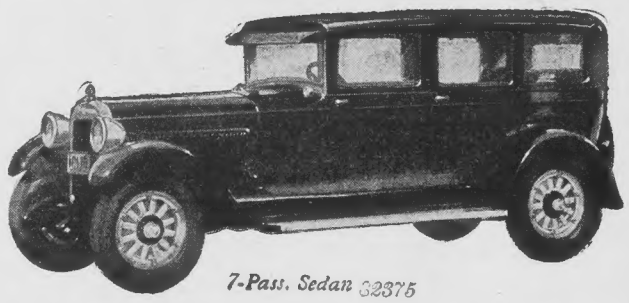
In motor and chassis, both new, the Hudson Super-Six reaches new heights of speed, safety, comfort and performance. There is nothing like it in the world.

* * * * *

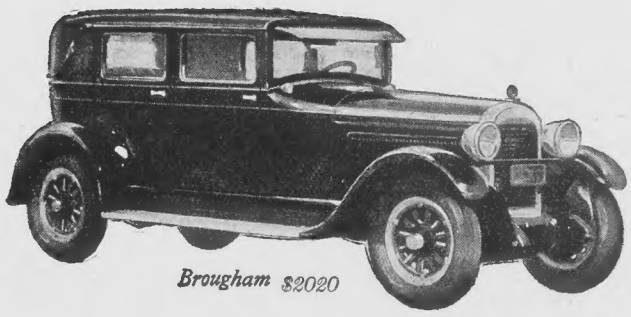
In the Essex Super-Six—sharing all these advantages in comfort, safety, quality, and surpassing motor efficiency—there are five new bodies — entirely new in appearance, beauty, smart upholstery and appointment.



7-Pass. Phaeton $1925



7-Pass. Sedan $2375



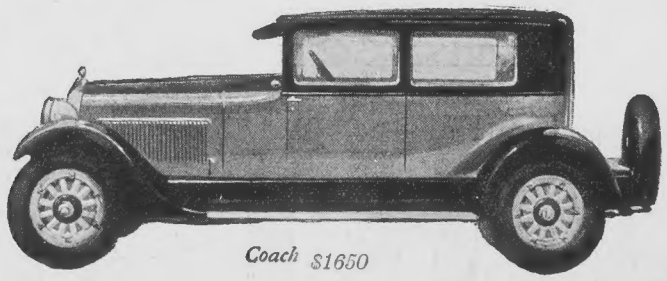
Brougham $2020

Other Hudson Models

Custombuilt Roadster . . . $1795
Standard 5-Pass. Sedan . . $1780

All prices f.o.b. Windsor, taxes extra

HUDSON Super-Six



Coach $1650

Defies all attempts at Comparison

BUYERS are finding that the Chrysler "60" has not only the same features claimed as "new" by other makes—but the same features *improved and combined with other features that cannot be copied* because they are uniquely Chrysler.

Ever since its introduction, ten months ago, the Chrysler "60" has had a finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers front and rear, among other features.

But the significant thing about the Chrysler "60" is not so much these individual features as the way they have been harmonized into Chrysler's original engineering design, resulting in typical Chrysler superiority of performance, dependability and long life.

Under the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, the Chrysler "60" is designed and built—in every detail—as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

This obviously higher-than-average standard of manufacture is revealed in Chrysler "60" performance—in its dashing pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds, its remarkable smoothness at sustained high speeds up to 60 and more miles per hour, combined with its astonishing economy of 26 miles to the gallon.

Before you decide on any low-priced six, check its features and its performance against that of the Chrysler "60's". You'll then realize at once why the "60" is acclaimed as a value "beyond comparison"—entirely without parallel among all ordinary sixes of its price.

COUPE

(with Rumble Seat)

$1770

F.O.B. WINDSOR

Chrysler "60" Prices—Touring Car, $1470; Coupe, $1540; Roadster, $1570; Coach, $1635; Coupe *(with Rumble seat)* $1770; Sedan, $1770.

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, (freight only to be added). Above prices include all taxes, bumpers front and rear, spare tire, tire cover and tank full of gasoline.

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

CHRYSLER "60"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

China

AND now it is China. The front page of every newspaper has a yellow tinge, notwithstanding that it is printed on Manitoba-made pure white paper—the best and whitest in the world.

But as to China—what is going to happen? It is no small thing that a civil war should take place with 200 millions on each side, and it is a much more serious thing that both sides have adopted a policy of opposition to everything that is not Chinese.

Of course every right-minded person will agree that China should be free to direct her own destiny. She may make grievous errors. In this she will follow the history of all nations. Even Britain has had her revolutions and her civil wars, and the United States, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, have anything but a clean sheet to present to the world's Inspector-General. So China may come out of it only broken china, and worth not very much in the world's market, but nevertheless she has a right to shape her own future.

This fits right in with the theory of a man down the street who expresses himself in the short but rather vigorous phrase: "Let the devils fight it out!" which, of course, is not the idea at all. No right-minded person wishes the civil war in China to continue until there is only a fraction of the population remaining. These people are fellow-beings, and we cannot remain unmoved as we witness their sufferings. Particularly must we grieve over the unhappy condition of the women and children who always suffer most during warfare.

We can go even one step farther and justify in some degree the Chinese attitude to foreigners. Evidently some of these have not been discreet. Indeed, they have done things highly objectionable —from a Chinese point of view. In matters of trade and education and all that makes for prosperity, they have got along much better than the Chinese themselves. They are to the Chinese like the camel in the tent—they have practically ousted the owner. Naturally there is resentment, even if it is not to be justified.

Now, on the other side, it is clear that China should be fair to all foreigners. Cheng may be nationalist. That is his right. But he must not forget that his first duty is to protect the lives of all foreign-speaking peoples. United States and Britain are not at war with China. Britain has shown all along that she is willing to consider whatever propositions are made to her by the Chinese authorities. If Mr. Cheng undertakes to sever all relations by an unfriendly or cowardly act, or if he cannot hold in his hand his followers, why he must give way to somebody who possesses the qualities of wise leadership.

All through we have to commend the action of Britain. She has tried to sympathize with China as a nation just awaking from a long sleep; has made allowance for the ignorance of the masses and their consequent hasty generalizations, has even suggested that in the matter of "concessions" she is prepared to yield even though it means loss to her and to China, but there is a way of doing things that all civilized peoples insist upon, and it is difficult for inflamed Chinamen to follow this way. So, there are warships near Shanghai, just as a reminder. Mr. Cheng should be reasonable when dealing with the most reasonable government under the sun.

A Problem of the Future

THE real problem of China is not the immediate one. This trouble will blow over. North and South will reunite under some great national leader, and then the real problem will have to be faced. It is the problem of getting room for 500 million people. The unused territory of the world—Australia, Canada and the United States—have banned the Chinese, and their own country cannot hold them. What is to happen?

It is impossible to predict what will take place when China, India and Japan insist upon owning more territory. There are people all over the Anglo-Saxon world who think it impossible for two races to grow up side by side under one flag, unless they are so closely akin as to make intermarriage possible. There are others who point out that in the British Empire only one person in seven is white. We have not thought ourselves clear on this question, and clearly we must settle it before long. There is one thing we can do in the meantime: We can develop such an attitude as will make settlement possible, when the need for definite action arises. The attitude was expressed by Kipling in his well-known ballad:

"Oh East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently
Before the judgment seat.
For there is neither East nor West
Border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

Whatever we may do from choice or necessity in the years to come we must surely think of the colored races not as 'dirty devils,' but as men and women with rights of their own, and souls of their own, because they are all made by one Father, and they are all His children.

Investment and Speculation

WALLACE H. WHIGAM, in his "Essentials of Commercial Law," makes some interesting comments on investment, speculation, and savings. "Through savings and careful investment," says he, "the laborer, be the labor mental or manual, is also a capitalist, and his capital makes it easier to earn and to save more for future enjoyment.

"The savings of the past constitute the capital of today. The savings of today make up the increased capital of tomorrow, making it possible to develop new industries and enlarge old ones. All savings come from some form of labor, and are the part not expended for necessaries and luxuries today. The hope of greater enjoyment in the morrow causes far-seeing people to save.

"Investment is defined as the purchasing of property, such as stocks, bonds or real estate, in order to secure an income from dividends from stocks, interest on bonds and rental from real estate.

"Speculation is spoken of as being the purchase of property such as stocks, bonds or real estate with the expectation of making a sale at an increased price, or selling short, which is a sale at a fixed price today with the expectation of buying in the future at a lower price and making delivery at this lower price, thereby making a profit. All stocks have more or less of a speculative character. This is evidenced by a higher rate of income than bonds. Investment looks to productive use—Speculation to fluctuation of market price."

Music

SOMEONE has said: "I love music because of the things it makes me forget, and because of the things it makes me remember." The universal use and adaptability of music makes it particularly fitting as an avocation. It is the emotional language of religion and irreligion, of poverty and affluence, of joy and sorrow, of peace and war. It is equally at home amid splendor and magnificence and amidst the lowliest surroundings. In many nations music is the art of the people. We have yet to grow to that. There seems to be just now a musical renaissance and it is particularly fitting that it should find a home in Canada. We have here many nationalities, many tongues, many ways of thinking and acting. But in the realm of feeling we are one, and music is the language of feeling. Nor can we overlook the fact that feeling may be either pure or impure, either life-promoting or life-destroying. So we must all the more earnestly covet the best.

Sport

IN WESTERN CANADA, February is the month of sport. In this city there are hundreds of men and women to be met every day carrying brooms. There are old Scotchmen who would be ashamed were they found sweeping the front steps. Yet they roam the streets carrying "besoms" as proud as if they were parading in the kilts of their clans. There are young Canadians whose parents came from Southern Europe and the Islands of the Sea, mingling their cries in the mad excitement of rock-chasing, and forgetting lineage and ancient custom as they engage in a common pursuit. Ladies there are too, from all points in the country, and they seem to enjoy the sport as keenly as their husbands. What does it all mean? No one has stated the case for sport more clearly than Mr. Galsworthy in the *London Times*:

"Sport which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle."

Though we are speaking of curling, the quotation applies even more forcibly to hockey, and to summer sports. We may at times think men are wasting much time in sport, but if it teaches them to be fair to themselves, and fair in dealing with their opponents, it is a great saving exercise. For in national and international affairs, in business and pleasure, there is nothing more in demand than fair play. It is the prime condition of peace and happiness.

From Failure to Success

ASK any unprejudiced person in British Columbia how the Liquor Act is working and he will tell you that things could not be worse. Ask anyone in Alberta who has to spend his time in hotels how the Act is working and he will tell you that conditions are quite as bad as when the bars were wide open. Ask anyone in Winnipeg and he will tell you that there is more drinking especially among young people than there has been since the days of the boom. Nor is there likely to be an improvement so long as provincial revenue depends upon the sale of beer and whisky.

It is one thing to recognize the evil. It is quite another thing to find a remedy. The prohibitionist, with fine intention and noble resolution, sometimes fails to understand that in these days people cannot be coerced, and the champion of individual freedom using a fine catchword in an ignoble cause, urges action that issues in personal ruin and national degradation. After all, education must solve the matter. In this, as in other things, the school, the press and the church must join hands. In the meantime we can learn wherein legislation is faulty. The recognition of present failure is the first step towards permanent success.

Friendship

IT IS not governed by rules or principles. It is a need and a response to a need. When either the need or the response ceases friendship ends. The only basis of friendship is service and help and joy. There must be no exacting, no imposing, no demanding."

A man should not and need not go through the world friendless. If he is miserable he can find a friend in someone still more miserable. Being a friend *to* somebody brings more happiness than being a friend *of* somebody. In this field, as in all others, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

What is true of the individual is true of the nations. They cannot thrive in isolation. Isolation knows no joys, no fullness of life. Never before in the history of the world was it so necessary for nations to develop friendship. Towards the end they must exercise fairness in all their dealings. Friendship and suspicion cannot possibly live together.

Nothing succeeds like Health

So say these four who found relief from their ills, new hope and greater ambition—by eating one fresh food

"ABSOLUTELY run down and very, very thin"—"Forever suffering from constipation"—"For four years troubled with severe skin eruptions" . . .

This is but a part of the stories of these four people. Read how—easily, naturally—they conquered their ills, regained their old health and energy.

Not a medicine, not a "cure-all," Fleischmann's Yeast is just a remarkable corrective food. In every cake are millions of tiny, living yeast plants. They purify the entire digestive and intestinal tract. They aid digestion. They clear the skin. They tone up the whole system.

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast brings release from constipation. Unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics, yeast actually strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles. It checks putrefaction and prevents the absorption of poisons through the intestinal wall.

Eat three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain, in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. S-3, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"ON TWO OR THREE DIFFERENT OCCASIONS I had had to go away to the country for my health—I was so badly run down. I was very, very thin, and to add to my misery my face was all broken out. Finally I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I must say it is positively wonderful. My friends say I am the picture of health and I undoubtedly owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."
MARGARET HOWELL, Windsor, Ont.

"BESIDES BEING A CARTOONIST, I also go in for baseball. In the spring of 1926, while training for the baseball season, I suffered from constipation, and this considerably interfered with my activities. One day I happened to be talking with a friend of mine who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for three months, and he urged me to try it for my complaint. The results were astonishing. The 'pep' and vitality that Fleischmann's Yeast put into me were more than I ever anticipated, and I think I may truthfully say that the 1926 baseball season was the best of my career. Many thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
W. BRAND, Vancouver, B. C.

*For constipation physicians say it is best to drink Fleischmann's Yeast in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.

This famous food tones up the whole system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA

MISS ALLEN WAS GREATLY ANNOYED. "For four years," she writes, "I was troubled with severe skin eruptions. I tried everything imaginable but was unable to get rid of them. A friend asked me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate three cakes every day and soon noticed an improvement. In a few weeks my hands were entirely clear—not a trace of the skin trouble left. And my face also was greatly improved. Fleischmann's Yeast is a great blood purifier and health builder." NOËLLE ALLEN, Winnipeg, Man.

"HAVE BEEN IN RAILROAD WORK for over 16 years. Having to eat cold lunches every day I finally contracted stomach trouble. No medicine seemed to help. One day at a soda fountain a friend ordered Fleischmann's Yeast. I told him of my trouble and he advised me to eat Yeast. I found it better than any medicine. It soon enabled me to get my whole system in good shape." ALFRED THOMSON, Montreal, P. Q.

The Heart of Alix

Beginning a breathless story of love and adventure, intrigue and crime—by Valentine Williams, the author of "The Little Gold God"

Illustrated by James Trembath

ALIX BARLESTON'S feet, clad in thin evening shoes, were noiseless on the moss-grown walk. Not more noiseless than her going was the velvety June night, which here, in the inky blackness of Node House Wilderness, draped itself about her. The flaunting rhododendrons, rich with bloom, through which she softly made her way, stirred restlessly in the still air, and sometimes a blossom, damp with the dew of night, brushed against her bare arm. There were odd rustlings in the man-high thickets. Now the eerie cry of a night bird struck stridently across the silence; now the beating of unseen wings quietly thrashed the air.

Presently the round mass of Node Tower reared itself before her. At the side the ivy which drooped from its battlemented roof softened its barren outline, but its solitary window, looking out over the sea, projected sharp and black against the starry sky.

Without hesitation she turned off the path to take another narrower one which led to a flight of steps mounting to the entrance of the tower. Half way along the path she paused and, as if struck by a sudden thought, returned and followed the path she had left. It brought her to a door in the wall. The night was dark and moonless; and here, under the solemn fire, the blackness was opaque. But her hand went out unfalteringly and found at once the milled knob of the spring lock.

She swung back the door, and the beacon of the lightship on the sable bosom of the sea peeped in on her, glanced at its reflection on the gleaming beach below, and died.

THE tide was far, far out; and purplish shadows rested on the wide-flung desolation on the shore.

Her black satin slipper moved a brick that lay over against the door and set it in position to keep the door from closing. Then she turned, and lightly, as before, retraced her footsteps to the tower.

In the shadow of the tower she halted. A flight of stone steps, with a carved balustrade, coiled itself about the lichen-grey masonry to a flat porch set some fifteen feet up in the side away from the sea. She mounted. At the top of the stairs she depressed a latch and slowly pushed open the door.

As the hinges groaned, for the first time she faltered. The warm and musty odor of a room long shut up or little used drifted out to her.

But she gave a little defiant shake of her cropped brown head. She pushed the door wide and entered boldly. The darkness lightened at the end of the room where its one large window looked down upon the sea. Different articles of furniture were dimly there; an armchair, a centre-table covered with a cloth, a pompous, high mantelpiece with a clock flanked by a pair of candlesticks. Alix Barleston drew a box of matches from the brocade bag she carried, struck a match and lit one of the candles.

She set the light down upon the table. The yellow flame shed its feeble radiance about a circular room flattened at the farther end by a tall but shallow window in the Tudor manner. It was a sombre place. The memory of a dead girl hovered over all. Alix Barleston knew it, and to her it was as though the faint, sickly odor of the place were distilled from dried tears and withered hopes. For this had been Marian's room, poor Marian Fubsy, only daughter of the host and hostess of Node House, laid to rest these twenty years in the cemetery at Davos Platz.

They had kept her room as she had left it on that last sad journey in search of health, and by Lady Fubsy's express order—inscrutable is the reasoning of grief—no one was suffered to climb the stone stair save the maid whose appointed duty it was to keep the tower room aired and dusted. That this task was but perfunctorily performed was apparent in the stuffy atmosphere, and the blur of dust which overlay everything.

A step sounded on the stone stair. The woman swung round. Basil Stanismore stood at the door. He was in conventional yachting dress, blue jacket, flannel trousers, white shoes. On seeing her he took off his white-topped yachting cap and glanced at his wrist.

"Eleven o'clock precisely! I was anxious to be on time. . . ."

"I have never known you late for an appointment," she said with a smile.

"I wondered if you would remember," he said. "Then I saw the door open, and I knew that you were waiting." He took her two hands in his. "Well, and how are we? It seems an age since I saw you. . . ."

"Since you're here tonight," she broke in earnestly, "it means that things are bad?"

He moved his head in a gesture of assent.

"They've reached a crisis," he answered.

She bowed her head wearily. Crisis! She had learned to know the sound of the word since the war. It was often on Frankie's lips. It meant insistent creditors, cadging, subterfuges, lies. . . .

"Your husband is in the hands of the money lenders. I see he's told you. But do you know how much he owes?"

He stopped in front of her, big and masterful.

"More than he can ever pay, at any rate for the moment."

"Yes, but *how much?*"

"Nearly a thousand pounds, Frankie said."

"The liar! If he'd said nearly seven thousand—" She gasped. "It's not possible?"

"It's true," retorted Stanismore bluntly.

"Then this is the end," she declared, with the calm of stark despair. "I don't mind so much for myself; nothing could be worse than the sort of life we've

Stanismore, throwing caution to the winds, seized her hands. "What's the use of acting a part?"

led for the last few years, But its tragic for Sandy. He's down for Eton, and I had hoped he would have gone there the year after next. I'm not a snob, but Frankie and all his people were at Eton, and I did so want Sandy to carry on the tradition. How am I going to bring him up with this burden of debt strangling us?"

Stanismore had expected her to cry out, to protest maybe to burst into hysterical tears. Her self-control disconcerted but did not disarm him.

"I haven't told you all . . ." he began tentatively and watched her face. She looked up apprehensively.

"Tell me!" she bade in a toneless voice.

"Your husband was intrusted by a certain man with a sum of money to put on a horse. The horse won. Barleston hasn't paid up . . . . It means the police . . . ."

"How much is it?"

"A matter of eight hundred pounds!"

He saw the distress in her eyes, heard her catch her breath sharply.

"The police can't make Frankie pay," she argued stubbornly.

"You don't understand. This man knows something. . . ."

"Blackmail," she prompted contemptuously.

Stanismore laughed shortly.

"I wish it were as easy. Keane Kavanagh's no blackmailer. He says he's been swindled and he's out for blood. He's found out the facts about a game of cards in which your husband won heavily from a young man named Creagh. Creagh couldn't pay, and shot himself.

"Kavanagh's vindictive. He calls your husband a card sharper who ought to be shown up. He's got the evidence. And he threatens to lay it before the police."

That Keene Kavanagh had the evidence was literally true, inasmuch as he had sat in with his friend, Frankie Barleston, at the plucking of young Creagh. That anybody with his reputation should risk himself near the police was, to say the least, unlikely, as Stanismore fully realized. But he felt sure Alix knew nothing about Kavanagh, and he was right.

Suddenly she flung herself face downward upon her folded arms and fell into a passion of weeping.

"You're mad," she said. "Suppose anyone should come . . ." "They're all asleep," he told her

STANISMORE laid his arm about her shoulders. "Listen," he said, "if you leave this to me, I think I can fix it. I'll undertake to settle with Kavanagh and pacify the money lenders as well. But Frankie is a hopeless proposition, and if I'm to help you you'll have to let him go. If things come to a smash, his job's gone and he'll only sponge on you. And I know that, with his way of living, your four or five hundred a year isn't enough to keep you and him and give the boy a decent education. You've got to get rid of Frankie altogether. . . ."

She shook her head helplessly.

"Why should you come to our aid? It's—it's tremendously generous of you, but I couldn't accept it, even if Frankie would allow himself to be got rid of. For the boy's sake, I am not anxious to divorce him."

"Then why divorce him?" said Stanismore jauntily. For the first time his waving exultation got the better of him. "You leave Master Frankie to me, little woman, and I'll fix him so that he won't trouble *you* any more . . . ."

His changed tone struck her at once. His air of triumphant assurance puzzled her, and she raised her head and looked him in the face. Her wet eyes, her trembling mouth, her sorrowful pallor, whetted all the protective instincts in this masterful man.

"Why are you so sure?" she said, suspicion in her voice. "Have you spoken to Frankie about this?"

But Stanismore, throwing caution to the winds, seized her hands.

"What's the use of our acting a part?" he cried. "Surely you must have seen, in all these months that we've been meeting, that I'm simply crazy about you. From the very first moment that I clapped eyes on you I wanted you, you sweet"—he stammered and the words came thickly—"you sweet white creature. I've never met a woman who attracted me as you have done. All along I've felt that you were destined to—to influence my life, and now I want you to share it, to let me give you what you've never had from your drunken soak of a husband: love, comfort, security. I want you, Alix. I can't get my sleep for thinking of you. I'll treat you right, and with your love—and sympathy—and . . . ."

His purring, gross voice stumbled. Her curt cold question checked him:

"And my husband?"

He chuckled.

"I'll attend to him. I'll get him a nice comfy job, South America or New Zealand, somewhere far enough away not to bother the love bird . . . ."

"Does my husband consent to this—to this arrangement?"

She turned aside, scrutinizing her nails, toying with her wedding ring.

Stanismore's eyes narrowed suddenly.

"As a matter of fact," he rejoined, "he suggested it!"

She swung about. Self-assured as he was, the anger that blazed in her eyes daunted him.

"That at least is a lie!" she said in a trembling voice. "Whatever else he is, my husband is a gentleman. I've heard your proposal. Now let me give you my reply. I'd rather that my husband were twenty times a bankrupt, that he should spend the rest of his life in prison, that Sandy and I should beg our bread in the streets, than that I should be beholden to you for anything, either for money or for love. Because my husband is in trouble, because he's away in London, you think you can insult me with impunity. But let me tell you this, that if my husband were here *he would kill you* for what you have dared to say to me tonight!"

"Now, see here, little woman—" Stanismore began.

But she burst into tears and fled out by the door, leaving him standing in the centre of the room flushed and bewildered.

ON THAT self-same Friday evening, from the window of his bedroom at Node House, a young man watched the Nab light flashing across the sea. From horizon to horizon light winked to light over the unseen waste of water, and the absolute monotony of the nocturne gave the watcher no relief from his thoughts. In truth, in his present mood, nature had nothing in her gift with which to solace him. For Captain Ronald Dene was in love and his lady was unkind.

The young man felt a stirring of indignation within him. With infinite difficulty he had procured a month's leave from his regiment. He had angled for and secured an invitation from Sir Harry and Lady Fubsy in order to spend a week of his furlough with Alix. There were other guests: Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend of the Fubsys; Alix's young sister, Isobel, or Freckles, as she was called; and Gerry Leese, a young American, attentive to Freckles. But in Dene's eyes nobody was in the house except Alix. And he hadn't had five minutes alone with her since his arrival, three days before. She had wanted him to come, and for months he had looked forward to their meeting. Alix was seldom in London now, and he hadn't seen her since before Christmas.

Impatiently Dene had hauled himself out of the armchair and stepped on the balcony, tall and slim in his dark silk dressing gown. The night was tranquil. The balmy island air was as soft on the cheek as a lover's caress. The house was sunk in slumber. The trees rustled gently, and from the distance the muted murmur of the ocean sounded.

NODE HOUSE backed on the sea, the drive and main entrance being on the land side. By reason of the sea view, therefore, the best bedrooms were in the rear. Dene's was on the first floor, at the extreme end, next door to his host and hostess. From his balcony, accordingly, looking to the left, he could command the whole row of windows on the back.

All were in darkness, save at the far end where there was a glimmer of light. It shone from the windows of the big double room at the other extremity of the corridor, which, with a large bath dressing-room, was the Barlestons' quarters. Since the war Alix Barleston had made her home at Node. Lady Fubsy was Frankie Barleston's aunt, and Frankie came down from time to time for the week-end.

Frankie Barleston's dressing-room, which was the last window in the line, opened out of the bedroom and, by a farther door, communicated with a little lobby at the head of a flight of steps which gave direct access to the grounds. These steps were known as the "garden stairs."

The light was in Alix's room; perhaps she was yet awake.

The young man paused, irresolute. The end of his cigarette glowed red in the darkness. Suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, he flung the cigarette over the balcony and stepped back into his bedroom. There he crossed to the door, a switch clicked and the room was in darkness. He stood for an instant listening. Then he opened the door cautiously and looked out.

Away to the right the corridor ran its obscure length to the end, save in the middle, where a sparse grey light from the staircase window fended the gloom. The house was profoundly still. Dene came out into the passage and softly closed the door behind him. Then, almost noiseless in his slippered feet, he made his way along the corridor.

A knife edge of light lay along under the door of Alix's room. Resolutely Dene tapped: three soft taps. Instantly a low voice answered, startled, "What is it? Who's there?" Ronald Dene hesitated, then took his courage in both hands. The door was not locked. He walked in.

Alix Barleston was watching the door in the mirror. She was sitting at the dressing table in a white kimona, her back to him, but he saw her face in the glass, her pale, rather delicate face and starry eyes framed in the wavy crop of thick brown hair. As their glance met she sprang up, swung around and faced him.

"Ronnie!" she cried in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "What do you want at this time of night? What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't sleep, and I saw that your light was still on. So I came along for a chat," he said.

SHE laughed. "My dear Ronnie, are you quite sure that you're sober? Would you mind going back to your room!"

He fixed his blue eyes, long-lashed under their straight black brows, on her face and shook his head.

"I'm not drunk, Alix. But I'm desperate. Why do you always avoid me? What have I—"

She turned away swiftly, casting down her eyes. Hungrily he contemplated the admirable line of her white neck, whiter than the ivory softness of her wrapper.

"You're mad," she said, and looked at him oddly. "Suppose anyone should come . . . ."

"They won't," he told her. "They're all asleep."

"You've no business to compromise me like this," she broke in angrily. If you don't leave me at once, Ronnie, I'll never speak to you again!"

"I'm not going until you have told me what's the matter with you," he retorted stubbornly. "I've come down here especially to see you, and you flee from me as though I had the plague. Have I done anything to offend you?"

She wrung her hands in desperation.

"Go, I tell you; go!"

Again he shook his head.

"Now that we are alone," he pleaded, "why don't you tell me what's grieving you. Maybe I can help. You know I'd give my very soul to serve you . . . ."

His voice was passionate. She averted her face from his.

"Alix," he entreated, "Alix, have you never realized how much you mean to me? Your unkindness is killing me!"

She raised her head and regarded him. The loveliness of her pierced him through like a sword. The yearning in his heart rose up, engulfing like a wave, as though it would choke him. In all the years that he had known her he had never told her of his love. Throughout their strange, haphazard friendship, which rare meetings, cables and letters had kept warm against the chill of his long absences—the war, India, his service in the north—he had locked his secret away, abashed, when he would have spoken, by the candid innocence of her regard. But now he was desperate.

"Oh, Ronnie . . . ."

Her mournful voice, her sorrowing regard, recalled him to his senses. As a friend he had gained access to her, as a friend he must play his rôle to the end. He shrugged his shoulders.

"IT'S Frankie again, I suppose?" he said. "What is it this time? Women or money? Oh, my dear, why don't you let the fellow go? Have you never realized that I'm waiting for you? You're not in love with Frankie still, are you?"

"I am terribly sorry for him!"

"You don't—you don't live with him?"

"God forbid!" she whispered.

"Then why hesitate?"

"I'm afraid," she said in a low voice. "Frankie's spiteful. He doesn't like you, Ronnie. And I think that he suspects."

Dene laughed ruefully. "I wish to Heaven he had cause."

"I have to think of Freckles too," she went on. "I believe she's going to be a beauty in her way, and I want her to have a chance. And, of course, there's Sandy. People don't think as they did about divorce, I know, but everything to do with Frankie is so—so sordid. And I'm afraid, Ronnie; I'm afraid."

He patted her hand comfortingly.

"What's Frankie been up to now? Won't you tell me?"

"It's money troubles again," she replied.

"Can't I help?" he said, and reddened in his English way.

She shook her head.

A clock on the mantelpiece whirred and beat twelve rapid strokes.

"Well, I expect you'll be wanting to go to sleep," the young man added.

She caught his hand as he turned to go.

"Oh, Ronnie," she begged, "don't be hurt with me. I know I've been a beast to you ever since you came down, but I've been almost out of my mind with worry. You've always been such a dear to me. Don't spoil it all by misunderstanding me at the very time that I most want your sympathy. When you knocked just now I was sitting at my mirror thinking of you and wondering what I could do to show you I haven't really changed."

He drew her other hand to his.

"Then you do care for me—a little?" he said rather hoarsely. She bowed her head. He felt her body yield. The silence of the night wrapped them close about. Beyond the open windows the wheeling lights kept their ceaseless vigil, and the fragrance of flowers was borne in on the still, warm air. His arms went around her and she clung to him, limp in his embrace. The tears stood in her eyes as his lips found hers.

"My love, my love!" she murmured, and smiled through a mist of tears. "Tell me once that you love me, Ronnie!"

"I love you, Alix!" he whispered and bent to her upturned face. "Do you realize what this moment means to me—the first time in all these years?" He sought her lips again.

But she, gazing up in his face, leaned back in his arms.

"Whatever happens," she said earnestly, "whatever they may say of me, promise me that you'll always think of me like this. Promise me you'll always remember that you loved me!"

Even as she spoke, through the open door of the dressing-room came the muffled sound of gentle, hurried knocking.

"Alix! Alix!" a man's voice called softly.

"Frankie!"

Her whisper was shrill with wonder—and with fear.

SHE sprang away and flashed to the dressing-table. Her hand found the light switch, and the room sank into darkness. Wraithlike in her

Continued on page 40

In the dim light the look on his face frightened her. "What—what is it?" she demanded

When Age Grows Young

By Fred Turnbull

Illustrated by Kathleen Allan

DAD WINTERS gave a final pat to his neatly knotted brown tie, took a last survey of himself in the mirror, listening all the while for sounds in the sitting room. It was going to be a trying ordeal to pass through there, but he had to go through that room to get out.

However, it had to be faced sooner or later, and squaring his shoulders aggressively he opened his bedroom door, hoping with all his heart that his housekeeper would be engaged elsewhere. He was unlucky. There she was busily sorting buttons out of a work-basket, at a little table, in one corner of the room. At the opening of the door she glanced up, and Dad with his genial smile and a nod, crossed to the door leading to the broad verandah.

His nonchalant air, as he crossed the room, was but a cloak for an excessive self-consciousness. But the good-natured, corpulent housekeeper did not see that. Something else about his appearance crowded out any observations of that character. Her mouth dropped open. Her needle and thread fell to the floor unheeded, and her eyes popped open to their widest extent. She stared as if at a ghost. She remained frozen to her chair until Dad had passed out of sight around the house.

"Gord help us!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands.

Dad turned at the gate and instead of going to Stella's went in the direction of the stables. He would look in for a few minutes at his pure bred stock; it was too soon to undergo another ordeal.

Dad Winters was a sturdily built man of fifty-eight, and looked ten years younger. He had nice ruddy sunburned cheeks, genial bright blue eyes, and beautiful dark brown hair. True, it had been an iron-grey yesterday, but today there was not a suspicion of a grey hair showing.

Twenty minutes with his live stock settled Dad's nerves, and he headed for the house across the road. Had he been less honest, and not given to meeting every crisis face to face, he might have avoided his daughter. He would have a real test here. Stella's mother had passed away eighteen years before, leaving her and Dad very much alone, and they had been much closer to one another than most fathers and their girls. Well, if he was to continue to wear brown hair he would have to face them sooner or later; better get it over with.

He opened the sitting room door and walked in. Jim Bradley was sitting in a rocker having his mid-afternoon smoke, and chat with his wife, while Stella was busy at a table cutting out some dress patterns.

"Hello folks!" Dad greeted amiably. "How's the family?"

Jim looked up at his entrance, started slightly, and quickly suppressed a surprised grin.

"Hello Dad! Family's all fine and happy. Try this new brand of tobacco I'm smoking, and see how you like it," he said, passing him the tin.

Stella took one amazed look, dropped her scissors with a clatter, placed her hands on her hips, and stared, speechless. Dad glanced at her and hastily avoided her eyes. She continued to stare, her pretty mouth slack with surprise, while her husband vainly made signs to her not to make any remarks about her father's changed appearance.

"Dad Winters!" she burst out, in tragic tones, "have you gone and *dyed* your hair?"

"Eh?" said Dad, failing to meet her eyes.

"Dad Winters, look at me!"

Dad obediently made the effort, but for once in his life was unable to meet his daughter's eyes frankly. "Why—why, Stella, you see—"

"Yes," said Stella, with withering sarcasm, "I *see*. Have you taken leave of your senses completely?"

"Why, a little hair-coloring isn't a crime, Stella," Dad replied, jamming tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, and casting an appealing glance at his son-in-law.

"Sure it isn't," Jim agreed heartily, coming to his rescue. "Makes you look ten years younger. Now, Stella," he soothed, "your Dad's of age, you know."

"Maybe. But I think he needs looking after just the same. Dad," she pleaded, almost in tears, "what in the name of goodness will you do next? You have always been so good until that widow Noble came to visit Mrs. Kellar, and since then you have been—*just terrible.*"

"Now, Stella," Dad returned placatingly, "I think that is my affair, and please leave the lady's name out of the discussion."

"I will not!" Stella cried wildly. "It is my affair too, if you go around acting like a fool. Running around after that giddy-headed widow, making a laughing-stock of yourself. The idea!"

Dad got up and at last met his daughter's eyes squarely. His face colored angrily. "That will do!" he said sharply. "Don't ever talk that way again, Stella!" and crossing to the door he stumped out wrathfully.

"Now you've done it, Stella." Jim's face was troubled. This, he knew, was the first quarrel his wife had ever had with her father.

Stella looked as if she was going to cry. "But, Jim," she said tearfully, "I couldn't help it. Dad has always shown such good sense, and everybody has always liked and respected him so, and it hurts me to see the whole countryside laughing at him."

"I know, Stel, but every old chap acts like that when he falls in love; tries to appear like a youngster. It's like the grippe, and must run its course. He'll come back to normal when he lands the widow."

"Yes," his wife broke in quickly, "if he gets her, and I don't know that I want him to get her. She's only after his money, if she does take him, and I want Dad to get a woman that wants him for himself. Besides, Bob Randall is after her, and he is ten years younger than Dad. I hope he gets her, too; she's only a harum-scarum sort, anyhow."

Jim rubbed his chin slowly. "I don't know, Stel." he said thoughtfully. "I think you are prejudiced. You know when you first met her that you liked her; it is only since your dad started buzzing after her that you have formed a poor opinion of her."

"Well, look at the way she tears about. She must be all of forty and she acts like a girl of twenty. What Dad sees in her I can't understand. And remember how he used to go on about Mr. Argue when he was courting the school teacher, and he wasn't any older than Dad. The only time in my life I ever heard him speak sneeringly of anyone. Said Argue lived up to the saying, 'there's no fool like an old one,' and here he is behaving just as much like one himself."

"Sure," Jim agreed readily. "Sure, they all do, as I said before."

Stella drew herself up indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me all elderly men act that way when they think they're in love?"

Jim nodded, grinning widely. He took much fun out of teasing his pretty, lovable wife.

"Jim Bradley, would you behave like that if anything happened to me?"

Her husband grinned more broadly. "I expect I would," he admitted.

"Well of all things! What kind of creatures are men, anyhow?" Stella gave up in disgust.

"Now look here, Stel," Jim was serious again. "You don't want to take this thing too hard. The neighbors may be taking quite a bit of amusement out of the race between Dad and Bob Randall, for the widow's hand, but your dad is far too much respected to lose anyone's good will over it, and besides I think the lady is all right. It is true," he hastened on, as he saw his wife's eyes flash, "we don't know much about her, but we do know the Kellars are the finest in the land, and it is a cinch she would not be visiting there if she were not all that she should be. I admit she is acting something like a young girl, and I have an idea why."

"Well, why then, Mr. Holmes?"

"Jim laughed outright. "I have taken an interest in the widow since your dad has made it appear he wants her in the family, and have given her some study," he told her. "Do you know what I think?"

"No, professor, I don't!" said Stella, with fine sarcasm. She had a very healthy respect for the reasoning powers of her quiet, efficient husband, but she did not intend letting him know it.

"Well," Jim informed her, "I think this lady has had to work hard all her life, and never has had time to play, in her girlhood. Somehow she has managed a holiday, and is doing what she should have had a chance to do years ago. And since you have hurt Dad's feelings—you know you can hurt

him terribly, Stella—I'm going over to see him before he leaves for the Lake, the picnic, and last, but by no means least, the widow." He slipped out before his wife could renew the argument, and hustled across to Dad's garage.

JIM found his father-in-law moodily looking over his powerful touring car. Stella had hurt him grievously and he was smarting yet from her hasty outburst. Jim had a very genuine affection for him.

"Going to the Lake, Dad?" he asked, to break the ice.

"Dad stood rather helpless looking around the company in a dazed fashion. He knew they were laughing at him, but why?

Dad nodded glumly. "Uh-huh."

"Well, I hope you have a good time. If we didn't have so many men to look after in the harvest fields I'd go along."

"Better come anyway."

"Can't possibly, Dad." Then he took the plunge. "Don't mind Stella, Dad," he said softly, "she's a little out of sorts today."

"She must be," Dad replied grumpily. "Never knew her to fly off the handle like that before. Feel cut up about it; Stella and I have never quarreled." The usually cheerful Dad was very much hurt, and Jim felt miserable himself. But there was a flutter of white in the doorway, and the next instant Stella was in her dad's arms, with hers about his neck, hugging him fiercely.

"Oh, Dad, I'm sorry. Please, Dad, forget what I said," she sobbed, hugging him tight.

Dad patted her shoulder, and cleared his throat noisily. "There, there, baby, it's all right."

"Oh, Dadums, I'll never be so mean again."

Jim swallowed the lump in his throat, and grinned happily, while the two he loved best made up.

"Well," said Dad finally, disengaging himself and blowing his nose violently, "better both come with me to the Lake." He was buoyantly cheerful again, even though his eyes were wet.

"I'd like to, Dad, but it is simply impossible for me to get away," Jim told him regretfully.

"And you know I would love to go, Dadums," Stella said tearfully, "but I promised to help Mrs. Wade with a dress this afternoon. You go along, Dad," she went on softly, "have a good time, and forget you have a naughty girl."

Dad stepped in behind the wheel, and backed the car out skilfully; the engine purring steadily, like a huge, contented cat. He leaned over the side and looked at the two affectionately. "Wish you could come along," he smiled cheerfully. "Bye-bye," and he was away in a cloud of dust.

It was the middle of August. The day was fine, clear and hot, and Dad was happy. He would go to the lake and enjoy himself. It was true the druggist, Bob Randall, was taking Mrs. Noble to the lake, but the Kellars were giving a party this night. Dad was very much in love with the widow, and while she had given no sign whether he or Randall was favored, if either, still he was optimistic enough to have hopes, and he determined to find out the first opportunity. The Kellars' party might furnish it. For the past two months he had been very attentive to her, as had Randall, but as yet he knew very little about her, except that he knew, despite her liveliness she was, at heart, a good, sensible woman.

Sunset Lake—spoken locally of as The Lake—was ten miles beyond the pretty little town of Sunset, and Dad was too gregarious a soul to make the trip alone, so on the way through town he picked up young Jack Brown, the town clerk.

Three miles from the Lake they came upon a stalled car, pulled off to the side of the road. The driver had his head buried under the hood of the car. Dad bowed to a man and woman in the rear seat, and gave the pretty, plump lady in front his best smile. They were Mrs. Noble, Jack Kellar and his wife. The driver was Dad's rival.

"How come, Bob?" Dad asked, grinning.

Randall backed out and straightened up. He was a tall, slimly built man of middle age, with a long, mournful, fiddle face, that belied the fact that he was the town's greatest practical joker. It was said he had the longest legs and the biggest feet in the Sunset district.

He looked at Dad solemnly. "No go," he said, laconically.

"What's the trouble?" Dad wanted to know.

The other, busy mopping a heated brow, shook his head sadly. "Don't know yet, but we will after a while," he replied gravely.

"I have a tow-rope; better let me snake you to the Lake," Dad offered.

"You go to thunder," was the ungrateful retort.

"Well," said Dad gleefully, "you can't expect them to run forever."

Randall ducked under the hood again, and started tinkering on the engine, with a pair of pliers. The widow leaned forward, as an angry exclamation came from under the hood. "Were you speaking to me, Mr. Randall?" she asked sweetly, her eyes dancing.

"No, he wasn't speaking to you, Mrs. Noble," Dad took it upon himself to reply for Randall. "He was talking to the ancient. Talk to her gently, Bob; and coax her, and she may stagger as far as the Lake."

"Feed her some oats, Bob, I think she's tired," the clerk advised.

"She's not used to oats," Dad reminded him, with mock severity.

"No, I guess not," the clerk agreed judicially. "But then you would think one of these here druggists could feed her something to put her on her legs. You ought to carry a bottle of hootch, Bob. They say age demands a little alcohol."

Randall paid no attention, but went to the controls and tried the starter with his hand. It refused to respond, so he dug out the crank, and tried that. He grasped the top of the radiator with his left hand, set his feet firmly, and spun the crank. The engine gave a loud, indignant snort, and back-fired. The crank whirled around, lifted Randall off the ground, and dropped him in the dust. He shook himself, and then got up, rubbing his wrist. Luckily he was not hurt, but he was very red in the face.

"Gosh!" said Brown, in astonishment, "she's alive. Did you see her kick at him, Dad?"

"Yep, she's alive all right. And she's vicious. Did you hear her snort, just before she kicked him into the dust?"

"I heard her. She was sure real mad. Next time hang to her, Bob, and see what'll happen. This is better than watching a fellow bulldogging a wild steer."

"Say," said Randall glaring wildly, "if you two jokesmiths don't get out of here, I'll brain you." He waved the crank threateningly.

The others all laughed uproariously, and Randall, after glaring a moment, managed a sickly smile.

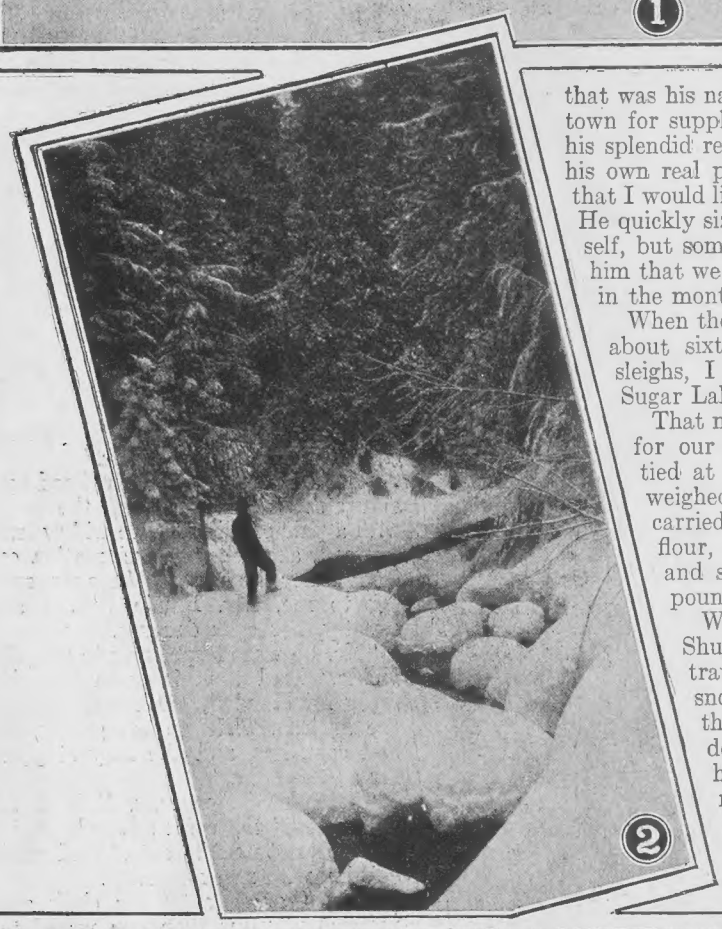
"We did get your goat, didn't we?" Dad chuckled happily. "But to be serious," he went on, still smiling, "I think you had all better pile into my car, and we can pick yours up on the way home."

"Not me. I'm going to stay with the old boat or walk," said Randall. "But I think the rest of you had better accept Dad's invitation; it's hard to tell how long it will take to get this blamed thing started."

Continued on page 91

Traplines and British

By Robert



"ANYONE who thinks a marten trapper makes easy money, all I have to say is, let him have a go at it."

It was a trapper of eighteen years' experience who made the remark to me in the little orchard town of Vernon, British Columbia. George, for that was his name, used to pay occasional visits to town for supplies and I had got to know him for his splendid reputation as a trapper as well as for his own real personal worth. I suggested to him that I would like to go over his traplines with him. He quickly sized me up, without committing himself, but some time later I received a note from him that we might make the proposed trip early in the month of March.

When the time came, I started out, and, after about sixty miles in various relays of bob-sleighs, I reached his shack at the head of Sugar Lake.

That night, we got together all we required for our journey. My pack—a potato sack tied at each corner with rawhide thongs—weighed in all some fifty pounds. George carried an axe and the foodstuffs—bacon, flour, cheese, beans, oatmeal, tea, coffee and sugar. His load was easily seventy pounds.

We made an early start, crossing the Shuswap River on ice and snow and travelling north up the valley. The snow was soft on top and that made the going hard. We were not able to do more than a mile and a quarter an hour. Our bear-paw snow-shoes were made by George himself and were of great strength. The bear-paw is the best shoe for hilly, wooded country.

We climbed several hundred feet on the west hillside. George betrayed a woodman's faculty for sensing the best passages, never going up a hill if he could keep along the bench and never dropping down very far if it meant climbing later.

We came on cougar tracks, and shortly afterwards we disturbed a big, tawny fellow, about fifty feet below us, feeding on some offal. He snarled, showing his teeth and gums, but all the time he kept edging away. It would have been an easy matter to have run him down, for he was up to his haunches in snow. But, as ours was a trapping trip—not a big game hunt—we continued on without molesting him further.

Our unvarying meals were beans, bacon, tea and baking-powder bannocks. These last George mixed in true trapper fashion in the mouth of the flour sack. The dough he fried in a pan on the hot embers after dipping it in bacon fat.

As we plodded along during that afternoon, we came across an occasional marten trap set by George chiefly for the odd chance, for marten do not frequent these lower benches in any numbers.

The marten trap is like an ordinary rat trap minus the teeth. It is set wide to view in the forefront of the hollow of a tree, on the ground, with the bait behind it skewered to the ground by a pointed stick. In his excitement after the meat, the marten steps about, backs, and gets into the trap. Marten are few in number, but easily caught. Skunk-musk, made from the contents of a skunk's bag and mixed with bear fat or lard, makes an added attraction if smeared on the bark of the tree at which the trap is laid. The marten is an inquisitive fellow and skunk-musk, while it repels other animals, seems to arouse his curiosity.

We found that many of the traps laid by George along this line had been sprung by rabbits, birds and the ever-inquisitive squirrel, with an occasional ermine (or weasel).

As we went along, George tore up a trapped rabbit and tied the flesh of it to one of his snow-shoes for the purpose of leaving a blood-scent all along the trapline.

We camped that night in the open, on the top of six feet of snow, with a thin sheeting of cedar bark between us and the snow, with a sleeping shelter overhead of more cedar bark resting on poles stuck in the snow.

My footwear was soaked through — rubbers, sacking protectors and three pairs of socks. These I changed for dry ones, hanging the wet ones up near the fire until they were ready for use again.

I found that George was tremendously fastidious about his food, and he never tolerated snow-water if there was running water within half a mile of camp. With his walking pole as a divining rod, he seemed to be able to poke running water from anywhere.

What a giant he was with the axe! With a few strokes he would fell his trees; green ones for fire bottom and upright dead ones for dry, burning wood on top. And how careful he was of that axe! He would not let me use it; he would not even let me carry it.

Inside my sleeping-bag, with the snow falling silently all about us, I dozed off. George stretched

1. *What a palace this cabin seemed.*

2. *Star Creek—a fairyland of snow, water and trees.*

3. *Snowbirds, of beautiful plumage, 6,500 feet up—Grosbeak.*

4. *George tuning up the banjo at our camp.*

Snowshoes in Columbia

Watson

himself out with nothing extra to cover him but a second waistcoat made from an old Hudson's Bay blanket. He would lie on his back, cover his face with his battered hat and sleep thus in defiance of the elements.

NEXT morning when we struck camp, it was still snowing softly, and the snow-shoeing became worse than before. Our shoes got clogged and we had to knock them with our poles continually. At times we would be lifting five pounds of snow at each step. Convicts, with ball and chain, had nothing on us.

We held down into the valley and followed the course of the Shuswap River, crossing over it where the snow had collected on the boulders in the river, forming a natural bridge. This place was named Star Creek, and it looked a perfect fairyland of snow, water and trees.

George had the trapping rights for a stretch of some twenty miles of the Shuswap. He talked about his beaver as one might about his cattle. He never over-trapped. He reckoned their stock value as just so much money in the bank. It was a close season fo rbeaver at this time, but George had some otter traps laid and with these we caught several otter.

The otter trap is unbaited and set at the foot of the otter slide. The otter is a sportive fellow and he and his family have the habit of sliding over the banks into the stream.

Further on, George stopped me at a very interesting tree. It was one used by bears to put their "blaze" on. Each bear as he passes seems to read its indications and, before he leaves, adds his own autograph. There were scratches on this tree from tiny cub-marks to great grizzly rips nine feet from the ground.

"What do they do it for," I asked George. But he did not really know.

Early that afternoon we reached the place upon which was situated a cabin of George's, fourteen miles from Sugar Lake on the banks of the Shuswap. It was the only cabin on his lines, for the marten trapper has to change his route so often that it does not pay him to build cabins.

We had almost to search for this one; it had become so badly snowed under. It was a cheerless looking place, but it contained a bunk, a sheet-metal stove that warmed the place in five minutes, pots and pans, candles and a trunk full of spare eatables, so, after all, we might have had a job finding "a better 'ole."

Before going to sleep, we lay looking up at the rafters and George related stories as usual. He told me how he had set out once from this same cabin, after caribou. He had followed them for several days, but followed too far, and his supplies ran out. When it was too late, he turned back. The weather broke, and what had taken him three days to do going now took him nine days returning, with the result that it was only his good luck in striking a trap-line and eating the frozen and putrid bait from the traps that he got through at all.

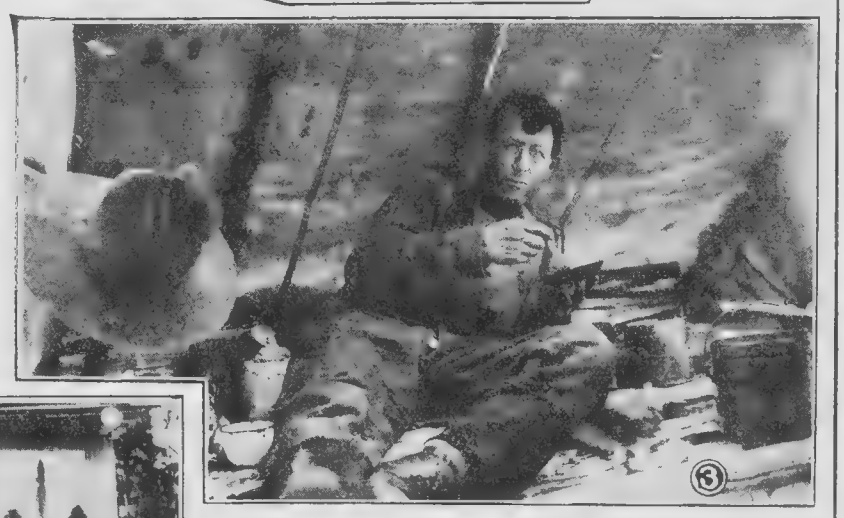
Then, when we got drowsy and I made to get up to put out the candle at the other end of the shack, he told me to lie where I was and, taking his revolver from his holster at his head, he fired one shot at the tiny flame and put it out nicely and neatly.

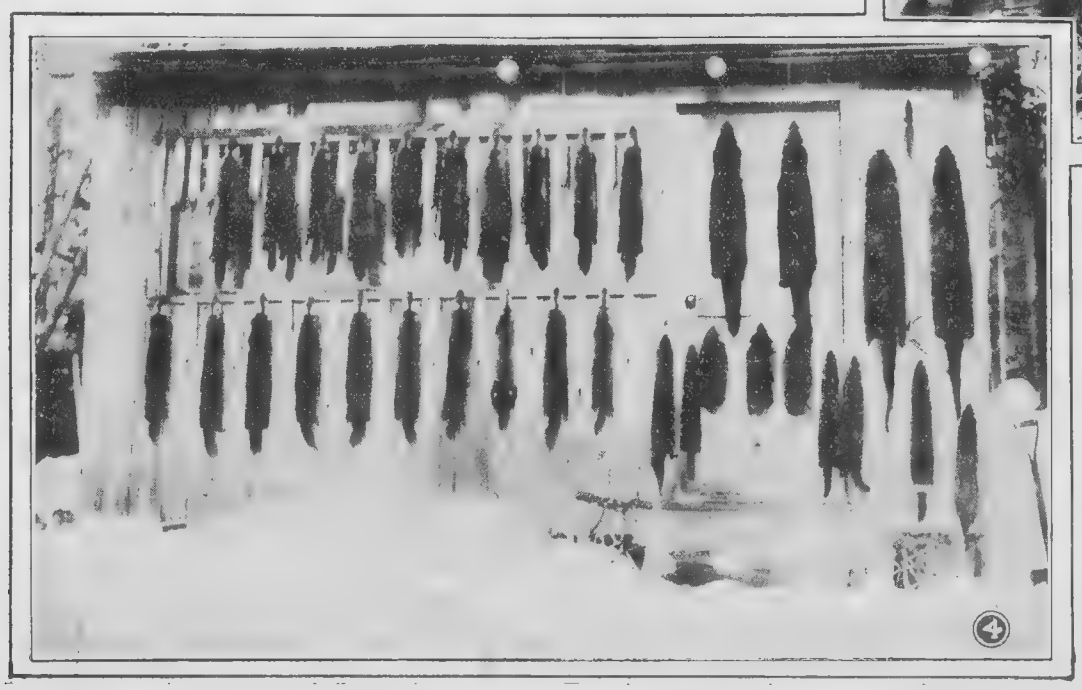
On making an early start from the cabin next morning, we discarded every non-essential, for the next few days were to be days of upward, strenuous travel and every half-pound on our backs counted.

No sooner did we get on to the traplines again, when we saw signs of that most hated of all the trapper's enemies, the wolverine.

"Do you wonder at a trapper gettin' sore at a brute like that?" George growled. "And there isn't any bounty on them either, although the wolverine kills more deer and grouse than any coyote ever did. Leave him a skinned carcase and he won't look at it, but he'll rip a marten-fur out of a trap just for the fun of doin' it. When a wolverine gets onto your lines, you've got to get him or you've got to get out.

"And most of the times the brute just won't be caught. I have several dead-fall traps set on this run, for the wolverine shies clear of anything made of metal. You know, the wolverine has forgotten more about trappin' than most trappers ever knew. We trappers are sure that when one of us dies his spirit becomes a wolverine, and he's damned to follow the traplines—sort of payin' for what he did to the animals when he was a trapper himself—and this spirit trapper in the shape of a wolverine goes on tormentin' perdition out of the heart of the live trapper as he goes along. He gets freed of his sins when he gets caught, but it looks like part of his punishment that he has to try his





1. *The writer and George at the end of the trail.*

2. *Sheer on the breastbone of the mountain with the foothold precarious.*

3. *George, under our strip of canvas, on 12 feet of snow.*

4. *Our catch—thirteen hundred dollars worth of fur—Fisher, Otter, Marten, Muskrat and Ermine.*

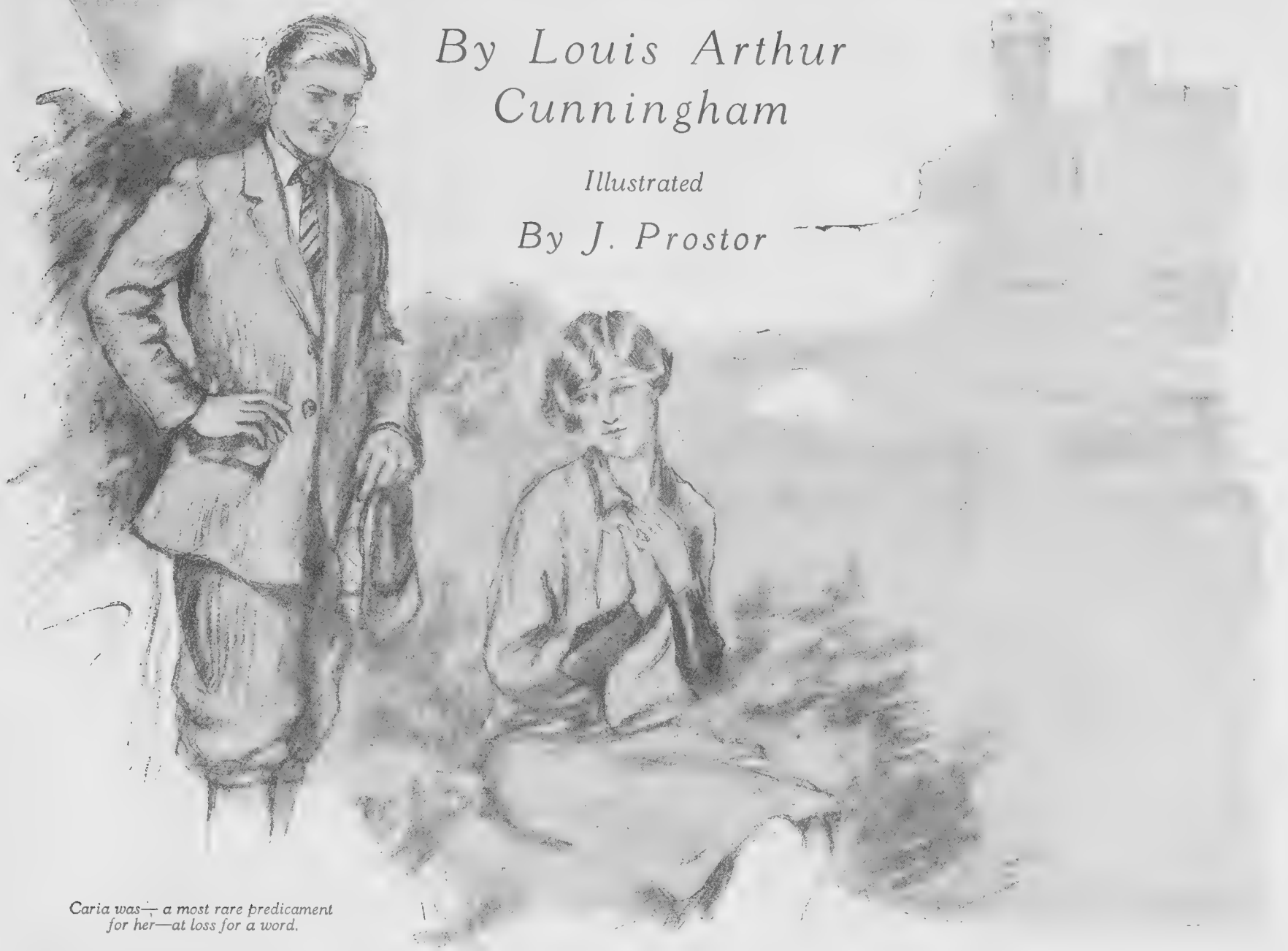
Continued on page 38

A Highland Romance

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

Illustrated

By J. Prostor



Caria was— a most rare predicament for her—at loss for a word.

CARIA GRAEME was a woman of whims. It was a whim that made her promise to marry Paul Gallen, a whim that caused her to send him packing when she discovered that her money meant as much to him as she did herself. But her greatest and most expensive bit of whimsy was the purchase of Glenardan Castle.

"What I wish to do with it, my dear Carew," she told her lawyer, a lawyer who had long since learned that it was best to listen and never contradict, "what I wish to do with it is my own private little show and nobody else's affair. You say the papers will make a month's farce out of my caprice; you insist that a lot of hairy, horrible and haggis-loving Scotchmen will rise up in revolt and swing claymores or blow bagpipes at the daughter of an American oil-magnate who has the hardihood to waste her good money on the racked and ruined old rookery of a decadent family of lazy lairds; you threaten that I will regret the bargain. To all of which I answer: "It's my own business, my own money and my own regret if there should be anything regrettable. You may, however, keep the purchase of Glenardan a secret except to those intimately concerned. Then perhaps by the time the press gets it the news will be stale."

"Why am I buying the place? I cannot say. I should hate to live if I had to dig out and state a reason for everything. But this much I'll tell you —I'm tired of being hunted, cornered and persecuted by a lot of empty-skulled men, whose sole desire is to spend my money, and who are willing to put up with me as long as I put up the ducats. Really, Carew, sometimes I wish I just did not have a cent. No man thinks of beauty when the beauty is merely an inlay in gold. If ever I marry —and I become more doubtful of doing it as the days pass—it will be a man who wants nothing but Caria Graeme. Do you think I could be lovable if I were poor, Carew?"

Elbert Carewe, a white, bird-like old lawyer, smiled tolerantly as he would have smiled at a pert little school-girl in pigtail and pinafore. But Caria's face was proudly fair, her red mouth just a trifle spoiled and disdainful, her chin challenging, her nose ever so slightly retroussé, her eyes a perfect blue to contrast with the rich *couleur d'or* of her hair.

"Miss Caria, if I were not a staid old Englishman of fifty-eight and the father of . . ."

Caria laughed. Her laugh was a rippling, contagious sound. She laughed deeply, musically. Her voice was a velvety contralto.

"You were always a flatterer, Carew. My father used to be jealous of mother when she had dealings with you. But they both loved you enough to entrust me to your guidance."

"Which means that I stand by and let you run wild," said the lawyer, looking at her fondly. "I do not approve of half the things you do, my girl, but you have your good father's stubbornness and your noble mother's beauty. I was never proof against either. When will you go to Glenardan?"

"Caria Graeme will never go to Glenardan."

"Then what . . . ?"

"But Dorrit Joyce—that's the name I've decided on—will invade the land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

"You are going to masquerade. Why in the world should you do that?"

"Simply to find out what the people of Glenardan have to say about their new laird who is a lady. You will see that the tenants learn about the sale. I have a fancy they will not like it."

Carew shook his head forebodingly.

"It is a mad whim, Miss Caria. I cannot foresee how it may end."

"You dear old family-lawyer, that is the whole beauty of it. I love the unexpected. What a dreary world it would be if we always knew what lay ahead. In a few months time, Carew, I shall be back to see you again."

"As Caria Graeme or Dorrit—Dorrit—"

"Perhaps one, perhaps the other; perhaps neither. But I will return with heather in my hair. There is much more variety in Scotland than in Texas. I've always wanted to live north of the Tweed."

Elbert Carew watched her lithe, quick figure with a smile and a shake of his venerable head; then he turned to his musty books and crackling papers when the door had closed behind her. Caria knew how to take care of herself.

WITHIN the week Glenardan had passed from the hands of a Scottish family, the MacAlans, into the possession . . . but there the papers did their usual feeble guess-work. No one dreamed that the pretty young girl who journeyed north on the Edinburgh express was the owner of a turreted stronghold of Scottish chieftains.

Perched high on the rugged cliffs of eastern Scotland the Castle of Glenardan, black as the rocks below, frowned on the rushing breakers of the North Sea—the same breakers that had dashed the war-galleons of Spain to awful destruction.

Glenardan frightened Caria — its high-flung towers grim against the sky, its huge portal studded and barred against the strong invader, its slit-like windows and steep approach. This was not the retreat she had pictured. She was like a child who, seeking a toy, comes into possession of a terrible giant. Glenardan awed her before she had come within miles of it.

An ancient Highlander, bearded like a prophet, clad in kilt and tam-o'-shanter, drove her from the railway station to Glenardan village. He gave a searching look at her seasoned kit-bag and sketching outfit that she had brought with her more as a pretext than for any use she had planned to make of it. Evidently what he saw satisfied him, for he

drove along in silence except for an occasional exhortation to his pony. Artists were not infrequent visitors to the picturesque village and the old castle.

"Is there anyone living up there?" ventured Caria, pointing to the towers that dominated the little village they were approaching and the road up which their pony toiled.

The old man took a yellow clay pipe from between yellow teeth, stared up at Glenardan as though he looked upon it for the first time; then turned to his fair passenger.

"Na, na," he said. "For twa years naebody has dwellit lang in yon Glenardan. It's haunted — wi' bogles."

"Haunted with bogles. You mean ghosts — spirits?"

"Ye ken what I mean—bogles. An' the bogles will stay till the Stuarts come back to their ain."

He would say no more, though Caria, her curiosity aroused, questioned him dexterously.

The driver, without enquiring her destination, left her off at a thatched, low-silled house. The Sign of the Bannock was inscribed in crazy letters on a board that creaked above the door.

The inn was a quaint old place which Caria, impatient and full of mischief as she was, took time to admire and enjoy. There were long, high-backed benches by the great fireplace in which peat was burning; mugs and platters were ranged along the wall; two Highland drovers were arguing over a dram of whisky with her own charioteer, whose name she soon learned from their talk was Hamish MacTaggart.

That night Caria, giving her name as Dorrit Joyce, an artist, spent very comfortably on a straw mattress in a little bedroom of The Sign of the Bannock. The landlady, a kindly but suspicious body, informed her that near the cross-roads below the village kirk she would find a small house, Heather Cottage, that she could rent for very little. This tight little dwelling belonged to Hamish MacTaggart, and from him before noon of the next day Carla had obtained the key and was duly installed as mistress.

Heather Cottage had long been occupied by an invalid lady. She had recently gone to the South of France and Caria was lucky enough to be her successor. Heather Cottage showed all the refined marks of the sensitive and high-souled woman who had lived in it. There were dainty curtains and worked cushion-tops, quaint little mats, a number of excellent pencil sketches and books and flowers in abundance.

"Missis Barret will be returnin' in a few months, an' I ken well ye'll no be hurtin' her gear."

"No. I'll not hurt her gear, Hamish. Everything is too lovely. And what a lot of books!"

"Losh! Ye should be seein' the bukes in Glenardan. There's muckle bukes i' the castle—thoosands o' them."

Carla was already aware that Glenardan possessed an extensive library. She loved books and had done a great amount of collecting for herself. Besides, she had worked as librarian during her college years.

"I shall have to see the books at Glenardan, Hamish," she said. "Is it permitted to visit there?"

"Ye'll no be seein' Glenardan. It's open to nane. An' ye'll dae weel to stay from there. Yon castle is full o' bogles."

Bogles of the MacAlans?"

Hamish shook his head with dour impatience.

"The MacAlans never dared to dwell in Glenardan. Yon bogles are Stuarts—the Red Stuarts. The MacAlan took the land from them by trickery, ye ken, Miss Joyce. But never MacAlan has stoppit there. Tod Stuart gambled his soul away to Angus MacAlan, but 'tis said, an' not without truth, that all was not fair and above the board. The MacAlans stealit it. Now they've sold it to some upstart from America. We o' the Stuart clan will have nane o' her."

"I see," nodded Caria. And the—er—bogles are Stuarts come back to protest the loss of their domain. Is that it?"

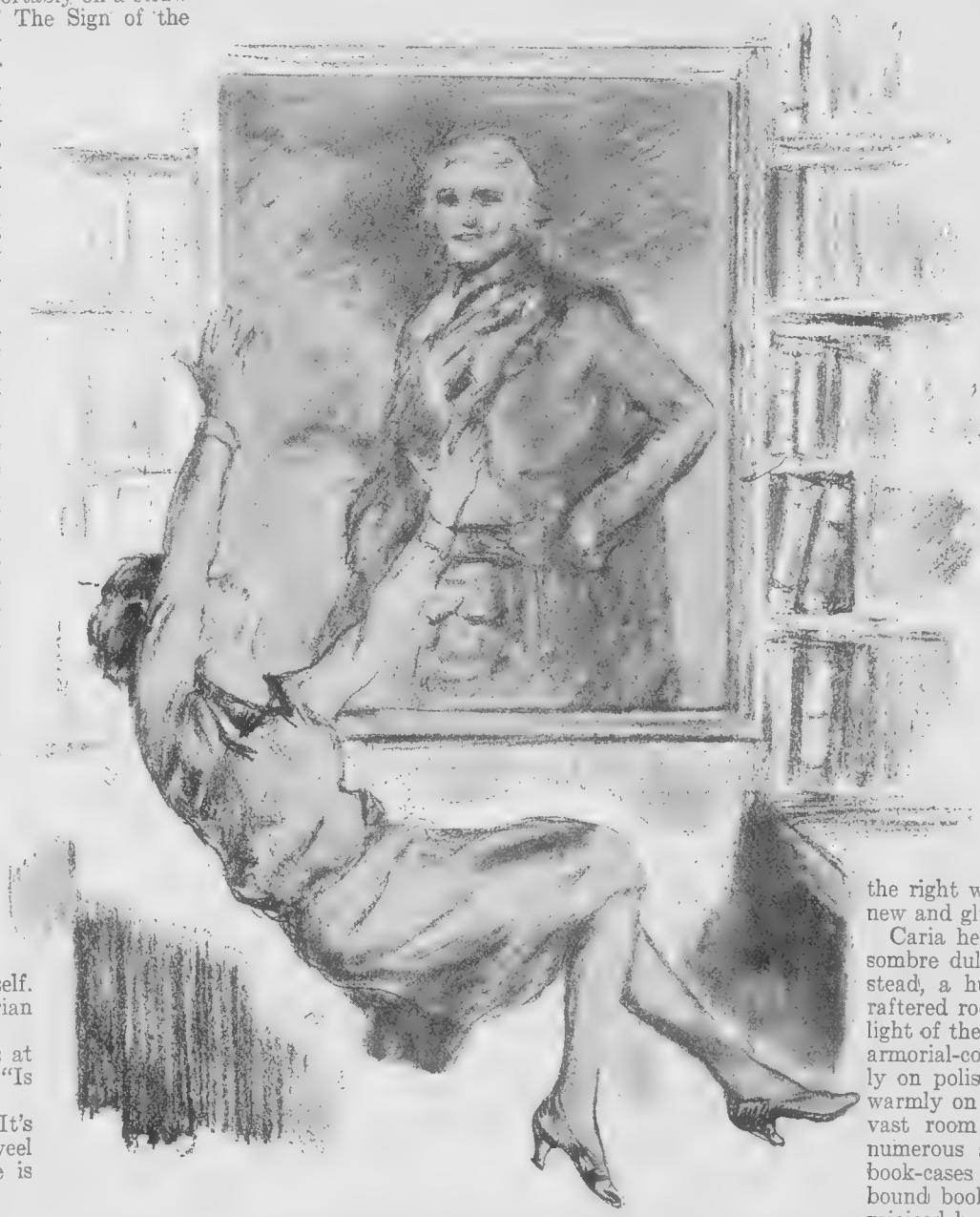
"Yes. That's the gist o' the matter; but it's a queer business, yon."

Caria saw the gnarled old Highlander, his plaid, the Stuart tartan, flung over his shoulder, go hobbling sturdily down the crooked street of Glenardan village. She suspected that Hamish knew much more of the Stuarts than he was prepared to tell to casual tourists.

CARIA'S first thought, after she had gone out a few times with her sketching outfit, was to visit the castle. She had a key to what Carew had described as the postern gate, but there was, she knew, a caretaker to be dealt with. Certainly he had been advised of the sale of Glenardan, but Caria to all the villalge folk was the artist, Dorrit Joyce. She was glad she had taken that name. Throughout the district it was already a freely-discussed fact that the purchaser of Glenardan was an American woman named Graeme. Caria readily passed amongst them for an Englishwoman. She had spent a great part of her life with her mother's relatives in London and there had learned the tricks of speech.

It was amusing for her to hear the simple natives of Glenardan give their opinions of the new owner of the castle of the Stuarts. She was variously described as a hussy, a carlin crone, a fool, and what-not. Caria rejoiced, for she talked with them and threw in her own quota of insults and misprizings for the audacious American.

One old hag, Jeannie Muirhead, a cracked and wrinkled witch, was most rabid in her denunciations. Caria found her in front of The Sign of the Bannock, waving her staff and holding shrilly forth.



The world seemed to drop from beneath her feet. She reeled; she was falling—falling—into oblivion.

"Yon foreign hussy will never live in Glenardan," Jeannie was prophesying like a Sybil. "The bogles'll drive her oot, as they kept the MacAlan awa. Nane but a royal Stuart can hold the hoose o' the Stuarts. 'Tis a sacrilege, no less."

In this pronouncement Jeannie was warmly supported by her hearers. Hamish MacTaggart, between whom and Jeannie there seemed to exist some secret bond, was particularly ready to agree.

"Ay," he said sagely, "The bogles 'll keep them a' oot. Naebody unless it be a Red Stuart will find a place in Glenardan."

Surely, thought Caria, standing close to old Jeannie who growled and mumbled toothlessly, this was not promising. Was this purchase to prove a costly failure? Could she hope to overcome centuries of prejudice and win the regard of a stubborn and solid people? Because she was a determined little thing she resolved to go through with it, and boldly set out there and then to visit the castle.

GLENARDAN had deceived her. As she came nearer the summit she saw that instead of harshness, the great stones of which the place was built were marked with the mossy mellowness of the ages. A noisy burn swirled around the great left wing and went leaping away under a wide wooden bridge to hurl itself over the cliff into the sea on the farther side. The afternoon sun touched the towered battlements, gilding them and making them glamorous with the romance of departed heroes, bearded, handsome men who fought fiercely for their homes and their women, and died willingly in honest combat. Caria felt suddenly a great sense of unworthiness. Who was she—a little, helpless girl, to call this monument of antiquity her own? What could she do with it? Live in it? She would be lost in its vastness. She had chided Carew about seeking motives for actions, but she heartily wished she could find and pin down the motive that had impelled her to buy Glenardan.

Yet, for some inexplicable reason, she felt it hard to regret her bargain. It seemed as if, beyond those hoar old walls, there lay mystery, adventure, perhaps — and she laughed at the thought — love. What of the Stuarts and their cheating enemies, the MacAlans? Would she meet them?

An aged man, the counterpart of Hamish, only minus the clay pipe, appeared from a little lodge among the bracken and looked at her with stolid suspicion.

"If ye're wantin' tae peer through the walls ye're welcome. But ye'll no get inside, mind. I'm off to the clachan. But I couldna let ye in onyway."

Caria smiled mischievously and walked on past him, towards the castle.

"Perhaps you will have more visitors later on," she said, when the American lady comes with her negro servants and personal jazz-band. She will give a dance every night. They always do."

"Clashmaclaver," sneered the ancient. Caria rightly guessed that he meant she was talking bosh.

She watched him make his uncertain way down the mountain. Quickly she went around the right wing, found the postern—it had a new and glittering lock—and let herself in.

Caria held her breath. Here was not the sombre dullness that she had expected. Instead, a huge skylight, set recently in the raftered roof high above, let in the gay sunlight of the afternoon to shine glitteringly on armorial-coats and shields and sabres, brightly on polished oak and elegant sandalwood, warmly on rugs and dim tapestry. It was a vast room in which she stood. Pictures numerous as in a gallery hung above low book-cases filled to brimming with richly-bound books in leather jackets—books that rejoiced her heart.

Above a wide fireplace with high, brassy andirons hung a picture that drew her eyes and held them. In one overwhelming moment Caria Graeme fell in love—with a thing of paint and canvas, a man in the costume of cavalier days with snowy jabot and ruffles, with green velvet jerkin and blond flowing curls, with a strong and noble profile half-turned, with white teeth that laughed at her.

Caria advanced slowly towards the portrait of Laird Donald Stuart, in the days when Elizabeth ruled; the most gallant knight in the Highlands.

Continued on page 83

Memories of the Riel Uprising

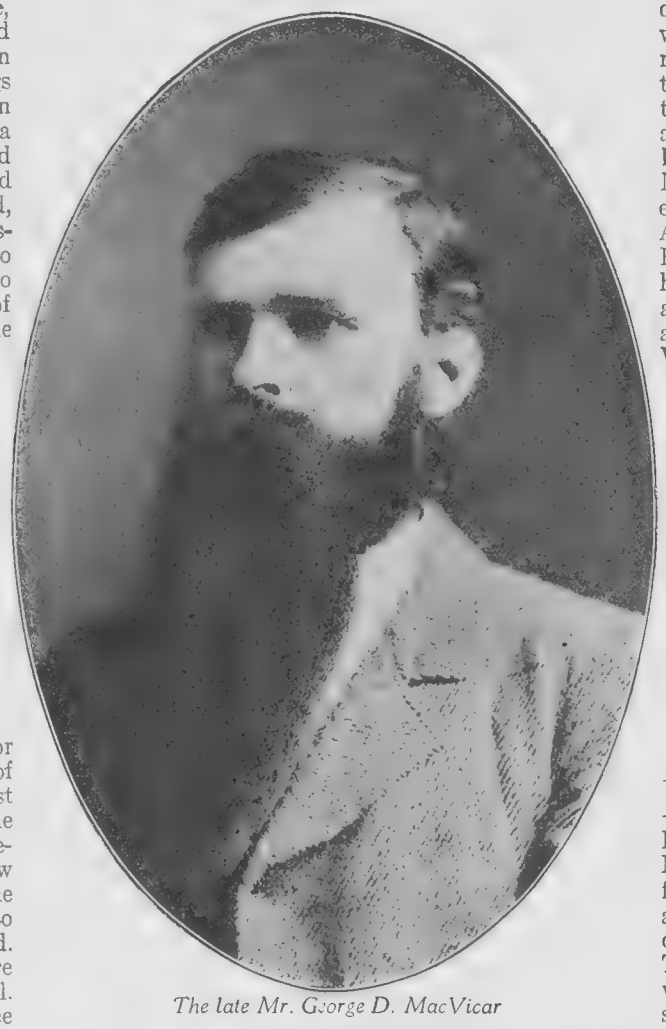
By George D. MacVicar, Jr.

FOR six or seven weeks, commencing in December, 1869, Scott and his companions, among whom was the subject of this article, the late George D. MacVicar, were huddled together in cold and incommodious quarters in Fort Garry. They awaited with mingled feelings of hope, doubt and despair, their final disposition at the hands of their stern jailer. Eastern Canada and government intervention were far away, and whether they were to be granted a fair trial and subsequent release or to be condemned unheard, continually troubled the minds of the anxious prisoners. Rumors of possible outside assistance, to aid them in escape, came to them from time to time and one day materialized in the shape of instruments to force a window and a gap in the outer bars. After much consultation and planning, it was decided to force an exit at night when the weather and darkness were propitious. The eventful night arrived at the end of a day of cold, snow and blizzard.

WORKING quietly, an aperture, wide enough to allow one man out at a time, was finally effected. The jumping-off time was fixed and each man clad himself as best he could with only indoor clothing, to take a chance for his life between the odds of recapture and the possible escape through the rigors of a terrible winter's night. The word to go was given, and one by one the inmates slipped out. It was planned to trek noiselessly to the stone wall, scale it one by one and re-unite on the outside for the final dash for liberty. MacVicar, large of stature and sinewy, undertook to remain and assist Scott, who was stout and heavily built, and the two awaited their turn until the last. Silence prevailed among the men, the hush of twenty below blanketed the great out-of-doors, as one by one the exit was accomplished, the crossing of the open to the wall was made, the wall reached and scaled. MacVicar and Scott were slower and perhaps more cautious, but with united efforts made for the wall. As they were helping one another over, the silence was broken by the baying of a husky, then another, a third and a chorus, which was sure to give the alarm. The final leap was a pell-mell rush when the two men found themselves alone, with wall on one side and the shifting wall of the blizzard on the other. The men first over, alarmed by the barking of the dogs, made off into the night, and were successful in gaining the Portage road, which ultimately led them to safety. The long, arduous trip to Portage la Prairie was finally accomplished.

MacVICAR and Scott rushed forward now together, now separated, calling to one another, rejoining, stumbling and at last, fatefully separated, never to see one another alive again. Poor Scott's recapture came soon, and his trial and execution stirred Canada to the Atlantic coast.

Clad only in a Jersey coat and light garments, MacVicar struggled on, intending to go around the village and reach the Scotch settlement. Struggling on he stumbled in a snowdrift against what seemed to be a building. Realization of having come back in a circle in the storm to the wall of the fort, chilled his heart. With a rush he bounded away again, trying to maintain a straight course. The snow blinded him and hid the sky, and a hopelessness of finding his bearings was settling down upon him. He seemed to have reached a down-hill incline, then a level, and soon, to his delight, a rift in the swirling snow revealed to his sight the "Turrets twain and twain" of the St. Boniface Cathedral. Deciding that he was on the ice-bed of the Red River, MacVicar struck off north, down the river. The wind fell and storm abated, and he was able to force his way to Old Kildonan Church, where he was rewarded by the friendly hospitality of Dr. Black, that wonderful advance agent of The Master in the great new land. A letter was hastily written by MacVicar to his friend Samuel Polson, who lived on the outskirts of the Fort Garry settlement in West Kildonan. Clothing and other necessities were brought back by a messenger, and Dr. Black arranged to drive "big Mac." in his cutter to West Selkirk and remove him that much farther from his pursuers.



The late Mr. George D. MacVicar

The publishers of the Western Home Monthly are indebted to Mr. George D. MacVicar, Jr., the well known Winnipeg barrister, for the most interesting contribution herewith. The central figure in the thrilling narrative is his own father—a gentleman still remembered by many Westerners with respect and affection—and relates to a night in January, 1870, when Mr. George D. MacVicar, along with the late Thomas Scott and about thirty other Canadians escaped from Fort Garry, where they were imprisoned by Louis Riel

Fort Garry in 1871

HEARING of two men who were going to make their way back to Ontario, MacVicar procured snowshoes and dog-train, and loaded his worldly belongings. The trio started down the river for Lake Winnipeg, but in spite of persuasion to the contrary, the two decided to turn back after twenty miles, and MacVicar was left to go on alone. Mushing with his dogs across the ice on Lake Winnipeg, a perilous trip alone in those days, MacVicar made the mouth of the Winnipeg River, exhausted and out of provisions. Here he met the Anglican missionary, the Venerable Archdeacon Phair, whose good wife received him into their hospitable little home. The Hudson's Bay Co. had a post here and a Roman Catholic mission was also well established. For about a month MacVicar enjoyed the peace and quiet of the frontier post and looked forward to an opportunity of making his way to Ontario, where his Chatham home would receive him with royal welcome.

Alarm disturbed this serene calm, for one day Indian couriers rushed into the post, announcing the coming of an Indian guide with dog-train and a distinguished gentleman in entourage. MacVicar took to cover, naturally thinking that Riel was in pursuit of him. His fears were soon assuaged, however, for whom should the distinguished personage turn out to be but Dr. Schultz, MacVicar's staunch friend and fellow-prisoner. A great re-union took place, with hand-shakings and embraces and war-whoops of delight.

DR. SCHULTZ unfolded his plan: to make his way overland, by way of Winnipeg River, Lake of the Woods and Rainy River to Duluth. MacVicar readily agreed to join him and with the famous Indian guide Joseph Monkman, Dr. Schultz and MacVicar mushed their way over an ice-bound country five hundred miles to the American city. The trip was strenuous and trying, and combined with previous exposures, left its mark upon the splendid physiques of both men.

From Duluth to Ottawa was Dr. Schultz's next journey, rendered comparatively easy by boat and rail. MacVicar went directly to his home in Chatham, Ontario. The two men were undaunted by their early experiences in the wild West, and both came back in the following year, to permanently establish their homes in the settlement shortly after to be known as the village of Winnipeg.

Dr. Schultz's mission to Ottawa reported the Riel usurpation, and gave rise to the Wolseley expedition, which brought so many of Winnipeg's best citizens to make their homes at the gateway of the West. The Hudson Bay Co. were re-established in possession of their land and property and government and order replanted and stabilized in the Red River Valley.

The return of Mr. MacVicar to Fort Garry in the late summer of 1870, in itself is replete with interesting and exciting experiences. The first farm implements and sewing machines were freighted in by ox teams and horse-drawn carts. The course of travel was from Duluth to St. Cloud, Minnesota, then on a northward route, down the Red River Valley, via Emerson to Fort Garry. Again in 1871 Mr. MacVicar went back to Ontario, and at that time interested some of his friends in the great new land, persuading some of them to return with him. At the same time, he was successful in turning the attention of financial concerns towards new fields of investment in the fertile prairie lands of Manitoba. In the early eighties Mr. MacVicar became the first Western manager of The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, afterward amalgamated with Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.

The original letter of the 5th of January, 1870, written by Mr. MacVicar to Mr. Samuel Polson, from Rev. Dr. Black's manse at Old Kildonan Church, was considered of sufficient interest to be gathered in by the Dominion Government archives.

Paris Through Canadian Eyes

By Francis Dickie

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

A narrow street in the old Latin Quarter—Paris

SOME fifteen hundred years ago a band of hardy Norsemen sailed from their land and up the Seine as far as the budding city of Paris. They pillaged and robbed to their hearts' content. They were carefree and uncalculating pirates. Today, I am certain, some of their descendants live and thrive in Paris; at least, if the modern pirates of Paris are not descended from the Norsemen they are equally able in the gentle art of separating people from their money. Only today the pirating is legal, and the robbers have the form of cafe waiters, hotel proprietors, and a horde of other persons for whose least service one has to tip. Tipping is the curse of Paris, and it takes a form particularly objectionable to the average Canadian. Now most Canadians are liberal spenders; are glad to pay well for service rendered; but, unfortunately, the tipping system as conducted in La Belle France takes no account of giving value received.

For instance, the man who delivers you wood, the telegraph boy, the postman with a registered letter, the man who merely serves you a drink of wine, coffee or chocolate, in fact almost everyone who does the most ordinary thing for you has to be remunerated with a bit of silver, varying all the way from two to ten cents. To taxicab drivers and waiters, it is the inexorable custom to give ten per cent. of the amount of the bill. Yet when you do this, you are very often met with glances of supreme contempt. If you do not conform, and your tip is less, your driver or waiter tells you to come across in no uncertain terms. And when neither has done the slightest thing out of the way to deserve anything, then the blood of the kindly Canadian boils. Yet it is the custom. To change the old saying about "When in Rome be a Roman," I suggest the most fitting is "When in France, be a bag of small change."

The most reprehensible of all form of toll is the custom of hotels to charge the guest ten per cent of the bill extra for service. This service money theoretically goes to the chambermaid. But in the small hotel in the Latin Quarter where I dwell, I made it a point to question the servants if they got the money. With typical French shrugs and a philosophic manner they informed me they did not get more than a fifth of what the guest is charged.

But then that is Paris, and one must accept. You must accept it, just as you accept the antiquated plumbing, the elevators that run only one way, and the world of red tape and writing that surrounds making a purchase at a department store, or getting a money order at the post office. Just why an elvator that takes you up five floors, cannot as well carry you down, I do not understand. But this amazing fact is true in Paris, the third largest city in the world. With the exception of some of the newest buildings right in the down-town district, all the elevators work on this system. In many busy office buildings also the elevators have only a capacity of four persons. As for the elevator in the average hotel, it holds from two to four persons, provided the persons are slight of build.

ON THE Boulevard des Capucines, just a step from the Opera, is one corner of Paris at least which is no longer Paris, but truly Canadian soil. This is the offices of the Canadian High Commissioner, the Honorable Phillip Roy, in the new Equitable Life Building. And fittingly in keeping: the elevators are three in number, commodious, and carry you both up and down. Nothing brings out a person's innate feeling of nationality so much as being in a far-away country where the language is strange. That is why the offices of the Canadian High Commissioner is so very truly a corner of Canada. There is a big reading room, where on file are the daily papers of the principal Canadian cities. Across the hall from it is a post office where most Canadians get their mail. Beyond that, down a short corridor is the office of the Commissioner, his secretary, and assistants.

Sitting in the reading room the onlooker may see any day a most varied collection of Canadians: a just-arrived student from Calgary, a farmer from Saskatchewan, indulging the dream of his life in a trip to Paris, business men on buying tours, judges on holiday, newspaper men in search of color. And what do you think is one of the principal subjects of conversation? Well, it is food. Horribly commonplace it sounds, indeed. And yet food in a strange land takes on enormous proportions. For instance, the newcomer craves tea and toast for breakfast. It takes some little hunting around to find a tea place. As for toast: the French restaurants simply do not know how to make it. Here,

The new Bristol machine—of unique construction—fitted with Cherub engine

too, are no palate-thrilling pumpkin pies, no dessert dear to the Canadian. And so, oftentimes, you will hear long wistful conversations of these exiled Canadians entirely devoted to wishing they were back in Moose Jaw, Winnipeg, Vancouver, or down on the farm seated before food as they understand it; food in large portions, but not too diversified; for the French are great on many courses and small portions. And so it goes.

As for sight-seeing: It all depends on the point of view. I talked with a retired business man who,

Montmartre—stone steps leading up one side of the Mount

with his wife and two daughters, had recently arrived from Winnipeg. I don't know why he came, unless it was because he thought it was the correct thing to do, a sort of grand splash by way of impressing the neighbors back home. For forty years he had toiled in the West. All his thoughts were of it; his ideas moulded by those years. Yet with wealth and leisure at his disposal he must needs journey to Paris to be utterly and hopelessly bored. And he said to me rather dolefully: "I don't see much in this town except the Eiffel Tower." So there you have Paris through one Canadian's eyes. Yet he is dutifully putting his daughters in a French school for a year, one of those places of learning known as a "finishing school." In just what way that will fit them to be better Canadian citizens, and good wives, I fail to see, particularly when the father himself saw so little in France.

And yet, to a man with money and leisure, Paris alone might well keep him pleasantly occupied for a half a lifetime. It all depends on one's inward reaction to things seen, felt and heard. Romantic happenings are often brought about in the strangest manner, and I know of no more striking instance than what happened recently in the reading room at the Canadian High Commissioner's. It was toward the middle of December, nearing the hour of noon when a dense fog swept over Paris; a sickly yellow fog which the Parisian indignantly claim comes from London, and is not true Paris weather. Whether or not, it immediately turned day into night. The reading room at the moment contained Frank Burnett, F.R.G.S., noted Canadian traveller, just arrived from the South Seas, and his wife. For some reason the electric lights did not come on for some minutes. In the surrounding darkness a retired lawyer from Winnipeg, Mr. O. Clarke, and his wife, entered, and sat down near the Burnetts. Some chance word led to the ladies getting into conversation. Both knew Winnipeg well, and through the exchange of names of mutual acquaintances, Mr. Clarke suddenly exclaimed: "Why, you must be Mrs. Burnett!" "Yes, I am," she replied. Upon which Mr. Clarke cried excitedly: "And where's Frank?"

"I'm here," Mr. Burnett replied, startled, "and who are you?"

Just then the lights flashed on, and the two men came face to face. They had been partners in business thirty years before; had pioneered in the grim, hard, early days when Manitoba was a

Continued on page 81

Transients

By Margaret E. Elliott

EACH morning at the hour of his going out, Sylvy would contrive to be with her pail and mop somewhere about the front area. Sometimes she would make it appear as if she were just about to begin the task of cleaning the front steps, and at others, just about to finish. It was not given to Mr. Fletcher to know that what was begun as he passed was never finished, nor that what was in process of finishing had never been begun. When he had gone, Sylvy felt that the best of the day was done, and would return inside the house to set on the coffee for Mrs. Mullins' and Miss Myrtle Mullins' breakfast.

Mrs. Mullins kept only roomers. These roomers were all men. "None of your smart chits of girls for me!" Emma Mullins would say. "Sprinklin' powder all over carpets and furniture, and comin' in at all hours from dear knows where!" For that matter, the men came in from dear knows where at all hours, too, but, Mrs. Mullins again: "A man's business is his own affair—" in a tone that led Sylvy to believe that a girl's business might be everybody's affair.

Now Sylvy couldn't help wondering whether Miss Myrtle Mullins had anything to do with her mother's preference for men. Myrtle was destined to be a lady, if her mother had anything to say. Even Sylvy could see that with half an eye.

Was there a bouquet of flowers to arrange? It was Myrtle who put them in the elegant cut glass vase on the hall table, where any one of the gentlemen might happen in to see her, posing in her blue, or her rose, or her orchid silk. But was there a table to set, or vegetables to be peeled, or brass to be cleaned, it was Sylvy's lot to set, and peel, and clean. Of course, as Mrs. Mullins said when Myrtle languidly protested that she could do a few things herself, that was what she kept a maid for!

IN THE privacy of her own meagre apartment Sylvy kept, from time to time, certain roomers who paid no rent, and of whom Mrs. Mullins would have severely disapproved had she known.

Once it was a brown butterfly. Sylvy had found it in the pale sunshine of early morning, benumbed by the cold. Its feeble efforts to fly up into the warmer air caught her attention and moved her to pity. She picked it up gently and carried it to a shoe-box on the window ledge in her room, whose size was due to the considerable physical proportions of Mr. Thorpe of "the second floor bay window." Then, stealthily, she tiptoed to the hall and broke off two or three leaves from the latest floral offering there—roses from Mr. Thorpe—feeling a certain fitness in the fact that he should provide both food and shelter. By mid-afternoon the single shaft of sunshine that pierced the back alley on which Sylvy's window gave, had inspired new life in the fragile creature. She entered the room just as it took flight and sailed away to freedom from between the iron bars protecting the window.

Another time it was a kitten, not beautiful, but lost. One evening she had heard a pitiful mewing just outside her window. Raising the blind she discovered the little thing crouched against the bars. A few minutes of coaxing, and the furry, warm creature was in her arms. She made a bed for it in the box, crooning over it in a passion of tenderness.

"Was you lost, you poor little codger?" she murmured. "There, there, Sylvy'll look after you!"

When the kitten disappeared one day without so much as a farewell, Sylvy was disconsolate until she found a bird too soon from its nest. She kept it, and fed it, until it, too, took heart and flew away.

It would have been the same with human beings —"only most of 'em have people and don't need coddlin'," she reflected one day.

Then Mr. Fletcher had come and taken the second floor right.

"Such a nice gentleman, Myrtle," said Mrs. Mullins as they were putting the finishing touches to the room. "Now dearie, if you can only—" The rest of the sentence lost no significance for being left unsaid.

Sylvy, wiping the last corner of the floor with a damp cloth, noted Myrtle's shrug, and felt a flash of impatience with her. With early evening Mr. Fletcher came, and the impatience became active dislike. Sylvy had to call Mrs. Mullins, now busy showing the newcomer to his room, to the telephone, and reached the open door in time to hear: "Yes, this is one of our nicest rooms, Mr. Fletcher. Those candlesticks were my daughter's idea. Myrtle is *so* artistic! Yes, Sylvy, what is it?

While delivering the message, Sylvy had opportunity to obtain an impression of the room's new occupant. The first sight of his wistfully deep eyes, the sensitive mobility of his lips as he spoke, touched Sylvy's absorbing tenderness for all lost and lonely things. From that time on, Mr. Fletcher became the very centre and being of her days.

She brooded over the weary droop of his shoulders as he picked a lagging way over the uneven pavement, and passed from her short range of vision to the corner beyond the drug store; she treasured any small article, however worthless intrinsically, that he had used and discarded. Most of them she gathered during the weekly clean-up of rooms, taking them from some intimate hiding-place, once the shelter of her own room was reached, and placing them reverently in the shoe-box. Chiefest among them were an empty cigarette packet and a white bone button.

She used to pretend that she was his mother, carrying on imaginary conversations with him as she went about her work. If he left the house on a damp day without his rubbers, she would chide gently: "Now Richard, you know you shouldn't be so careless!" One morning of early spring drizzle, he started to leave the vestibule without adequate protection for his feet. Impulsively she stopped him.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher, now! Don't you think yon should wear your rubbers, wet and all as it is?"

He looked down at his feet as if surprised to find that they belonged to him.

"Why, so I should! Thank you, Sylvy."

After that, when he went out, he always bid her good-morning. She couldn't remember having been as happy in all her life. But there was an ache at her heart that he should walk so wearily, and she longed fiercely to be able to bring a proper gaiety to his face, lightness into his step, and a swing to his shoulders.

When it became apparent that Mrs. Mullins fully intended Myrtle to have Mr. Fletcher, she spoke severely to him as she removed the meat course and brought on the dessert.

"Now, look here, Richard—that young woman isn't the girl for you a-tall! Yes, I know she has pretty hair and eyes, and looks like a picture most of the time, but—"

And all, of course, because she had heard Mrs. Mullins say to Myrtle: "Isn't it perfectly natural for a girl to play the piano in her own parlor of an evening? And what's wrong with asking a young man if he wouldn't rather come down and sit with us than poke up in his own room all evening by himself?"

As she went to her room that evening she heard the tinkling of the piano in the parlor, and, a little later, Mrs. Mullins' voice, high-pitched calling up the stairs. Sylvy lost herself in jealousy for a moment, then scolded herself severely: "Who are you, anyway? What would he be doin', wantin' a scrub-girl for a mother? What does it matter to you, anyway?"

With the passing days, Sylvy noted that Myrtle needed no urging from her mother to put on her prettiest dresses, nor to practice during the day pieces that she thought Mr. Fletcher would like. And, by the way Mr. Fletcher ran down the steps of a morning, and walked with a spring to the corner beyond the drug-store, Sylvy could tell that the evenings in the Mullins parlor had become a large part of his life. Just as she watched for that few minutes' sight of him in the morning, so he lived through the day for the sake of the evening with Myrtle.

The lighter Mr. Fletcher's step, the heavier became Sylvy's heart. The gayer his voice as he said good-morning, the more lifeless hers. The sun had claimed the brown butterfly, the freedom of the air had taken the little bird from her, and some far, unknown call had summoned the kitten. She had done all she could in their desolate hours, but it was not enough to hold them. And ignorant though he was of it, Mr. Fletcher had no further need of the compassionate tenderness she had lavished upon him. Sylvy herself was the lost one now. No one in the whole world needed her, nor cared that she cared.

IT WAS in lilac time—and even in that district of paved streets, paved areas, and barren back alleys, the air seemed full of curling wisps of perfume—that it happened. Sylvy saw it for herself, because Mrs. Mulllins had asked her if she would mind staying up and bringing in some refreshments about ten o'clock. She came down to help Sylvy arrange the tray, murmuring with a complacent smile: "It's high time they had a few minutes to themselves, Sylvy . . . Now let me see—I believe we'll get out the sterling spoons!"

If Mrs. Mullins had said: "We'll set fire to the house!" Sylvy could not have been more electrified. She had often heard of the ornamental sterling spoons, but had never seen them. They were fabled things. They only appeared on occasions of supreme importance. The last time of their use was when the late Mr. Mullins died, before Sylvy came. So, wondering, but half afraid to grasp the significance of it, Sylvy carried the tray up to the parlor. In a daze she passed the cups of tea, scarcely heeding Mrs. Mullins' volubility until the spoons were mentioned.

"Yes, Mr. Fletcher, sterling they are!" I have a whole dozen of them," she said, calling attention to them with great pride.

Mr. Fletcher mumbled something politely, but kept his eyes on Myrtle, daintily sipping her tea and nibbling a nut cake.

"A whole dozen of them," repeated Mrs. Mullins triumphantly, "and I says to Myrtle the other day: 'Now Myrtle, when you get married, they're all yours!"

At this, Mr. Fletcher, startled, turned his gaze upon his landlady.

"Married?" he said slowly, as if he did not like the sound of the word. "I didn't know Miss Myrtle was going to be married!"

"Well," said Mrs. Mullins, eyeing him coyly and deliberately, "that depends—"

Her meaning was unmistakable, even to Sylvy, who paused in horror in the act of lifting a plate of cakes, to look at Mr. Fletcher. Myrtle half rose from her chair with a humiliated: "Oh, mother!" Sylvy saw a slow red creep up from Mr. Fletcher's collar in an agony of embarrassment. Mrs. Mullins alone seemed at ease. There was a moment of dreadful silence, then Mr. Fletcher said stiffly: "Well, I think I shall have to say good-night. Thank you for the evening, Mrs. Mullins," and without a look at Myrtle turned to leave the room. Mrs. Mullins said expansively: "Oh, not at all. You must join us again, Mr. Fletcher!"

Sylvy, lingering in a fever to hear what Myrtle was sure to say to her mother, was baffled by closed doors and lowered voices.

True to her self-imposed tryst, she was on the steps when Mr. Fletcher came out next morning.

Continued on page 85

The Final Faith

Not often, when the carnal dance is mad—
Not often, in our youth's audacity,
Shall one, aware, have final faith in thee,
O soul, for he that knows thee shall be sad
Betimes, and youth would be forever glad.
Then, craving freedom, never are we free;
Through many-colored mists we call or flee,
And in illusion's raiment are we clad.

But when the humiliation of the flesh
Is ours, like truant children going home
We turn to thee, the beautiful and best,
Whose dew-remembered flowers are very fresh—
Whose winds are from the snows and ocean-foam—
Who hast the starlight on thy marble breast.

George Sterling in the Commonweal N.Y.

They all say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

No matter how you use Fels-Naptha . . . in boiling, cool or lukewarm water—in a washing machine or a wash tub . . . you are bound to get *extra* washing help you could hardly expect from any other soap.

There's a very good reason, of course, for this *extra* help. Fels-Naptha gives you the *extra* cleansing value of two thorough, safe cleaners working together—*exceptionally good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.*

In the Golden Bar of Fels-Naptha you get the full benefit of this splendid teamwork between soap and naptha.

Fels-Naptha makes it so much easier to get your clothes white and thoroughly clean. It is so gentle to your clothes in the wash. And it leaves your clothes with that delightful clean-clothes smell.

When you consider, too, that Fels-Naptha is so economical and so handy to use, is it any wonder that millions of women say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha"? Is it any wonder that thousands upon thousands of them come back to Fels-Naptha after trying all sorts of cleaners and soaps?

A great many housewives use Fels-Naptha for every cleaning purpose. For washing clothes—washing dishes—removing spots from carpets and rugs—brightening painted woodwork—keeping their homes faultlessly clean and wholesome.

Don't you, too, want this *extra* help of Fels-Naptha? You can test the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha without cost, by writing Fels & Co., Philadelphia, for a free sample of the Golden Bar.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Mr. Polecat Saves a Life

By Francis Dickie

THE swirling water of the current, running at some eight miles an hour even at this lower end of the rapid, tugged hard at Anderson's body as he clung with his right hand to a short tree-root protruding from the bank that rose sheerly some three feet above him. Anderson had been carried against the bank by an eddy immediately following the wrecking of his scow on a submerged point of rock in the centre of the swift and narrow stream. So, despite the chill of the water, he was still fresh. Now, with his right hand gripping hard at the rope-like root, he reached upward with his left hand, striving to catch one of the many higher roots of the black poplar tree, still standing sturdily though the erosion of the water had carried the earth away from nearly a third of its foundation. But the current fought against him, pulling his body hard downstream. Three times he struggled upward before his reaching fingers won a hold. The rest of the climb toward the top of the bank was easier. At last, cold and sodden, he got to his feet.

Anderson had dwelt long in the wilderness, so his matches were dry in a watertight case. A few feet from the river bank he made a fire of dead poplar. The May day was chill and dull, and after wringing out his undergarments, he donned them again and, seated on his haunches, warmed himself thoroughly before the fire.

Now and again his eyes rested upon the fast-moving water with which, so short a time ago, he had fought for his life. In midstream of its rushing course his light river-scow still hung upon the sharp point of submerged rock which had pierced through the planks of the bow close to the left side. The flat-bottomed hull, with its stern swung downstream, now lay tipped far over, swept clean of all its contents. Just beyond the wreck the river widened. Gazing upon the scene, Anderson realized how lucky he had been. In that moment when he had caught the extending root he had seen his two less fortunate half-breed boatmen carried into the centre of the broadening stream—to certain death. A momentary sadness oppressed him. He had known them only six days, since he hired them at Fort Good Cheer, his starting-point for the trip into this little-known region of British Columbia but they had proved themselves good fellows.

Out in the hurrying stream the scow dipped and swerved. Anderson eyed it regretfully. This flat-bottomed, square-ended twenty-five-foot river craft, known as "half-scow" in the parlance of the Northland, represented the last of his ebbing fortunes. At the bottom of the river lay his rifle, outfit, utensils. Presently even the now worthless craft would break free from the point of rock and disappear from his sight.

Anderson shivered, crouched before the fire, and gave way to dreary retrospection.

For twenty years he had sought in the far places for a golden fortune. Twenty years! Hard years brightened only by the hope of eventual success, which in him, as in every true prospector, persists in face of all disappointments, all discouragements, all failures.

Thoughtfully Anderson travelled back over the years — Alaska and the Yukon, their mushroom cities and gold-mad crowds; his own hardships, the privations, the cold of many winter trails.

Doggedly he had gone on staking claims—along main streams, "pup" creeks, benches. Men had grown rich beside him, above him, below him, but never had luck really smiled on him. True, a pocket now and then or an occasional fairly-paying gravel bar, had fallen to his lot, but nothing more. His finds had given him a bare living—just "grub-stakes" to carry him on to new fields.

Arizona, Nevada, New Liskeard, Cobalt, and the porcupine had known his plodding feet. Always he had persevered. In face of every failure there had remained deep down within him a conviction of ultimate success, a sort of prescient certainty that some day his dream-find would be realized.

The coming of spring of the year 1923 had found him at Fort Good Cheer, in northwestern British Columbia. A year's grubstake, tools, a rifle, and the scow had taken the larger part of Anderson's capital. The remainder would have been paid in wages to the half-breed boatmen he had hired to accompany him to a point on the Tillicum River some fifty miles farther on. There, at a place where a small stream met the Tillicum, Anderson had proposed building a headquarters camp, a good solid cabin from which to prospect the surrounding country. It was a region but little known, regarding which mysterious whispers of richness in placer gold had reached him during his past winter's sojourn in the seaport city of Vancouver.

Anderson's gaze fell again upon the river, just as the tugging water at last dislodged the scow. Sunk to the gunwales, it slipped swiftly down the stream and out of sight forever. The disappearance of his last possession was a fitting climax to his retrospection of twenty fruitless years.

He was gunless, foodless, the wilderness was all around him, and Fort Good Cheer his nearest place of succour. In actual travelling time on the Tillicum he had been six days in arriving where he stood. It would take three times as long to walk back, even if he were able to travel with a full

stomach. To Anderson, with only a pockt-knife and twenty matches left to him, the wilderness loomed menacing, a place of waiting death. For the first time in all his twenty years of fortune-seeking, hope no longer burnt within him. The old prescient certainty of that rich find had suddenly deserted him. For the first time, moreover, he was fully conscious that he was forty-eight years old. The brief battering the river had given him had left him stiff and sore.

Moodily he began pacing up and down. His heavy woollen undergarments were still damp in places, and now and then he shivered as he walked under the grey sky of that pallid May day.

Anderson had faced many difficult situations during his long experience of prospecting. Though hope had fled, the love of life still remained. As he strode up and down to warm his numbed body, he studied the situation with the trained judgment of a man familiar with the wilderness.

It was a bad time of the year to travel with an equipment of one jack-knife and twenty matches. May was to early for the nesting season, too early for berries—yet the eggs of the various birds and ripe berries were about the only food supplies an unarmed man could gather. True, there were caribou in considerable numbers, but it was only in books of fiction that an unarmed man killed such worth-while provender. In reality, he might starve within sight of a thousand of the beasts.

Nevertheless, Anderson turned his face southward, determined to win out. The Tillicum River was a very winding stream, and every mile of walking he could save was of the utmost importance, so he left the river-bank and laid a cross-country course. This was easy, for ahead of him, far to the south, a range of peaks showed dimly in clear weather. Though they were at the moment obscured, the man's sense of direction was so good that he would not have hesitated to strike out even had there been no peaks by which to correct his position from day to day.

The country about him consisted of low hills dotted with clumps of poplar and willow and—in some of the valleys—larger "stands" of spruce and hemlock.

AS HE swung along over the hills the dead brown grass rustled crisply, as yet predominant over the struggling green of this backward spring. Occasionally a meadow-lark sprang up, and, after a short, flirting flight, alighted to pour forth its liquid piping melody.

Anderson's rugged face lit up at each new song from this drab-looking grey-and-brown bird. It was an old companion of his. On the Arctic prairies, in New Ontario, in far-away Nevada, its song had cheered him.

Just at dusk it began to rain, accompanied by a chill driving wind. But Anderson was lucky. Low down on a side-hill a gale, months before, had uprooted a spruce tree, creating, as always in light soil, a pot-hole of loose sand. Where the roots had torn free from the highest point on the hill, the excavation had extended into the bank a little way, forming a tiny cave, the overhanging roof of which, perhaps two feet wide, was sufficient to keep dry the sand beneath. Into this little refuge Anderson crawled and dug himself in, covering his body several inches deep with sand.

It was still raining when he awoke—a fine, cold drizzle. All day he plodded steadily onwards. From time to time through the rain the meadow-larks' mellow notes bade defiance to the chill and wet, but there was no answering echo in the prospector's heart. Soaked to the skin, his discomfort was the more cruelly felt because the lack of food had already greatly lowered his resistance to the cold.

He spent the night sheltered beneath the wide-spreading limbs of a spruce, sleeping shiveringly for short intervals.

At daybreak the wind shifted. Slowly the cloud masses began to break and drift, and by late afternoon the mountains showed for the first time In the cleared dome of the sky the sun flared for a few moments, then sank amid banked cumulus clouds close to the snow-capped peaks.

On this third night of his journeying Anderson sacrificed two of his twenty precious matches and made a fire. The craving for food which had so fiercely gnawed his vitals in the earlier hours, had now given place to a heavy numbness at the pit of his stomach, accompanied by a headache more savage in its torturing throbbing than any hunger-pang.

Even the sunshine and warmth of a perfect May morning, smiling upon the start of his fourth day's march, failed to stir a responsive rise of spirits. Yet the clutch of life had no whit weakened within him. Now, however, it was a dogged, instinctive impulse, almost automatic despite its guidance by a mind that still reasoned calmly.

This day the meadow larks sang as never before but Anderson did not smile. Upon these old-time friends he turned the glittering eyes of famine. In the bed of a little creek he gathered some stones. His reason cried out upon the hopelessness of what he contemplated, but nevertheless he filled his pockets with little water-worn pebbles. At the next open space, with infinite care, he stalked one of the drab brown birds. But he took one step too many, and the bird flew away. Gazing after it, Anderson cursed with a wild abandon of word and gesture—significant tokens of a mind that was losing poise.

Once more he took up his stealthy attack upon a bird long-loved, dear to him from years of association, but now the only symbol of food in this great inhospitable waste. Twice again his cautious advance was carried too far, but he did not repeat his curses; his natural grip upon himself had returned.

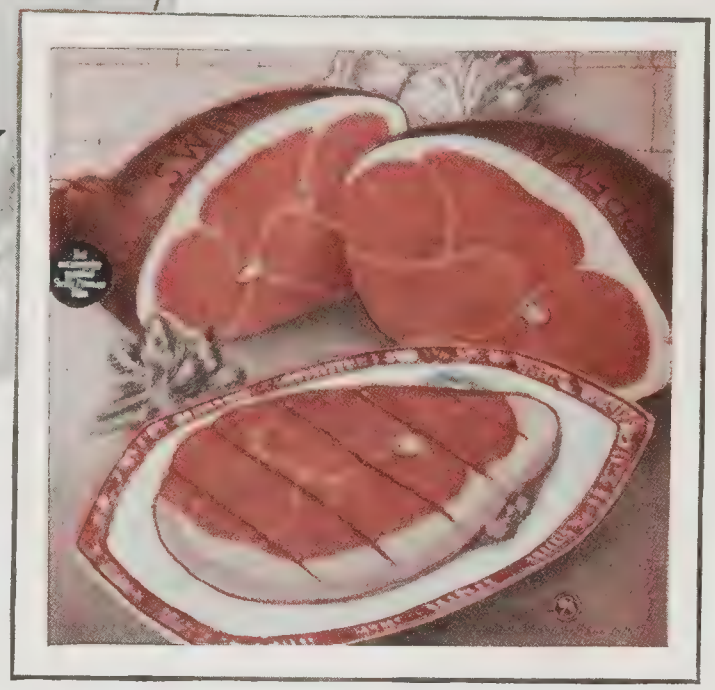
A fourth time he stalked a feathered quarry.

Continued on page 88

—Always juicy and tender
always sweet and mild

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham

Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice.



To have the ham cut as shown above, is to enjoy the added advantage of having it ready to cook in a variety of ways: the butt end to bake, the shank end to boil, the center slices to broil or fry.

"Swift's Premium" is a mark that has long been an assurance of the highest quality obtainable. When the Ham or Bacon you buy is stamped "Swift's Premium" you can depend on securing a delicious, wholesome food of distinctive flavor and unusual tenderness.

Swift Canadian Co.
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Premium Bacon is as distinctively tender and fine-flavored as Premium Ham. Served alone or cooked with other foods, to give them additional richness and fine savor, there are so many uses for Premium Bacon that women like to buy it as shown here — a whole piece at a time.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

The Romance of a Strong Man

By B. J. Farmer

THE genealogy of Jock Mcginty was very obscure and even more mixed. Both his parents had died when he was still a boy.

His father he remembered as a gigantic miner working in the gold mines of Northern Ontario; of his mother, he had only the faintest recollections. That she was Russian he knew, and he had been told that his father must have been drunk when he married her. But then his father had nearly always been drunk; either about to be drunk, or thoroughly and completely drunk, or, what was worse, recovering from being drunk.

Though the memories of his parents were dim, those of his early days were not very vivid, and Jock Mcginty had no particular wish to revive them. For he had been brought up in the unsalubrious atmosphere of a small mining town and he was taught—nay, forced—to realize that hard and continuous work was his only hope of salvation. But then work requiring a large expenditure of muscular energy he was eminently qualified to perform, for though his father had been big, he was bigger.

Quite early in life he had distinguished himself by prodigious feats of strength, and all were of a peaceable nature. It seems to be a merciful dispensation of Providence that all really strong men shall be of a lamb-like and law-abiding disposition, and Jock Mcginty was no exception to the rule. He was a quiet man, almost impossible to rouse to a fit of temper, and though often provoked he refused to use his giant strength against any of his neighbors; in fact some of his friends frankly called him dumb. However, dumb or not, he was very much in demand for his thews were at the beck and call of all who might need them, and in the springtime he might often be seen lifting automobiles out of the mud into which the melting of the snow and indifference had put them.

One day it so chanced that an itinerant circus visited the town for one night only while on their way to a big city; and that visit changed the whole life of Jock Mcginty. In company with most of the town he stared at the imposing procession of elephants and camels and the pretty ladies on horseback who rode with such debonair ease; and that night he entered the white tent with an air of expectation on his plain, heavy face. It would be untrue to say that he was thrilled at the exhibition of skill and daring, for at that time he was incapable of being thrilled at anything, but at least he was mildly interested. After the performance the circus packed up straight away to move to the next town the same night, and a large audience gathered round while they struggled to load the heavy gear on the wagons. Having at last loaded up they found the wagons absolutely and immovably stuck in the mud. The proprietor put on more steam and the wheels of the engine pulling in front spun around helplessly in the ruts. Just as he was preparing to harness the circus ponies, Jock Mcginty was pushed forward by his friends and he surveyed the situation with the eye of an expert. Then he laid a shoulder as hard as a block of iron under the rim of a wheel, and with the rest of the crowd pushing behind, he steadily heaved till the wheels got a grip and the engine took up the pull. The proprietor recognized his commercial value at once, and when the circus went out that night Jock Mcginty went with them. His life as a miner was over; and that of a professional strong man began.

At the time when this story opens, Jock Mcginty had graduated from second-class vaudeville to first-class vaudeville, and he was still climbing. But he was no longer known as Jock Mcginty; for since his circus days he had acquired a manager or, to be more correct, the manager had acquired him and had promptly altered his name. There was nothing impressive about the name Jock Mcginty. His mother's name had been Lodowski. Admirable! But Jock must be changed. The manager cast about and finally decided on Alexander; not very original, perhaps, but then the manager was not an original man.

But how well it looked on the bills and hoardings:

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD

The last part, if not the first, he could say with perfect truth because day by day his feats of strength grew more and more amazing, and yet he had not yet reached his prime.

WHILE his name was becoming a household word with the fans of vaudeville, there occurred the second change in his life. Hitherto he had been content to do as he was told; to allow husky men to hammer an anvil placed on his chest; to bend iron bars as required, and to lift with his teeth automobiles loaded with men. Now something had bred in him a feeling of discontent with his lot, and the reason was a simple one.

While he was playing in a big city in the West, they had added to the bill a little French dancer, Yvonne Brême, and love had awakened in the great heart of Alexander the strong man. Up to then the girls had little attraction for him, or he for them, for though he was strong, tremendously strong, he was also clumsy and shy; and the one was heavily discounted by the others. Now all was changed; all but the heart of Yvonne the dancer. That he could not change. He followed her about the theatre like a great awkward dog and whenever she deigned to notice him at all, which was not very often, she only laughed at him. For were not her eyes as blue as the sea at noonday and her face as pretty as a flower? She was so light, so very chic, and withal so gay and witty, that she wanted a man to be also gay and witty.

The man who found favor in her eyes was Carl Reinhardt, known to the world of vaudeville as the juggling king. And how clever and dexterous he was! When he tossed the shining balls in the air and caught them at marvellous angles, and performed wonderful evolutions with hoops and hats and sticks, the audience literally caught their breath; and before they had recovered it, he had made them rock with laughter at his merry quips and jests until they nearly forgot his tricks. Yes, he was the counterpart of Yvonne the dancer; she was the personification of ethereal lightness, and he the marvel of manual dexterity.

Only once had the huge and ungainly strong man approached his divinity; and he never forgot the occasion. It was one night after the show. He was mildly triumphant. He had lifted incredible weights and the overwhelming applause of the audience had gone to his head like wine. Uplifted, he had made for her dressing-room to humbly petition to take her out to supper. When he entered the room the hateful Carl was there, talking and laughing in the easy way he knew so well how to assume. The strong man hesitatingly stated his purpose. Yvonne the dancer looked at him and laughed in cruel derision; she referred to him as "ze so beeg fool." Then she turned to Carl and they both laughed again together. The strong man flushed scarlet and tensed his great muscles; but he said nothing; he did nothing; he just walked out of the room. That was the last time he ever attempted to make love to Yvonne the dancer.

THEN came the third and last change in the life of Alexander the strong man. His heart still beat high with love for Yvonne the dancer; but what was the use? She did not love him; she had laughed at him. He was "ze so beeg fool." So he stifled the dull ache in his heart and carried on doggedly with the daily routine. For he was still the great strong man. His name was still the box-office attraction. It flared into the night in letters of fire; and though it never occurred to him, the name of Yvonne the dancer appeared below with the remainder of the bill in quite small letters. She was a good dancer, yes, but vaudeville knows many such dancers equally good; and it knows only one such strong man, and that is Alexander the Great.

But Alexander himself, he cared for none of these things. Life now was a weariness, but one monotonous day after another. Once he had exulted in the power of his mighty thews and the swell of his great chest, but now he scorned them; for had not Yvonne the dancer scorned them? But he still did what he was told and lifted heavier and heavier weights though the weight on his heart was heavier than them all; and at times it seemed more than he could bear. That was when he saw the feet of Yvonne the dancer twinkle so lightly over the stage and her blue eyes laugh with the sheer joy of existence. Then he would clench his hairy fists and try to forget the load on his heart by lifting unheard-of weights. Carl the juggler he ignored contemptuously. He could have crushed him with one hand, but — Yvonne the dancer loved him and above all she must be happy.

Then came the last night of his appearance in that city, and of Yvonne the dancer also, for he must be ever on the road, moving from city to city, stopping long in none; and Yvonne the dancer, she too must roam and he might never see her again. The thought made him sadder still and his heart was heavy nearly to breaking point so that that night his mind was far from thinking what his muscles were doing. As usual they bound him with chains of iron but that was all part of the routine and he never noticed their bite. As he lay on his back his thoughts were with Yvonne the dancer. When they had fastened the final chain they lifted him cumbrously to his feet. Mechanically he strained the mighty muscles of his chest and back and with a terrific report the chains burst asunder; and so great was the effort that a piece of iron flew across the stage and struck one of the supers a sharp blow on the leg. The audience laughed and cheered and the man scowled; his turn would come.

Presently they bound the strong man on a grating and under the united efforts of four men a solid iron anvil was placed on his chest. Then three of them stepped forward with sledge-hammers and the man hit on the leg grinned and took a firmer grasp of his hammer. Get gay, would he? He would show the big stiff where he got off at. Then the three hammers began to swing in regular rotation. One-two-three they went. Soon the men were hitting with all their power and the sweat poured down their purpled faces. The strong man lay tranquilly under the rain of blows. He was watching a puff of smoke in one of the wings.

The puff of smoke grew bigger; it became an acrid cloud; it penetrated under the curtain in a thin blue haze. The audience saw it. There was a second of stupefied horror, then the terrible cry *FIRE* rang through the auditorium and the sea of white faces rose in mad confusion. A moment ago they had been serried rank on serried rank of polite dolls prepared to be mildly amused or faintly bored. Now all was bedlam. The cloak of civilization dropped from each terrified mask and they fought madly to get to the exits. Above the hoarse shouting, the frantic directions of the attendants, and the banging of seats, rose the wild scream of a woman fighting with all the force of her mother's love to reach her trampled child. *"Elsie!"* she shrieked; "Elsie! It's mother. . . . Oh, my God! she's dead!"

ALEXANDER the strong man was left alone on the stage. The crackling of the flames warned him of the imminent danger and he made his way over the orchestra pit and through the stalls out of the main entrance. Chaos met his eye. White-faced women darted hither and thither; men shouted meaningless questions to each other; here was one screaming hysterically; there another trampled in the press cursing savagely. Through the uproar the fire-bells clanged incessantly and the crowd

Continued on page 86

Hope

By Eleanor Hamilton

Lifting the heavy gloom of winter sunset,
A parting gleam—a radiant shaft of light
Throws a glad promise to a homing people—
Tomorrow will be bright!

And deep in every heart, however weary,
A little bird that wings to any height,
Lifts up a note of sudden, golden promise—
Tomorrow will be bright!

"Pink Tooth Brush"

A modern evil with a very simple treatment...

THAT slight bleeding of the gums which tinges the tooth brush with pink, is often dismissed from the mind too quickly.

Yet even if it occurs infrequently, it is the first warning that heralds the approach of more-stubborn gum troubles — troubles so prevalent today.

Taken early enough, "pink tooth brush" is not difficult to correct; it is, in fact, rather easy to combat. In itself, it is not dangerous. Its appearance is not a sign that you have pyorrhea, authentic cases of which are few and far between.

But "Pink Tooth Brush" means that your gums need care!

When "pink tooth brush" comes, your gums need your closest attention. Much worse things can follow in its train. You must restore to the gum tissues the stimulation which in the ordinary course of modern life they do not get by natural means. You must stimulate them. You should massage them. You need Ipana Tooth Paste.

* * *

The primary cause of the modern break-down of the gums is easily traced to the food that we eat every day. In former generations the mere act of chewing more-fibrous, crunchy foods supplied to the gums the natural stimulation of massage. But today this modern food of ours is soft—it is lacking in fibre—it fails completely in its function of giving to the gums the massage they need so much to keep in good condition.

So gums grow lazy and stagnant. They grow tender and sensitive. On occasion they bleed—and after that a long list of more-severe, more-serious troubles threatens.

How to restore the gums to health with Ipana and massage

Dentists will tell you of the value of massage for gums that cannot, without bleeding, stand the touch of the brush. Hundreds of them recommend it and hundreds of them praise Ipana Tooth Paste as well, because of Ipana's efficacy in toning and stimulating under-nourished gum tissue. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for years by dentists in their practices.

BREAKFAST, luncheon, dinner—three reasons every day why our gums need massage with Ipana. For our delicious soft foods, stripped of their coarse fibrous elements, are also stripped of their power to stimulate the gums.

Your own dentist knows Ipana Tooth Paste. Our professional men have demonstrated its benefits to hundreds and hundreds of Canadian dentists. In fact, it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first got its start.

So use Ipana and practice massage if the health of your gums is not all it should be. This simple treatment night and morning will stir up the sluggish circulation within the gum walls and bring fresh, clean blood to clear the tiny capillaries. If at first the gums are too tender, begin by using a little Ipana on the finger. And then as the tender tissue is restored to firmness and health, the tooth brush should be used for this gentle frictionizing after the usual cleanings with Ipana and the brush.

Switch to Ipana for one month —a full, fair trial

Ipana's fresh flavor will bring you a new sense of oral cleanliness and its power to keep your teeth brilliant will delight you. Even if your tooth brush seldom "shows pink"—even if your gums are firm and hard, be thankful, and let Ipana help to keep them so. The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.

The coupon on this page offers a ten-day trial tube. We will gladly send it, for at least it will prove Ipana's taste and cleaning effect. But as your dentist will attest, ten days is barely long enough to begin the good work. So when next you are at your druggist's, get a full-size tube—use it faithfully for a full month—and then decide whether Ipana is the tooth paste you should use for life.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

STENHOUSE, LTD.
30 St. Francois Xavier St.
Montreal, Que.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE, without charge or obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Prov.* .....

MADE IN CANADA

Hints for Canadian Tourists Travelling Abroad—French Morocco

1. *Merchants near Mederca, Mehnes, Morocco.*

2. *Courtyard of the Mosque of Karon, Morocco.*

3. *Berber women of the Aures Hills, showing their masses of silver chains, pins and boxes containing charms to keep away evil demons and desease.*

4. *Casa Blanca, Morocco—Afternoon Tea.*

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

THE Phoenicians and the people of Carthage in Algeria (now a magnificent ruin much frequented by tourists) were the first, so history records, to explore Morocco and establish posts for commercial purposes. Then came the Romans, converting Morocco into Mauretania. The races forming the population of Morocco are as mixed as in any country of Northern Africa, the original stock, the Berbers, being mixed with Arabs, Negroes, and other elements of conglomerate races. The name "Moor," which is not always correctly applied, should be used only to designate the descendants of the mixed population which travelled back to Africa from Spain in the fourteenth century. They are a handsome people, with features of a European type, in no way similar to the Moors of Mauretania, who lead a nomadic life between Senegal and Morocco. These belong to the North African race and at present are found only in a few towns. It is very hard to distinguish the two supposed original strains, as the two elements have closely intermingled. Arabic is the dominating language and will soon displace the Berber speech.

The Berbers, the primitive inhabitants of Morocco, still vastly outnumber all other peoples and occupy the greatest areas of territory. The Berbers are, evidently, a blend of two races, a brown or Southern European, and a Saharan brown. To this was added the strain of a fair race, which now occupies the mountains of the Middle Atlas. The tribes of the Atlas Mountains are almost untouched by Arab influence. The chief way in which the Arab has affected Morocco is through the introduction of Islam, and by the authority of the "sherifs," more particularly those of Fez and Wazzan.

The Jews, the most aggressive cosmopolites of all peoples, have suffered great restrictions but are more despised than ill-treated. The negroes, until recently, were imported in large numbers from the Sudan, serving as slaves; and in many parts of the country there is a strong admixture of negro blood. The slave trade, although not officially prohibited by the French, was and is discouraged.

The urban population of Morocco has increased, due to the influx of Europeans into the coast towns. The most important of these are Tangiers, a seaport; Fez, a commercial city and a centre for small manufacturing interests; Rabat, Meknes and Marrakesh, all containing a large negro population; Casa Blanca, the most important seaside resort, and now much frequented by Europeans and Mogadors, a city of modern pretension and delightful climate, containing a very large Jewish population. In the direction of the southern desert, nomadic tribes and semi-nomadic tribes are constantly moving, on account of raids of rival brigands, because of droughts, or because of quarrels with their neighbors.

Morocco has been the scene of constant wars against the French and Spanish, and great material loss has resulted. But in communities where security has prevailed and where epidemics and raids have been few, there is much that may be considered as tending toward substantial progress. A strange fact, influencing industry and probity, is that wealth and affluence encourage polygamy.

The natural resources of Morocco are limited only by the zeal and industry of its people. Modern methods introduced by the French, though tending to modernize its architecture and the costumes and customs of its people, has greatly benefited the country economically, and made accessible the sanctuaries and haunts of the early inhabitants by the building of railways and roads, the construction of modern hotels, and the use of the automobile for trade and pleasure.

Before the establishment of the French and Spanish Protectorate, education was very elemental and closely connected with the religions of the people. In Fez the university boasted some repute but has long since fallen to decay . The Jewish alliance has established schools for Jews. The French, always good colonizers, established schools more for the propagation of the French language than to stimulate culture. French schools have also been established for Europeans, climatic conditions being favorable for winter sessions.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—*Morocco is fast becoming a popular winter resort for tourists. The climate is milder than the French or Italian Riviera. Excursions by automobile may be made to the Sahara and also to Algeria, and Tunis. All comforts are offered, good food and wine, and service is equal to some of the best hotels in Europe. Steamers sail at regular intervals from Algeciras or Marseilles. The shortest voyage is via Algeciras to Tangiers.*

Miss Possum

By William Thompson

When Master Fortune comes around
And I can bag a possum,
The genius that Felindy shows
Just fairly seems to blossom.
She takes the biggest fryin'-pan,
A heapin' spoon o' drippin',
She hashes up an onion fine
And adds a little pippin.

Salt and pepper she sifts in,
A hunk o' lard and flour,
And then a slice o' lemon thin
To make a little sour.
She lets it simmer for a time
Before she adds the bread—
Th' aroma that that generates
Just almost turns my head.

She puts Miss Possum in the stove,
Her fore and hind legs tied,
(Looks mighty happy in that mess,
Just like she's glad she died!)
My love for sweet Felindy grows
And fairly seems to blossom
When she says: "Eph, put out the dog
And come and carve that possum."

Put this Kelvinator freezing unit in your refrigerator

ANY good refrigerator can be equipped with Kelvination —"cold that keeps"—in a few hours' time. You phone the Kelvinator dealer nearest you to come out and see what you need. He sends Kelvinator to your home ready for his expert to install.

Then all the comforts, economy and health-giving features of this unsurpassed electric refrigeration are yours. You can't imagine how many household problems and cares will disappear.

Kelvinator is the cold maker from the light socket—that dry, constant cold between 40 and 50 degrees which preserves all food at its best. The Zone of Kelvination, which Kelvinator automatically provides, is the Zone of Health. You never need to worry about your refrigerator again. And all at a surprisingly low cost to operate.

Convenient Monthly Payments

A reasonable down payment puts Kelvination, the oldest domestic electric refrigeration, into your home at once through Refrigeration Discount Corporation Finance Plan. There's the freezing unit for your present refrigerator; the new, low-priced Kelvinator "Sealtite" model; or any one of a large assortment of Cabinet Kelvinators by Leonard. You can also get a Leonard Refrigerator in every style, finish and price, made by the world's largest manufacturer of refrigerators. Kelvinator Dealers everywhere. Ask the nearest one to call, or write us direct for information.

If you investigate—you'll Kelvinate.

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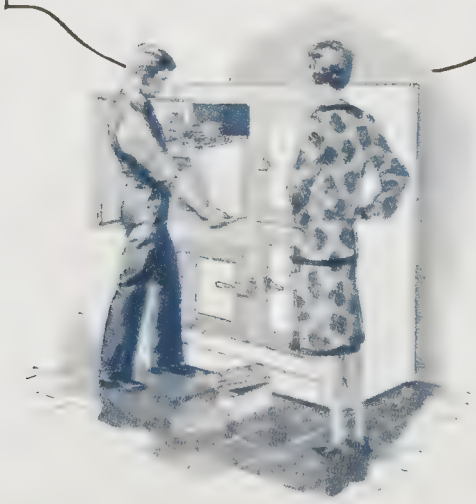

The principle of Kelvination was the discovery of Lord Kelvin and called after him whose name it perpetuates. Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, is a Canadian Company, employing Canadian labor and materials. The Company possesses the exclusive right to manufacture and market Kelvinator and Nizer products for both domestic and commercial electric refrigeration in the Dominion and throughout the British Empire. This Company's plant at London, Ont., is the largest, most modern and best equipped in Canada devoted to electric refrigeration.

KEVINATOR NIZER LEONARD

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

"Better-Always-Better"

DM-325

The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Youth and Leadership

THE bacchalaureate sermon delivered before the graduating class of the University of Manitoba in 1926 was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon, and he chose for his subject "Youth and Leadership." Young men of the West should profit by the reading of this pamphlet, and it is possible that copies may be secured upon application to the Registrar, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

At one point in his message, Dr. Gordon says: "Perhaps you will take my word for it that to the right-thinking and right-living the best days are always ahead."

Later on he deals with Opportunity, saying: "The trail is at your foot; the trail, which taken boldly and pressed with due patience and courage, will lead you to the place where you would be when the journey is done. Opportunity. The work invites you which wrought at with such skill as you possess, and with such patient endurance as you can command, will make you what in your highest moments you dream of becoming. Do not for a moment imagine that opportunity is denied to any."

On Buying Books

FROM a Saskatchewan reader we have received the following letter:

"I am an interested reader of your section of The Western Home Monthly and am coming to you with a question which I would appreciate very much if you could answer.

Would you kindly state through your columns your opinion of the . . . . set of books. Also, do you think they are worth . . . . the price asked? Is there any other set of books which you would recommend as more suitable for a person who is seeking to enlarge his general knowledge?

"I am an apprentice in a weekly newspaper office and as the wages are small, the cost is a vital issue. I can manage the cost but wish to get the counsel of someone other than myself."

Our correspondent has been replied to under personal cover but for the benefit of others who may be interested it may be said that there is a considerable body of opinion against the purchasing of general sets of books of a literary nature. A neighbor of mine once paid a hundred and twenty dollars for a set of books and from his conversation later, I gathered that he had read half way through the first book and did not feel drawn particularly to any of the others. This illustrates the principal danger in set buying. No matter how carefully a set may be compiled it may contain many volumes that make little or no appeal to the purchaser. This is often the case with sets including the works of different authors. Where the set includes the works of one author only, a similar drawback may arise for, with few exceptions, it is doubtful if the work of many authors is of such even quality as to make it worth while for a young man to read all that they have written. An exception may be made in the case of technical works, for here it may be presumed that few young men would purchase technical sets but for the reason that they have a foundation in the subject and wish to perfect themselves in the theory of a study connected with their vocations.

For general reading, however, the young man may be well advised to buy his books singly. Ask your bookseller for a catalogue of Everyman's Library. In it will be found hundreds of the world's best books classified under such headings as Romance, Classical, Poetry, Philosophy, History, Science, Reference, Theology, and Novels. These books are of convenient size, well bound, well printed, and inexpensive. Make a selection carefully and read what you buy before purchasing others.

Education

RATHER frequently, inquiries are received asking what may be suitable subjects for discussion by country clubs, study circles and other rural groups. It is probable that the general subject of Education may prove suitable as a basis for some five or ten discussions. The group leaders should do some preliminary studying and become familiar with some of the leading definitions of the subject, two of which are as follows:

Education is the eternal process of superior adjustment of the physically and mentally developed, free, conscious, human being to God, as manifested in the intellectual, emotional and volitional environment of man.—Horne.

Education is a name for the sum total of the influences which have brought us to the condition which at any given moment we are.—Campagnac.

After a survey of the subject has been made, some discussions might be held on education as exhibited in local surroundings, education as carried on provincially, and education as carried on nationally and in other countries.

A small and popular textbook might be of general use, and for this purpose, "Education in Relation to the Common Purposes of Humanity," by E. T. Campagnac, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Liverpool, should prove helpful. This book may be secured at $1.50 from Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto. Some idea of the rich nature of its contents may be gathered from the following selections:

"When we say that we are sorry that a man's education has been so short: he was obliged to leave school when he was 14, 15, 16 . . . . we mean that he escaped from the hands of professional teachers at that age.

"Children ought to be educated, not for the present but for a possibly improved condition of man in the future.

"We must all earn our living or somebody else must earn it for us; we must pay our way in the world or somebody else must pay it for us.

"As for our pupils, it is best to take them at first and at last at their face value. They look like human beings and they probably are; if so, they are very much like ourselves at our best.

"To entertain wide interests and not to dissipate the mind; to have a special business and not to cramp and narrow the mind—to do these two good things and to shun these two bad things is what we greatly need and may reasonably attempt."

Money and the Mind

"DEVELOPMENT" is a popular word in the West and it is seldom that one can pick up a newspaper without coming across an article that does not tell of some development of natural resources that has taken place or of some development that is proposed. The young men of the country play an important part in this development which, incidentally, is a means of putting money in their pockets. In all this growth and money-making, however, the finer things of life should not be disregarded and our readers are urged to pay some attention to the following paragraphs from the writings of John Morley, on "The Object of Literary Culture":

"I believe that the main object of literary culture at the present time ought to be to counteract the dominant tendencies flowing from the money-getting pursuits of the age, and so, without lessening the energy and attention at present devoted to these pursuits, to check the evil consequences apt to come from them by the forming of tastes and habits of thought of a wholly different kind.

"As the ardent longing after money influences a man to be material, he should, if he would preserve a proper mental balance, devote as much time as he can spare after the performance of his money-getting labors to the investigation of subjects which may teach him the worth of money, and the fact that there are gifts which mere wealth can never purchase and mere opulence never enjoy; that his interests as a human being are not confined to the narrow circle of his own business, but are closely related to those of the race to which he belongs; and that such interests are only promoted by an adherence to generous principles and the purest rectitude."

The Higher Life

FROM the press of Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, two new books are announced that should prove of interest and value to young men connected with Bible study groups. These are: "Pearls, Points and Parables," by Dr. F. E. Marsh, and "God's Evangel," by F. W. Grant.

In the words of the author, the plan of the first book "is to give a title as a foundation, then a text as the door of entrance to the subject, then an incident as suggesting the outline of the house of thought, then a Bible reading as separate rooms to visit, then a pearl of thought as unfolding the view to be seen by the out-looker."

The second book consists of a series of evangelical expositions from various gospel incidents. It is written in plain but impressive language and should make a very acceptable book for the personal use of class leaders.

A somewhat unusual book comes from the Vir Publishing Company, 1501-1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., art binding, pocket size, price fifty cents. It is entitled "Business in the Bible," and furnishes collected material for many a lesson and study. The opening chapter contains a list of maxims for business men, and is followed in chapter two by a list of upwards of fifty business occupations mentioned in the Bible. Succeeding chapters deal with such topics as Arts and Crafts, Merchants, Farmers, Tools and Implements, Manufacturers, The Navy and Marine Service, Buying and Selling, In the Judges' Court, Creditors and Debtors, Money, and Wealth and Wealthy Men. All of these topics are treated with material derived entirely from the Bible and there is even a Biblical reproduction of an I.O.U. This is a book that should prove of especial interest to young men as showing them clearly that the Bible has a message for those engaged in everyday affairs.

Personal Magnetism

RECENTLY I received from a firm some thousand miles distant a communication beginning "Dear Friend," which says that I have only myself to blame if I haven't got the things I want in life—fortune, fame, friends, fine clothes, motor cars, a palatial home, and the means of culture and travel.

The message goes on to say that Personal Magnetism will give me all these things and that it takes the place of all the mysterious skill and genius that I thought I had to have in order to get what I wanted. As a matter of fact, I have thought exactly this—that a man needed honesty, industry, and a knowledge of some trade, profession or occupation in order to make a place in the world.

Apparently I am wrong in thinking so, for the letter states that at the trifling cost of three dollars I may secure a book that will transform me overnight and that if I read it carefully I shall find things easy and not hard to get.

I should like a few of the things mentioned at the beginning of these paragraphs; I am not sure that I want them all; and I am quite sure that I shall not send for the book.

Incidentally, I am just a little bit suspicious of letters that begin "Dear Friend" especially when they come from individuals whose acquaintance I have not previously enjoyed.

Idleness and Genius

"IDLENESS is often genius. All great achievements are drawn first in dreams, by the pen of imagination, in the colors of desire. To scoff at the dreamer is to prove oneself a dolt in the psychology of efficiency. While Newton was formulating the discovery of the law of gravitation, the neighbors deplored his folly in thus wasting his time. To be wholly understood is to be proved common. And to be unwilling ever to dream and drift and let the world go by, is to be robbed of the forces and flashlight of genius."—Purinton.

There may be much truth in the foregoing, but it would not be safe or desirable to assume, as a result, that every idle man is on the verge of discoveries that may lead to his acceptance as a genius by society.

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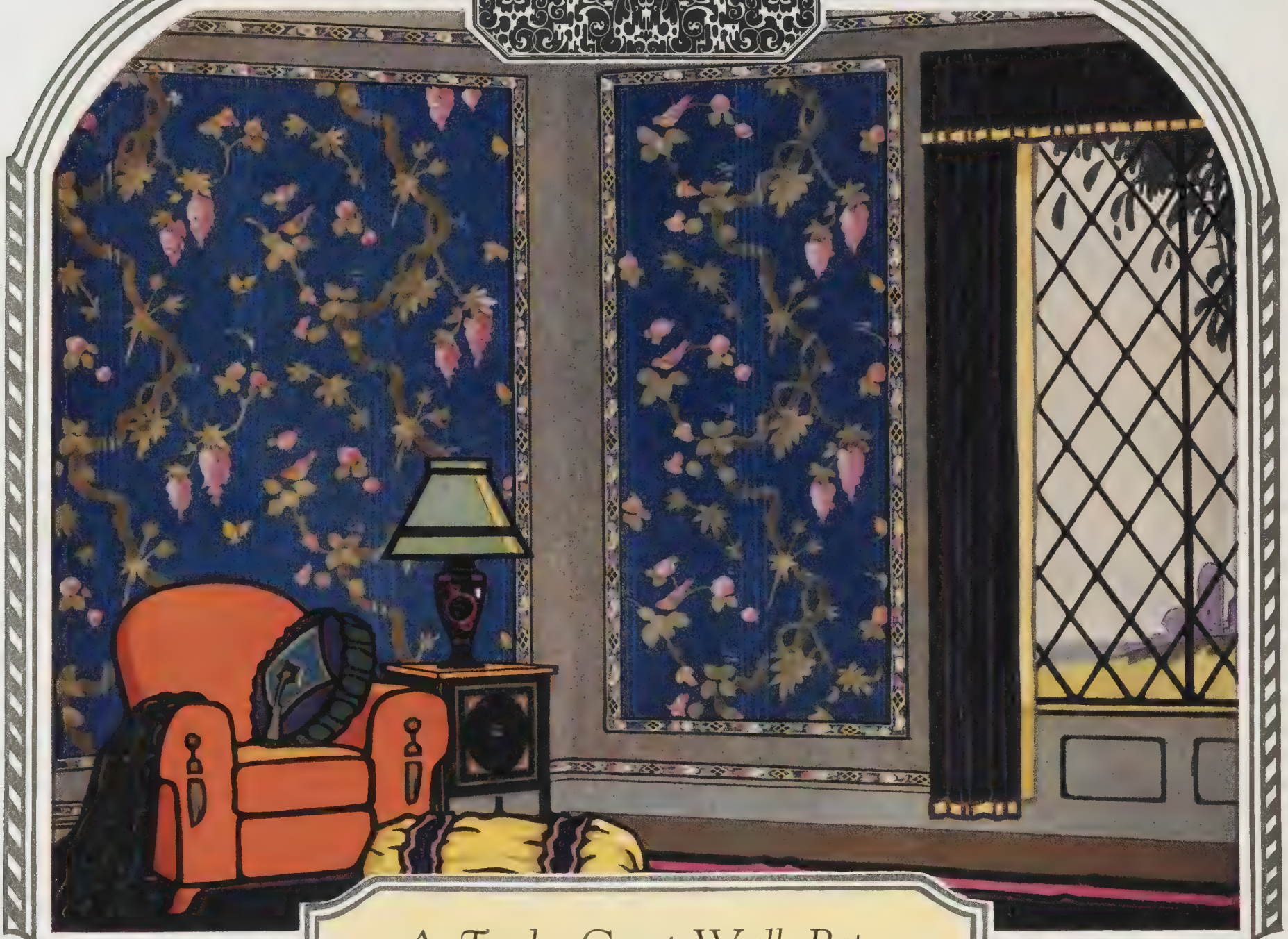

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In a Quiet and Mellow Key

Sympathetic Furnishing to the House That Recalls Old English Traditions

By Katherin M. Caldwell

"THE house of brick—solid and substantial—its exquisite color, its texture, its rich quality giving new joy with every year that passes—" It's surely an endearing picture that Mr. Horwood draws for us, in his article on page 32 of this issue.

We feel the atmosphere of the brick house the architect pictures for us—the warmth and dependability, the essential *home* qualities, the sense of harbor and contentment and quiet, happy living. We approach the pictured house through its garden, loving its sturdy shrubs, its gaily welcoming color. It would be sad if, so well impressed from the outside, we should feel let down on entering. But surely the owner of the quaint house beneath the charming gable would take the keenest joy in studying its possibilities, in developing its identity.

There is such scope for the house of brick—it may cover all the ground between a dignity that is austere, if not actually severe, and the smiling coziness of the English cottage style. The house Mr. Horwood has planned here is delightfully placed between these two; a house generous in its gifts of comfort and space and gracious living.

An excellent beginning is made if, on entering, we find ourselves in a panelled hall. Panelling in the quietly rich wood tones, gives a key at once to the decoration and furnishing of the room. Or perhaps I should be more correct in using only the word "furnishing," for of further decoration there is little need even with the simplest of wood panelling. This factor, by the way, is one that may well be taken into consideration when the cost of panelling is being debated, for when it is remembered that time will only serve to increase the beauty of well-treated wood, we may very fairly consider the original cost reduced by many a successive amount that would otherwise have to be expended in redecorating plastered walls.

If the hall and the living-room are panelled alike, we will find it an advantage to continue the relation in treatment. As a matter of fact, the rooms on the ground floor are on the whole closely enough connected to make each affected to some extent by the others. Even the library, which in accordance with the architect's very sound idea that it should be to some extent secluded, opens upon the sunroom.

I like the idea of a soft, deep wood-tone on the floor, so that there may be no feeling of greater weight in the walls above it—an error that would throw the room definitely out of balance. The wide oak floorboards would themselves be mellow in tone; the carpet used upon them might very well be relieved by pattern, the wood browns and buffs predominating.

There would be, in such a room, the low, comfortable chairs that seem to the architect a very part of the room's planning. The Coxwell chair, low-hung, so long in line from front to back that the seat curves in beneath the lounger's knees in gloriously relaxing fashion, would be my inevitable choice for one, and if possible two, chairs. English upholsterers' sateen would satisfy me as a covering — although many grander fabrics would be eminently suitable—and for one of the chairs, I should have it in that lovely rose-red color that one sees, fortunately, in the sateen as well as in more costly fabrics. If there were to be a second of these chairs, I should put it, I think, in a quiet buff tone, perhaps showing a small, simple pattern-

Wicker furniture and a bright attractive chintz

ing in self-color. This, too, for the Chesterfield, if I were so fortunate as to have one to match the chairs; there are any number of new versions of old upholstering fabrics this year, including most interesting and useful members of the hop-sacking family.

For move-about chairs, the wooden frame would in a measure take its note from the panelling — oak, walnut, fir—whatever it might be; not that the furniture should of necessity be the *same* wood, but naturally it would be a wood to consort happily with the background. For seat coverings, what so appropriate as some of the old needlework? Perhaps all of our readers are not aware that the canvas, stamped and with full directions for working — and in the case of very fine pieces that include human figures in the design, the faces and exacting parts will be already worked by artists skilled far beyond the best of amateurs — are now offered for sale in the shops, and the vogue for making "needlepoint" is almost as universal in some sets today as it was in the "sampler-and-ringlet" days we thought forever gone!

A dressing table made today but fitting into an older period

If one's patience and ability as a needlewoman do not run to the making of needlepoint coverings, there are delightful fine tapestries that carry quite the effect of the old hand embroideries; they will show a single motif, perhaps, developed in every forty-five inches or so of the fabric—woven with an effect of background and decorative panel that is quite excellent. The design is usually floral, and the colors a rich mass with, perhaps, vivid accents that will be echoed in some of the other furnishings.

Fireplace fittings and lighting fixtures of antique brass would seem to be indicated, and the candle type of fixture would be very suitable. Low lamps should always abound in the room that lives up to its title of "living-room." Parchment shades would be good—with, if you like an echo of the bright floral decoration of the chair seats. A plain silk shade might be of biscuit color lined with deep rose, delightful on a lamp made from a lovely green pottery jar. At the windows, I should like most of all, natural-colored linen curtains, long and full and straight, and gorgeous with the old crewel work in its many-hued wools. Expensive, however—so the effect might be sought through the medium of printed linen in just such a bold, sweeping and satisfying design. There would not be a great deal of pattern in the room otherwise, thus affording a splendid opportunity for delightful curtains on this order—if the double hung windows have prevailed. In case of there being but a single window, leaving opportunity for the addition of further pattern-interest, a piece of colorful fabric of rich design might be used as a wall-hanging above a desk or table or perhaps in the place of honor over the fireplace.

Returning to the hall — the need would be apparent for a bit of cheerfulness in the way of color, so that the wood-brown background should maintain its character of richness and dignity and warmth, with no effect of dullness. A bright touch in a small rug would be good—an oriental pattern in its own inimitable reds; a covering of bright, rose-red mohair on a tall-backed chair; the gleam of a copper or brass bowl on a small table; and while the season still permits it, by all means add the fragrance and animation of a cluster of golden daffodils and the gleaming white of narcissi and hyacinths.

If you have a grandfather's clock or a fine old wag-by-the-wa'—here is the place for it (if the living-room does not press a stronger claim).

ON TO the library. Mr. Horwood has already walled it, in your mind's eye, with books—and here is, perforce, our color scheme; soft tans and dull old reds, blues faded or brilliant, and the quiet greens and dusky violets that seem to hold and to blend together the stronger colorings from which they are made.

Red, then, for the floor—perhaps in two or three scatter-rugs instead of a single large one; a fur pelt before the open fireplace has an effectiveness all its own. Curtains of cherry-red velvet, glowing in heart-warming splendor in the light of dancing flames (put away in the warm weather, as all such decisively warm furnishings should be, and replaced by drawn-back curtains of natural linen or casement cloth in soft dull green).

Wrought iron fittings at the fireplace would be good, and iron lamps drawn invitingly beside deep-cushioned chairs, serviceably covered in a shadowy tapestry that is chiefly taupe with that rosy-brown cast that makes it fit so well into such a general scheme. Or slip covers might be used, well fitted and finished with a simple gathered flounce; there are delightful chintzes with the taupe background and accents of subdued color. A fender stool covered in old blue—a runner of oriental embroidery on the table—a couple of colorful pottery jars, perhaps, upon the mantle, flanking a wood-cased clock to tell the contented hours.

The dining room might carry the panelled tradition, even though the wood panelling should not reach it. Walls painted a deep ivory, with carefully balanced panels simply outlined in wood moulding toned to the ivory, with just a little of a deeper cream rubbed in, would be very lovely and quite in keeping with the rest of the walls. (And by the way, if the wooden panelling is not carried out in the living-room, this offers a most charming treatment of the walls).

Continued on page 65

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

Just Between Ourselves

IT IS three years to-day, at the time of typing this article, that I began to talk to you from a desk in London. Three years since I bought a typewriter ribbon from a store in Winnipeg! I have lost count now of the number of times I have restrained myself from telling you how horrid, London publishers are, how I miss the Toronto Houses, and under what difficulties I have labored to make this monthly causerie as interesting as possible! Three years since I was shocked into shingling by a curt refusal on the part of Jonathan Cape, publisher, to send me a book for review. At first I could not believe my eyes. "I am sorry I cannot comply with your request...." A fog of disbelief clouded my vision. Not send me a book for The Western Home Monthly! I saw again my delightful Winnipeg study with its sectional book cases, upon the topmost shelf of which rested an ever growing pile of new publications—fiction, poetry, history, and even theological tracts from the Ryerson Press. And I had requested (with perfect politeness) a copy of a book I didn't really wish to read, because the author had begged me so to do. Moreover, I had endured a harangue by this author on the superiority of his book over Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." Furthermore, and this was the most biting part of the whole incident, the author's teeth were far more terrifying than those of "Little Red Riding Hood's" pretended grandmother, and I couldn't take my eyes from them! Well, as I said, it demanded great self-control on my part not to denounce Jonathan Cape in this paper. But I didn't.

After this capricious incident (see the pun — Cape — capricious?), I discovered many curious facts about English publishing houses. It is only reasonable that before sending review books, the publishers should have proof of the *bona fides* of the reviewer. These I was careful to supply to the leading houses. With what result? I have never received a book spontaneously! When I have written definitely requesting a certain publication sometimes it has been sent, sometimes not. And what is absolutely incomprehensible to me is the failure to follow up an author's subsequent work, when the reviewer has shown great appreciation. To be explicit: I asked for Miss Dodd's "Farthing Spinster" and got it. Having learnt courtesy in Canada, when my review appeared I sent the publisher and the author a copy. Perhaps you will remember what an enthusiastic review this was? Yet when the same publishing house brought out a second novel by Miss Dodd and one that was almost a sequel, I was not included in the reviewer's list. I wrote again and I got it. It has been the same story with H. V. Morton's books. Despite my expressed joy in the first, I have had to ask Methuen for the two others. This house does not go to the length of refusing! They tell you, in England, that the reading public is woefully small, that books don't sell. I'm not surprised, if the treatment meted out to me is any index of the spirit in which the publishers promote publicity.

I have instanced but a few of many sinners! One golden exception—Cassell and Company—must be mentioned. Yet me fears this house is generous through the intervention of one, Wilhelmina Stitch, whose Fragrant Minute Booklets they publish!

Three years of annoyance, of difficulties, of great self-control. Why do I burst forth to-day? Because, oh, friends of mine across the seas, I have come to the conclusion that this stupid English system is best. No review copies should be sent to any paper. Reviewers should not only be compelled to journey forth to secure their reading matter, but should be forced (as I have been) to join a circulating library. Punish the purse and you produce good judgment; withhold review copies and you make log-rolling a thing of the past.

What do I care for a street of Jonathan Capes and their haughty refusals? I goes to Whiteley's and I takes my choice! And I get all books within twenty-four hours of publication. and I read only what I desire to. I think it was John Murray who refused me a book about "Words." Silly fellow. Did he really think he could add me to the ranks of England's non-readers? Before I had digested his refusal, I was feasting at Professor Weekley's board, "The Romance of Words." Abolish review copies. Make honest fellows of reviewers and the press will be purged of pusillanimous praise for every piffling novel that appears. Looking back on these three years, I see what an enviable person I have been. With but one desire—to interest you month by month by interesting myself, I have dipped into hundreds of books, thrown aside those that I did not wish to finish and uttered an honest opinion about those I read. When Naomi Royde-Smith directed her secretary to write me a snarky letter, because I didn't wholly praise "The Housemaid," I was able to laugh light-heartedly. For the secretary shot wide of the mark when she excused me for not reading the book through "knowing that reviewers can't." I am not a reviewer, thanks to the English system of hide-your-publications at all costs. I'm but a reader with the delightful privilege of telling you my impressions of the books I borrow or buy. I have only one regret to voice. It is impossible for me to keep in touch with all Canadian publications as heretofore, because, in many instances these books are not handled by English representatives and therefore I cannot even borrow them. Should a Canadian publisher read this paragraph, and think it worth while to send me his publications, I assure him now of my interest. And now let us leave the publishers and turn to the authors.

Canadian Bootlegger

ONE of the new Canadian publications that I have been fortunate enough to secure is "Poteen" by W. A. Deacon, (The Graphic Publishers, Ltd., Toronto), the noted literary editor of the "Toronto Saturday Night." Are we to look upon the title as an index to the contents of this volume of essays which has been making, and still is, a great stir in literary sections throughout the Dominion? For "Poteen" is not only whisky, but it is distilled illicitly and has, I believe, for one of its ingredients, treacle! W. A. Deacon has certainly prepared an exhilarating draught for us—if illicitly, he alone knows. As for the treacle, I can find none of it. A wasp's sting once in a while certainly, but no sign of the honey-pot. As "Poteen" is a book of essays of a very diversified character, the reviewer can do no more than touch the fringe of their nature. There would be no sense in my retailing the list of subjects. This is a joy reserved for you when the book is in your hands. Those who read W. A. Deacon's first book "Pens and Pirates," and his second, an "Interpretive Biography of Peter MacArthur," will assume that "Poteen" touches upon an amazing number of topics, and that the touch is far from uncertain. W. A. Deacon's sturdy fist comes down on his subject with the grip of a Metropolitan policeman making an arrest. It matters little whether or not we agree with all Mr. Deacon has to say about Canadian literature. He is, when speaking on this topic very dear to his heart, a special pleader and has the special pleader's gifts and privileges. I say it does not matter whether or not we agree with Mr. Deacon because, whatever he writes about is provocative of thought. Those who have followed through many years some of his brilliant reviews in the literary section of the "Toronto Saturday Night" will know him for an original thinker, a fearless writer and a man of imagination and vision. He reflects these charactersitics also throughout "Poteen." What "Poteen" lacks, at least for me, is charm. Mr. Deacon comes at us rather like a boxer, head down, with that awful bull-like appearance I have seen little boys assume when pretending to be their idols; Tunney or Dempsey. He drives home his points with smashing blows. Sometimes one can almost hear the referee saying ".....eight, nine, ten." between paragraphs.

I believe Mr. Deacon was trained to be a lawyer. This would account for his disputatious character and for his love of writing as if he were addressing a jury. Indeed this quality of mind is very valuable, but it does not always give birth to the most pleasing essays. After all the book of essays is for the most comfortable arm-chair beside the open fire. Mr. Deacon will not let us rest there. In his desire to be truth incarnate, he has denuded his book of that grace and charm which sends us again and again to the pages of E. V. Lucas and of H. V. Morton. Mr Deacon must learn to dally a little with words born of fancy, not of fact. He must sometimes think less of scoring a point and more of achieving a rythm that delights. He is a great book-lover, one of the greatest I know; he must learn to make us love his books, not simply applaud the brilliant mind behind the pen that produces them.

I think for his punishment he should read every Sunday, Edmond Goss in the "Sunday Times," and then for his reward, E. V. Lucas in the same newspaper. Edmond Goss bores me to tears. He takes two thousand words to tell us of one book. When I have read Edmond Goss I never wish to read the book he has been writing about. But he is a stylist. If Mr. Deacon can retain his individuality and achieve the half-way house between the two essayists just mentioned, with a little of Robert Lynd's adorable whimsicality, then he will emerge from the forefront of Canadian writers into the ranks of those who have won international repute. And this I think he will do.

Corner of a Garden at Rocquebrune, Riviera, France

A Year of Joy.

YOU will remember my telling you of "The Heart of London" and "The Spell of London" by H. V. Morton (Methuen and Co.). His third publication is called "The London Year," and of all that Mr. Morton has written, I love this the best. You in Canada may, with the help of this book, have a glorious year in London by your fireside. I know of no one writing to-day who has Mr. Morton's magical powers for vivid description nor his ability to mix imagination with keen observation so that one sees exactly what he wishes and, seeing it through his eyes, enjoys it thoroughly.

I love this book and gave away copies last Christmas with the feeling that I was performing a truly beneficent act. Here, indeed, is charm and grace and originality of view-point, combined to make a London calendar that Londoners and those who have not yet seen her sooty loveliness will enjoy from first word to last. And Mr. H. V. Morton's delightful essays are greatly enhanced by pen and ink sketches by A. E. Horne. To think that one paid for this highly prized volume but the price of a novel such as "Parisian Love," that most ridiculous of shockers. The ways of the book-world are curious. I would willingly have paid twice 7/6 for "The London Year" and would begrudge sixpence for "Parisian Love"and its ilk.

Learning to Drive

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"Only two quarts," exclaimed the man at the pump."

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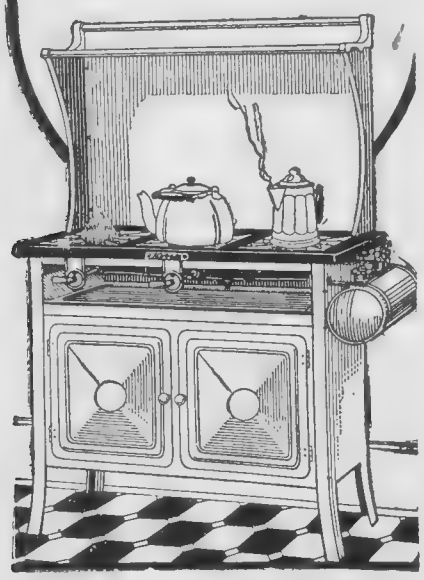

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Martha Ostenso

The Interesting Beginnings of a Writer

By Lyn Tallman

MARTHA OSTENSO was born twenty-five years ago in Norway of the world-remote dreaming fiords, the land of freedom of thought. The Ostensos crossed over from Norway to take up farming in Minnesota. From Minnesota they moved to Brandon, Manitoba, from Brandon, later, to Winnipeg. It happened that the writer who depicts the drama in a western local lived on a Minnesota farm, went to public school in Brandon, to high school in Winnipeg, and taught in an outpost of our middle West, Hayland district near Mulvihill, near the narrows of the big lake, Manitoba; but following high school she worked for a time in the Canadian National Railway offices in Winnipeg; then, went to Manitoba University for a short term in 1919 when she took English literature only, her thoughts for her writing, ever.

The author of Wild Geese consciously, from the first, strove to be a writer. She kept a note book in which she noted down things of interest met up with as well as, when she chanced across it, a magnetic word.

Her talent showed itself early. She wrote poems for her high school "lit." She graduated from Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, by the way, in the spring of 1918. The school friends who knew her at seventeen say that "Martha" had three outstanding talents, and that they all had promised so much, they thought any one of them if followed up might have brought her distinction. With her early poised interest in what drew her, she could have danced. Her pictures hung in the Winnipeg home. She chose to write.

IN the spring of 1920 following the half term well spent in "U" ending with examinations passed with credit—while there, it is said, she called the professors by perky nicknames such as "Twinkle Eyes," like the average light-hearted co-ed—when hardly nineteen Martha Ostenso went teaching on a permit in a sparsely settled Manitoba district. She admitted that hardships had to be endured at that time. Her words, typical of a dramatic mode of expression she has to friends who asked her about teaching were, "I want to forget." No doubt the artist saw with hurt to herself, what others would have thought little of. But she held as grist to her writer's mill the memory of this and later experiences, about which, sensitive, she said she thought made her calloused. Her friends believe that many of the characters in Wild Geese were met during the brief teaching experience.

Miss Gislason in her third year's training in St. Boniface hospital, now, went to school in Hayland district to Miss Ostenso. Miss Gislason said, "Miss Ostenso was a very clever, a very good teacher but she didn't stay very long. I think she was a little lonely—a little out of place—perhaps."

Only a very nice teacher would cause a pupil to recall her so pleasantly; but then, Miss Gislason believes her home on the edge of the lake to be the original of the home of the Bjornsons, if not the most vivid, the most admirable of the people in Wild Geese.

Because of book people having to live more dramatically than those in real life, it would not be right to tell who the supposed original of vivid Judith is. Writer's people in stories do as they are told.

JUNE 28th of 1920, Miss Ostenso started as reporter on the Manitoba Free Press, at nineteen working under the impatient News Editor, Wilson Blue. He since went to Toronto and lately died. She was with the Free Press for about six months when her duties took her steps to practical places such as the Winnipeg Board of Trade building. The newspaper women who worked by her side then say, "Martha was good at writing features or anything in which her imagination had play but was not fond of or at her happiest expression in ordinary reporting."

I will mention two sidelights here. One can discover the reactions of a supersensitive mind to the matter of fact world—irony and thoughtful aloofness—

Martha Ostenso

in Martha Ostenso's taste for reading, her favorite writers being Edna St. Vincent Millay, ironic poet, and Walter de la Mare, the fey. When with women I think she longs for the freedom of men's talk being one girl in the family, with two tall clever young brothers.

As a step toward her writer's goal, Miss Ostenso went to New York City in the fall of 1921.

Through Miss May Reid, a social service worker whom she had met in Brandon Miss Ostenso got in touch with the Brooklyn Board of Charities. She was twenty when she journeyed to New York and threw herself into the experience with organized charity mainly in order to draw on it later for "material," for her writing. She called on poor families on her list, interviewed them to see if they deserved city relief, afterward keeping in touch with them, calling on them from time to time, getting well acquainted with conditions, which, she said, were very bad, and with personalities, which seemed, perhaps, better. All day she worked hard. She wrote at night. Her poetry was the first of her work to appear in magazines.

JUST meeting her casually, it might appear to one that Miss Ostenso is endowed with a delicate strength, a fine nerve strength like the tenuousness in her prose style and her verse. But the nerve strain of double work at this time told on her strength. She appeared fragile the summer of 1922 when she came home to Winnipeg for a rest. She used to stroll and picnic, sometimes with a congenial friend, oftener, alone. A favorite haunt was by the creekside, on Raglan road where she used to sit musing under the trees.

Her parents, fine types from the old land, with the two clever boys, Barney the lawyer, and Oivin, and Martha Ostenso herself, at this time lived on Craig Street.

The New York experience covered three years altogether with trips home.

A second time when she was home from New York for nearly six months, Miss Ostenso worked in the sheet music department of Eaton's mail order, and she sold short stories. She was anxious to get back to New York; but this winter she wrote her vivid novel, Wild Geese, which received the Pictorial Review prize award and became as is now known to all, a best seller, chosen by forty-three out of one hundred and seventeen University students in Winnipeg, recently, as their favorite book out of a summer's reading, writes Professor W. T. Allison. When Martha Ostenso wrote Wild Geese she was living with her parents on Langside Street, Winnipeg. She did go to New York that winter.

She visited her old home in Norway in the fall of 1925.

I MENTIONED before that Martha Ostenso was twenty when she went to New York City where she had a hard if brief struggle winning growing literary recognition. She wrote not only her loved poems, but also wrote short stories for the Street and Smith Company under a pen name then reserving her own name for her poetry. She wrote, enduring the dissatisfactions and petty failures of uncongenial tasks as she worked at various occupations, in a music publishing house for instance, in New York.

She lived part of the time during one of her New York stays with the Batsfords.

Ben Batsford had been a cartoonist on a Winnipeg daily. She stayed for a time with Lillian Durkin, singer.

I met Miss Ostenso at a gathering of the poets of Winnipeg, guests at a meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club in their club rooms in the old Board of Trade building, a rather tall, fair girl, fragile appearing, but firm; about whom there was the atmosphere of high tension, almost nerve strain. Her fair short hair, lightly arranged or disarranged added to the cameo appearance, in repose, of her face and arms. I thought her high sensitive head and slight simple figure would have been suited by the poetry of long hair. When she was in New York a friend who danced in the Greenwich Village Follies wanted Martha Ostenso to take part in a ballet which she was forming. She did a solo dance in an operetta in Kelvin "High," Winnipeg. With her love of rhythm she would probably have loved to have been a dancer; and she could easily have been a dancer. She has lovely poise.

To return to the meeting. She was then writing Wild Geese, but in spite of her evidently intent thoughts very apparently Miss Ostenso's wish was to be at ease; to make anyone with her feel at ease; to be interested, kind, attentive.

COULD one tell, by gesture or remark, that in her swiftly mounting road to success, and toward later fame, Miss Ostenso had been a school teacher, a very youthful teacher; a worker in the mail order section of a large departmental store; a social service worker in New York City—as well as poet? Perhaps; but at a first meeting my impression was: here was a poet's disdain, a touch of bravado for the commonplace; but with regretful sympathy for its loss of youthful hope.

Her sympathy for the hopes and aims of the young due to her own idealistic youth was an impression I received of Martha Ostenso as it is my impression of her from her books, the novels, Wild Geese, and The Dark Dawn, and a book of poems, "A Far Land."

Optical Stunts

Boston Transcript: What strange liberties our story-writers take with their characters' eyes. Here are a few examples:

"Her eyes roamed carelessly around the room."

"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."

"He tore his eyes from her face and they fell on the letter at her feet."

"He drank her in with drowning eyes."

"Their eyes met for a long breathless moment and swam together."

"Marjory would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea."

"He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to both." (We should think it would.)

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Total Income - - - - -	78,972,000
An Increase of $9,825,000	
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries - - -	38,576,000
Total Payments Since Organization - - - - - -	257,816,000
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Surplus over all Liabilities and Contingency Reserve -	34,011,000
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The House of Brick

Written and Illustrated By

V. W. Horwood, Registered Architect

ALL of us have dreamed of an ideal home; most of us have sat in the twilight and talked over the house we would build for our own, fondly planning all its details. Our home it would be for ever more. Let theorists rail all they will at the domesticities but home is the refuge of us all from the world's sordid cares. It is unfortunately only those especially favored by fortune that can build the home according to their dreams—the dream that is themselves embodied in a home.

Others must be content to choose amongst those already built which will come closest or may be adapted to their dream house. To many the dream house goes no farther than comfort. It is purely utilitarian and only concerns itself in the solidity of the structure, in the plumbing fixtures, the furnace, and all the things which make the house habitable. To them the shadows cast by the mouldings, the tapestry and rugs, the satiny glint of silverware and napery, the softening of the harsh light by well designed curtains, are all incidentals only to be incidentally considered. But there are others who need an appeal to their imaginations in the home, and who if needs be will gladly support a measure of physical discomfort in preference to the Spiritual discomfort arising from living with ugliness and vulgarity.

Each of us when we come to build have a notion of the house we want, but in almost every instance do not realize either what sort of house requires or what it can become when fully developed. We fail to see or grasp the picture of the completed house as a whole. It takes imagination to have it appear in our minds. Try it and see! An architect shuts his eyes and mind and endeavors to photograph his ideal on his brain and it is one of the most difficult things in the world to do, and to a certain extent it requires spirituality. a triumph of mind over matter, a visualisation of something that does not exist. Of what does the picture consist? Briefly it consists of the relation of the house to its site, to its exposures, and to its neighbors and environment. It consists of mass, of windows and doors with a roof line predominating. There is light and shade, strength and color, with the texture of the building materials and the effect they will have when knitted together. It must have scale and balance, and it must have delicacy and power or picturesqueness, and last it must be well designed from an engineering point with adequate lighting, plumbing and heating. All these contribute to the completed picture of the house.

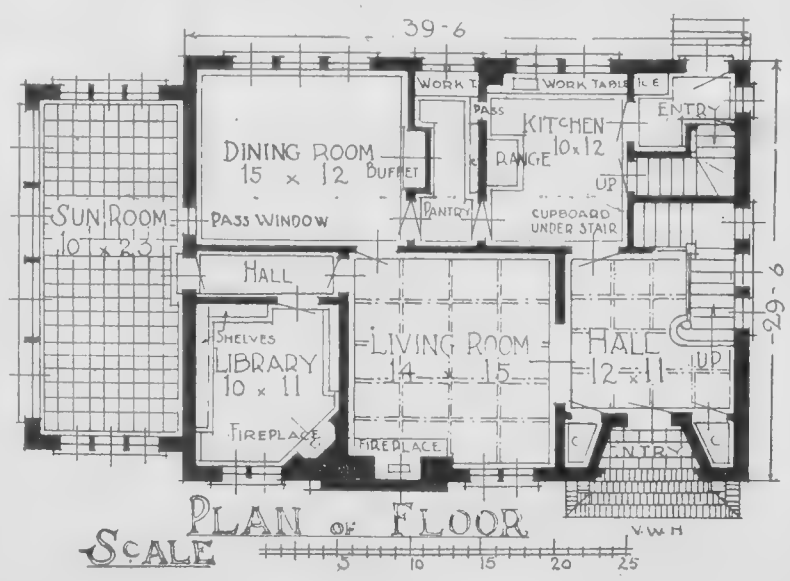
Equally complicated and numerous are the things that go to the furnishing of the rooms in which you delight, and the gardens that give you touch with immortality.

To command all this knowledge is given to few. De Vinci and Michelangelo possessed it, but the ordinary mortal who would have the house surroundings a success must seek the services of those who have devoted their lives to these especial problems. To many this may seem a surrender of all their ideals to a professional, but this is the last thing which the professional wants. He may furnish knowledge and understanding of the technical things, and a vision of the things you want, but he cannot do it alone. The Owner and the Owner's desires and dreams—his habits and his ambitions, his manner of living and the manner in which his family live, these are the vitalising elements necessary to bring the work to a successful attainment.

THIS house is built of brick, solid and substantial. If it were necessary to name the style, it would be called Tudor, but the aim was to plan a home of brick that would express the beauty of that lasting material. Generally we build in brick from purely utilitarian reasons, its resistance to fire, and its permanency. The ideal of brick-work is naturally in its strength of construction and lasting qualities, but with judgment its exquisite color, its texture, its rich quality will give new joy every year.

An English bond is used to express its strength, alternating stretcher brick and header. One of the important points next to color in a brick wall is that of bonding and jointing. By bonding is meant the overlapping determined upon for thoroughly securing each brick into the wall structure. The bonding

Continued on page 62



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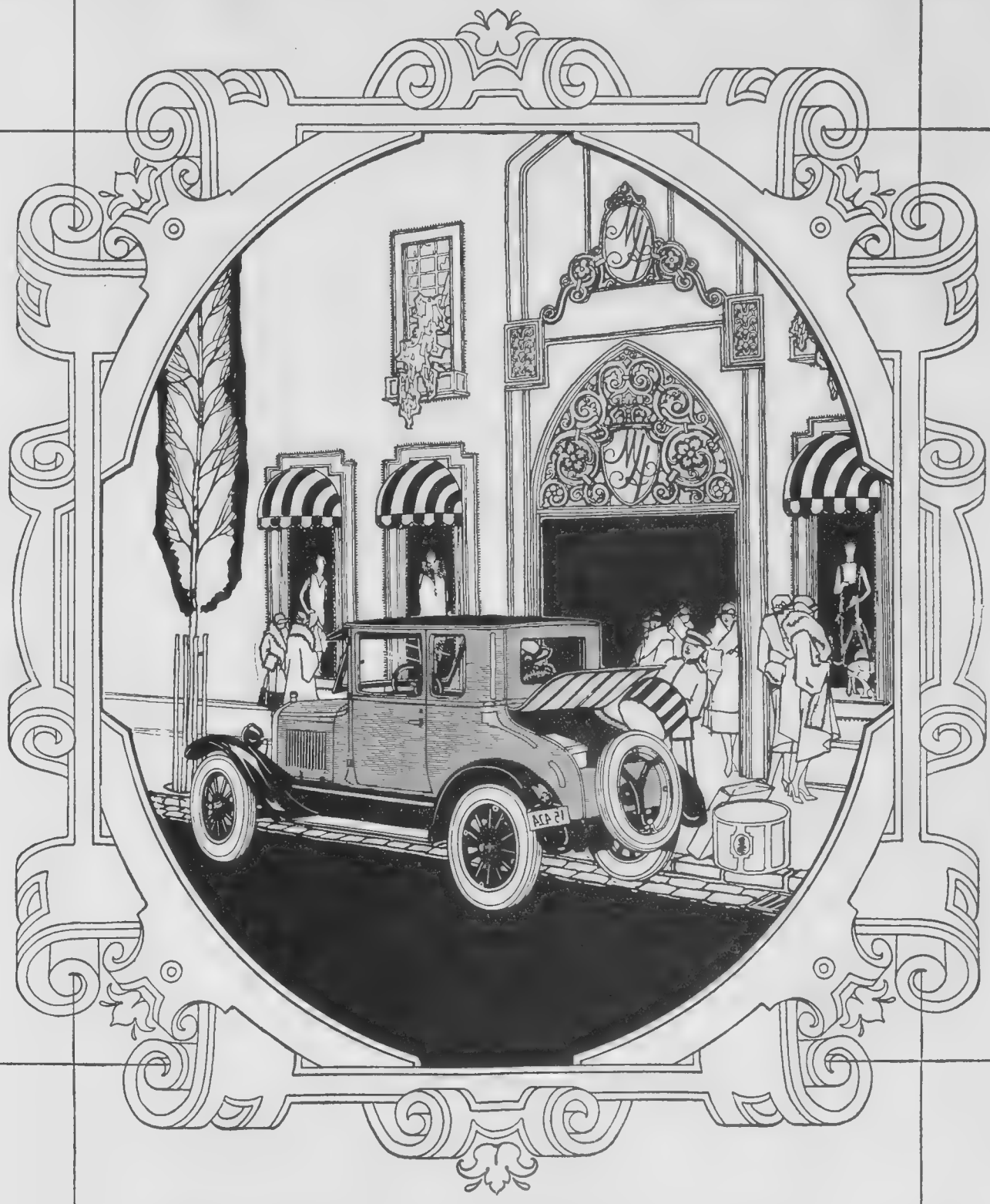

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The Sullivan, the World's Second Largest Lead Producing Mine

By N. M. and A. M. Clarke

TO be rated the second largest lead-producing mine in the whole world and one of the greatest silver-lead-zinc producers is no mean distinction for the Sullivan mine of Kimberley, B.C.; the fact that seventeen years ago it was a mere hole in the ground in the wilderness on the top of a mountain, nineteen miles from the nearest railway, gleams with the brightness of hope for the future of hundreds of similar properties. Its recent activities have been reflected in the stock market, Consolidated stock soaring to the new peak of 259—a dizzy height compared with the price less than twenty years ago, when you could buy all the stock you wished at two bits a share.

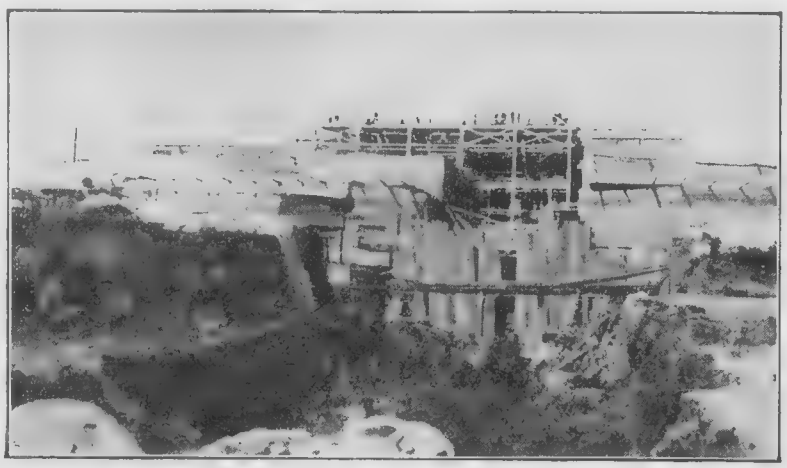
The Sullivan lies in the Kootenays, northwest of Cranbrook,—a divisional point on the Crow's Nest branch of the C.P.R. On a clear day, to the eastward may be seen the towering peaks of the Rockies, majestically austere in their dazzling whiteness, or tender in tints of softest rose that even as you watch change imperceptibly to violet and deepest shades of purple. Perhaps they have always known the secrets locked in the bosom of the mountains, which man is but beginning to wrest from it. Outcroppings in a hundred places throughout the range indicate rich deposits of galena (the ore from which the above-mentioned minerals are obtained) and many properties are being developed in a small way until such time as capital can be interested in their meagre showings. On a neighboring mountain may be seen the North Star mine, for many years marking time for lack of financial backing; across Mark Creek to the west is the Stemwinder now pushing forward development work with such promising results that it takes no powerful stretch of imagination to see the town of Kimberley, which sprang into being at the behest of the Sullivan, yet blazoned on the map as one of the largest mining centres of Canada.

In 1909 when the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company purchased the Sullivan as a likely-looking prospect, rumors were afloat that the halycon days of the St. Eugene of Moyie (the main feeder to their smelter at Trail) were drawing to a close. If one but knew what the extensive diamond-drill borings had revealed! Gradually, however, the rumor became certainty as piece by piece the mine machinery was moved eastward to Kimberley, and as development at the Sullivan warranted it, the working force at Moyie was transferred, until of their five hundred men only a few remained to protect the now idle mine. And while Moyie with its seven hotels staring vacant-eyed on a deserted town, was depopulated, Kimberley was growing by leaps and bounds to her present population of almost five thousand, inadequate public buildings were replaced by commodious structures; the first little frame schoolhouse by a sixteen-room public and high school, already overflowing.

THE Sullivan was just getting on its feet when the war came with its unprecedented demand for lead and zinc, and the consequent price inflation. By this time the diamond drills had told their story, and it was known that the shaft on the mountain-top was merely scratching the surface of the great body of ore that lay hidden in the belly of the mountain. At no place in the world has concentration of capital more fully justified itself than at Kimberley. To lift up the ore in buckets and swing it down into the valley to the waiting cars was too slow a process. A thrilling

Coarse Crushing Plant

project captured the imagination of the engineers. Would it be possible to tunnel in from part way down the mountain and tap the main body? Suppose they did so only to find the vein pinched out or swerved in another direction! However, around the council-table in Montreal the Consolidated directors decided to stake a million on the gamble. For two miles they tunneled through the mountain before their faith was justified: this tunnel has made the Sullivan what it is to-day the second-largest lead-producing mine in the world.



Concentrator in Process of Building

Outfitted in miners' togs, with lamps attached to our caps we entered the mine by way of this vast concrete-lined tunnel, conducted by the genial mine-foreman. A shrill tooting and a couple of cars loaded with the grey-white ore sped past us on the miniature electric railway. At the end of the tunnel we gazed at the gleaming masses of ore overhead, in places almost pure metal. Cross-cutting ran in all directions. The advantage of working downhill, over the old system, is plainly evident here. The main body of the ore lies above the tunnel, and we reach the workings in this by means of short ladders to the different stopes. We see men in twos and threes working in this little cavity and that. The noise of the drilling makes us shout to be heard at all. We see a charge of the giant powder being laid, and handle the yellowish, waxy candle whose innocent-looking exterior hides so much potential force.

MACHINERY now does much of the heavy labor formerly done by hand. There is a mechanical mucker for loading, though much of the loading is obviated by the work of a mechanical scraper, that immediately after the blast has loosened the rock, scrapes it towards the chutes. This scraper we are proudly told is the invention of one of their own blacksmiths. From the tunnel the ore goes to the loading plant, is run through the sorting process, and then loaded on the lower track for conveyance to the concentrator, where it is milled for shipment to the Trail smelter, or as concentrates shipped by rail to New Westminster there to be loaded in vessels for Belgium. The concentrator also does considerable custom work.

Even under technical guidance, in a tour of inspection of the concentrator, only a vague idea of the uses of the hundreds of pieces of intricate machinery may be gleaned. Rather one is filled with amazement at the never-ending ingenuity of man. Our guide is enthusiastic about certain recent improvements and inventions,—the work of some of their own workmen. The Sullivan mill is being increased in capacity from 3,000 tons daily to 4,000—the largest milling plant in British Columbia.

A visit to the power-house with its smoothly-rolling machinery does nothing to lessen our awe. We see the great air-compressors which supply air and ventilation to the furthest stopes, although the tunnel has proved a great natural ventilator. Here is converted the power for the drills, for the electric ore-trains which rush out of the tunnel in a never-ending stream, for the lights for the mine, for the various camps and for the town proper. Construction is now under way for a $30,000 steam power plant of 4.000 horsepower in connection with the concentrator, which will serve the purpose of an auxiliary power source, as well as a heating plant.

THE miners, about six hundred in number, with an almost equal number of other workmen, are all white, no Oriental labor being allowed. They are paid a flat rate, plus a metal bonus, plus an efficiency bonus. This has worked out to the mutual satisfaction of both parties for several years. Every possible safeguard is used to protect the lives of the miners, and for the first fifteen years it was their proud boast that there had not been a single fatality—a record that speaks well for the efficiency of the methods. Safety men are on hand after each blast to go over the walls and roof and remove any loosened rock that might spell danger to workmen below.

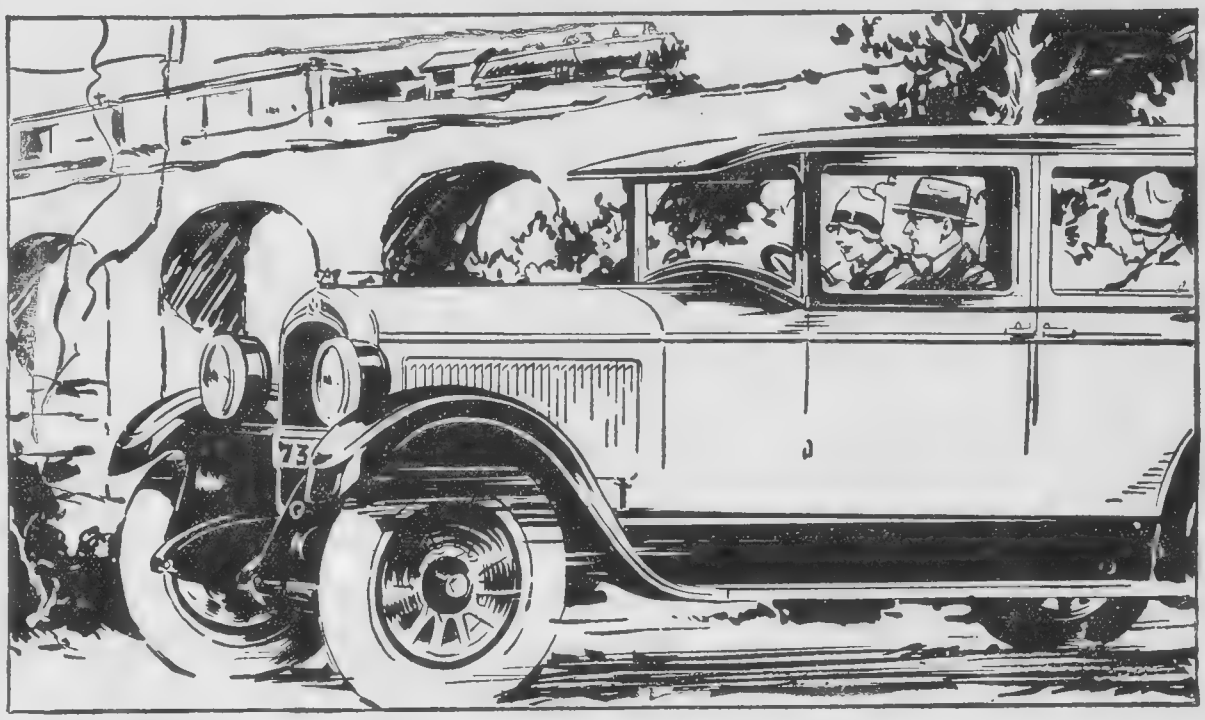
The officials of the mine, its engineers, and a majority of the workmen in the concentrator and the power-house where scientific knowledge is indispensable or an asset, are the products of Canadian colleges and technical schools; the capital employed is British. One is struck with the feeling of goodwill between employer and employed. The

Continued on page 94

Rich Beauty Color Options *Enhance Its Greater Value*

Surrounding the intrinsic value that Hupmobile builds into the engine and chassis of this Six Sedan are many recently added refinements of exterior beauty and interior luxury.

Immediately apparent is the new metal ball-back body—a costlier design that brings new grace of line and custom-built appearance to this commodious five-passenger car.



Color options are now available in any of three brilliant combinations—two-tone green, blue or two-tone grey, in durable lacquer finish. Inside and out, this improved Sedan realizes your highest conceptions of luxury and comfort. The seats and backs are unusually wide, deeply cushioned and upholstered in the finest mohair. Four wide doors give easy access to front and rear seats. Slender steel pillars permit exceptional vision.

All the qualities of reliability, performance and long life, you have come to expect of Hupmobile are incorporated in the new Six Sedan. Like all Hupmobiles it is built a full 10% finer—in materials, in workmanship, and inspection.

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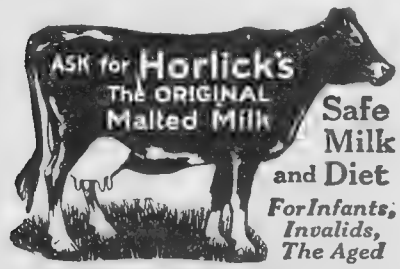

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"Bill—A Great Heart"

By Ronald Tuckwell

"ANTHONY BARBER, you must get rid of that dog! I can't stand this any longer—I'm afraid to let Junior out of my sight!"

The young farmer started. Turning from the window where he had been watching his three-year-old son romping with his bull-terrier, he stared at his wife in amazement.

"Why Sue! Old Bill? I'd trust the young 'un anywhere with Bill!"

"Well, I wouldn't!" she snapped. He's rough and I'm jumpy all the time thinking he'll turn savage. If we only had a nice gentle Collie, I'd be quite happy to let Junior romp all over the place with him. But your vicious bull-dog . . . . ugh!"

"Nonsense, Sue! Bill's a real he-dog—brave and true as they make 'em! No need to worry about the kiddie whilst Bill's around."

"But I do worry, Anthony," she retorted, "and if you thought as much of your wife and boy as you ought—you'd worry too."

The good-natured grin left his face. "Here, I say, Sue!" he protested, "isn't that a bit tough? You know I think the world of you both . . . "

"Well, you don't show it!" She stamped her foot angrily. "You spend more time with that brute than with either of *us!*"

"Naturally, during the day time—I have to work outside—and Bill keeps me company. As for . . ."

"As for me and my feelings—you don't care a bit! Just so long as your meals are ready when you come tramping in! But—I won't put up with it any longer—you must get rid of your ugly dog!"

"Sue—that's unfair. Bill would never harm Junior, you know perfectly well he wouldn't—and I'm certainly not going to get rid of my old pal just because you choose to fly into a tantrum like this!" He was rigid with suppressed anger.

"You *will!* I won't put up with it, I say! I'm sick of it! Sick of it! *Sick . . .*"

A scream sounded outside. They started for the door. Tony Junior toddled up a picture of cherubic woe. Big teardrops spattered. His tiny overall suit was dust-covered.

"Wa-a-a!" he bawled lustily. "Bad Bee-lee—he wuf wiv I."

His mother knelt to comfort him. Anthony frowned at the doorway.

The dog appeared there, whining as though entreating his tiny pal to return to the gambol. In his great eyes was a perplexed look.

"There!" cried the mother sharply. "You see. He is too rough to be allowed with Junior. He'll snap at baby yet! Tony—you must get rid of the dog!"

Without a word Barber swung through the door and headed for the barn. His wife's hysterical demand alarmed him vaguely.

"Well, I'll not be scared into giving old Bill away," he muttered. Something's wrong with Sue, though—never knew her to carry on like this before! Always been such a good little sport. Can't be the dog, altogether—she knows old Bill wouldn't harm the kid—she's imagining it! Guess she's breaking under the strain of the lonesomeness. Different from the city where she was raised. North-west farmin' life ain't just like the city. Poor kid—nerves, I guess."

The bull-terrier followed him in, whining his bewilderment. The animal seemed to sense that something unusual was amiss.

ANTHONY gazed admiringly at his handsome, masive brindle head and broad white chest. Then he growled, "C'mon, Bill! Let's take a ramble in the bush and think this thing over!"

Passing the pig-pen, he grinned proudly at his prize boar, curled up in a special enclosure. Prize cards and ribbons adorned the pen.

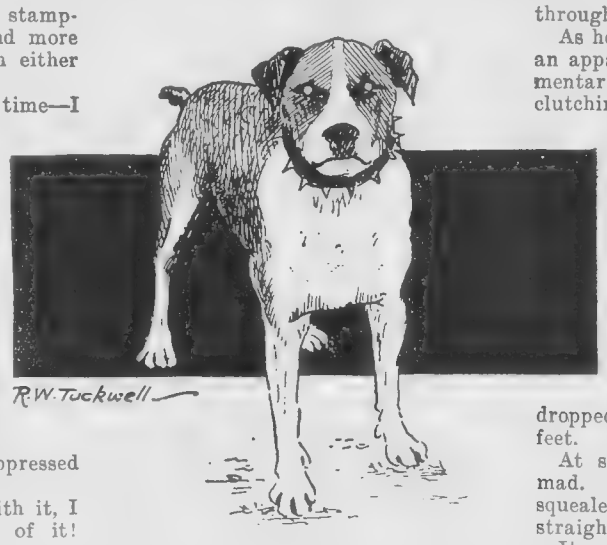
"Some pig, eh Bill?" he grinned. As he looked at the bristling bull-terrier, his grin changed to a guffaw. "Oh, I forgot! You two ain't friends — come on." Turning, he stopped with a frown as the boar suddenly came to life and squealing a challenge, dashed savagely at the boards of his pen.

"Surly brute!" growled Anthony. "Must take a look at that fence one of these days—won't do to have you breaking loose, lad."

Barking defiance at the penned beast, the dog followed his master towards the bush. There he seemed to forget his feud with the big tusker, his bewilderment and canine premonitions—and entered fully into the sport of the ramble. Unloosing his bag of tricks which on similar occasions so delighted his friend, he dashed ahead, circled back, frantically barking with joy of being alive and with his beloved master.

Barber plunged into a clearing, and slouched down beside a stump. The dog perched in front of him—ears cocked, velvet eyes alight.

"Well, old-timer," Barber muttered,



"Bill"

"what's turned Sue against ya, eh? She used to like you well enough. We ought to humor her, I guess—but if it means givin' you away, I won't do it! Nerves or no nerves. Neighbor Clarke wants to get ya—says there's a man in the city wants ya for a mate for another bull. Clarke's got some collie pups—mebby I could make a dicker . . . *No!* I ain't going to do it! But—something's sure wrong with Sue . . . mebby I ought to . . . ain't it hell?"

Bill barked frantically. Man and dog frequently enjoyed such *tete-a-tetes* when alone in the bush. Neither would believe that the other failed to comprehend.

"Raised ya from a pup, didn't I?" went on Barber. "Pedigree ain't all it might be—mother was a blue-blood English terrier all right—but Thompson's old bow-legged British bull gave ya that brindle colorin', an' extra weight. Proud of ya, though! 'Member when ya killed a badger—you only a pup?"

"Arr-rr-h! Arr-rrrh!" Bill's frantic bark and furiously wagging stump answered eloquently.

"Some scrapper, too, eh? Cleaned 'em all up back in town—Irish Terriers, Collies, Airedales, hound-dogs—all the same to you, eh? Used to get a kick out of takin'* ya to town. As I'd ride in down the hill, I'd see the dogs streakin' it out on every trail. Smelled ya comin', or else passed word around, canine fashion, that ya was in. Had their number, eh?"

The dog went into another spasm of ecstasy.

"'Member the day old man Johnson's wolf-hounds cornered ya in the road? Thought they'd cornered ya, that is! Johnson thought so, too. One fore, t'other aft, yappin' and snappin'—looked bad for you lad! But ya used headwork, didn't ya? Backed up against a wall, and grabbed 'em one at a time. Ha! Ha!"

"Arr-rrh—arr-rrh!" came Bill's joyful yelp in reply.

"Like pig though, don't ya?" Barber grabbed the dog, and glared into his eyes. "Losta couple of my porks—believe ya pulled 'em down. Ya old pirate—did ya?"

The dog's great eyes became limpid pools of mystified enquiry.

"Well, mebby ya didn't. But you'll never monkey with the boar again—eh, lad? Trimmed ya, didn't he? Only time I ever saw ya quit a scrap. Pretty badly ripped, though—and there ain't another dog in the country would face that critter once, even!"

There was a rustling nearby, and yelping, the dog darted away. A cottontail broke cover, Bill in hot pursuit.

"Ain't another dog like him any place," muttered Barber as he watched Bill disappear in the bush. "Darn! It'll be tough if I have to lose him—but I won't do it! No, sir, I won't—that is, unless I happen to make a dicker with Clarke to let that man have him for a year, mebby—then get him back. No, I won't . . . "

SUDDENLY he froze, as an awful, fear-laden scream split the stillness. Again it came. With a startled, "My God! Sue!" Barber went crashing back through the bush.

As he ran, panting, towards the house, an appalling sight confronted him. Momentarily he staggered, icy claws of fear clutching—then with an agonized shout he rushed into the yard.

The boar had broken loose, and was tearing about in circles, grunting horribly. Midway between the house and pig-pen, ignorant of his peril, Tony Junior was toddling towards the giant boar.

Ten yards behind the little fellow stood his mother, frozen with terror, her arms outstretched towards the child. A pitchfork that she had clutched up had dropped from nerveless fingers at her feet.

At sight of the man the boar went mad. Lowering his tusked head, he squealed an angry challenge and charged straight at the boy.

It seemed that no power on earth could save the toddler from a horrible death from those ripping tusks. Even as Barber snatched up the pitchfork and hurled himself onward he sensed that he would be too late.

The sun glinted on the golden curls of the little fellow, as he toddled towards the tusked menace charging at him. Then hearing his father's frantic shouts, he turned and saw Barber racing towards him. "Hollo, Dad-dee!" he shouted gleefully, "see ve nice pig-gee ronnin'! Dad-dee ronnin' too!"

It seemed to Anthony Barber that his feet were leaden weights, dragging him back. Snatches of prayer fled through his stricken brain.

Then he sensed, rather than heard, throaty, menacing growls behind him—sensed, rather than saw, a flash of white and brindle that streaked past him and flew like an arrow at the ristling snout of the boar.

Tony Junior disappeared from sight in a swirl of dust. Horrible grunting, snarling, choking sounds roared in Barber's ears as he charged into the whirling mass and grabbed up his blood-stained boy.

Taking his tottering wife by the arm, he hurried to the house. One fearful look convinced him that his son was unharmed—and dashing back to where the unequal combat still raged furiously, he seized the fork and gouged savagely at the throat of the boar.

The bull-terrier's jaws were locked on the snout of the tusked beast. Savagely the boar whirled him high and smashed him hard to the ground. The dog held grimly on.

Barber jabbed with the fork, gouging deep into the flesh of the boar. The great beast stiffened, rolled over and lay still. Tearing the blood-soaked Bill away, he carried him to the house.

His wife, recovered from her paralysis of fear, had removed the blood-stains from Junior. Happiness struggled with

Continued on page 95

Keep FILM Off Your Teeth

—The Supreme Dental Urge of Today in Combating Tooth and Gum Troubles, and in Correcting Dull, "Off-Color" Teeth

The price of teeth like pearls, gums like coral to contrast them, according to authorities, is regular film removal in this way

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

A method dentists now are widely urging

NOW dental authorities point to a viscous film that forms on teeth as the chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums. To a stubborn film ordinary brushing will not successfully combat.

As a result, on dental advice, the tooth cleansing habits of people everywhere are largely being changed.

Methods considered right yesterday are judged inadequate today. Modern dental science has made important new advancements. Findings that mean much in dental prophylaxis.

FILM—Feel It Now by Running Your Tongue Across Your Teeth

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

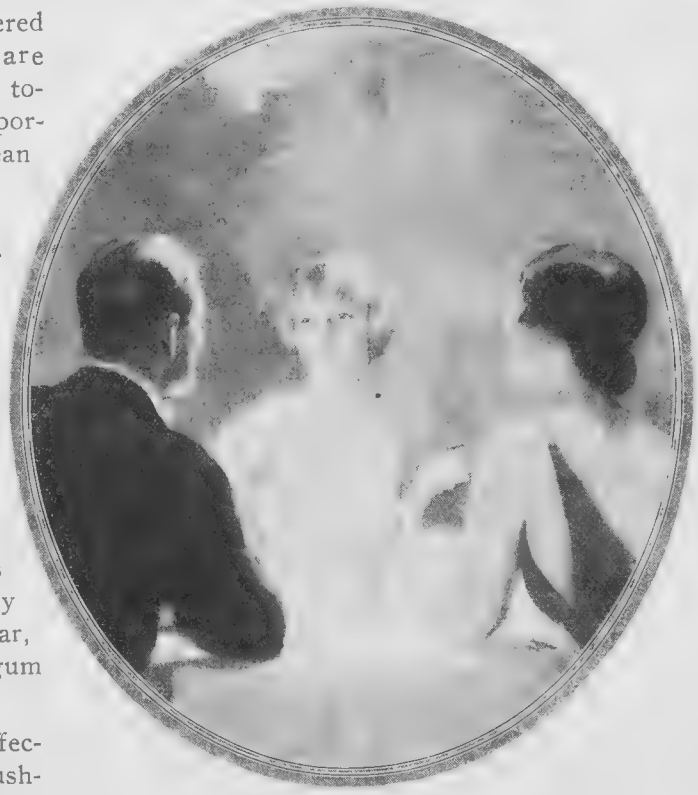
Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth, for upon teeth smiles depend.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

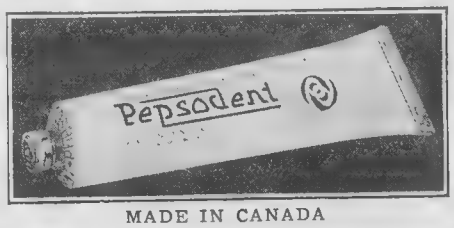
No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



MADE IN CANADA

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1375, 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can. Only one tube to a family.

Name .....

Address .....

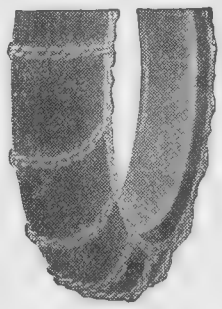
General Office and Laboratories: 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U.S.A. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2335C

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

"There can be no compromise with Safety"

When Spring thaws set in—and roads get muddy put WEED Chains on your tires—for traction



Soft spots in roads seem like bottomless mud pits. Wheels sink in deeper and deeper when they lose traction. They slip and spin. Put WEED Chains on your tires before you start out. Be sure of traction when spring thaws and rains set in, and roads get muddy.

Use

WEED CHAINS

WEED Chains are made in several styles to give satisfactory service on all types of pneumatic and solid tires for all road conditions. You can identify them by their red connecting hooks, galvanized gray side chains and brass-plated cross chains, with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

WEED BUMPERS

Traffic jams and forward skids cause many hard wallops, fore and aft. Protect your car from damage, and yourself from shock.

Install WEED Bumpers. Strong spring steel impact bars are full width and designed to take terrific blows. Any car dealers, accessory store or garage can get genuine WEED Bumpers and Fenderguards for you without delay.

"Sensible protection, fore and aft"

Trapping in British Columbia

Continued from page 11

darndest not to get caught and, knowin' most of the tricks of the trapper beforehand, it takes a new trick to land him."

I laughed. "So the better the trapper you are now, George, the harder time you'll have in your wolverine hereafter?"

"Sure thing; you've got it. But it ain't much of a laughin' matter, believe me."

ALL day long we kept climbing. We got sheer on the breastbone of a mountain, where the foothold was precarious. Every half-hour we had to drop our packs and take a breather. The snow kept coming down heavily and the moisture worked in between our packs and our shoulders. George was trying hard to make an old camping-ground, where he had cached a frail tent in a bundle. There he also had a small stove made from a four-gallon oil can, with stovepipes of bent tin. But the prospect of reaching these luxuries was not very bright, as we were sinking twelve to eighteen inches in our snow-shoes at every step.

On our way, we got discussing the staying powers of pork and beans.

"Staying power," remarked George, "there isn't anything else on earth with such staying power. I tell you, it is the pig and the little white bean that are Canada's real pioneers, for without them no other kind of pioneer could ever have got anywhere.

"Gee," he continued with a grin, "but a pound of beans feels a whole lot lighter in a man's stomach than it does on his back."

Finally it became impossible to continue sheer up, so we had to take our climbing in benches. One was almost afraid to look below, for there appeared to be no foothold at all, and the danger from starting an avalanche was considerable.

"See that charred tree up there," said George at last, by way of encouragement to me. "We branch off there, then the worst will be over for the night."

I struggled on behind him. We reached the charred tree. George kept on going higher.

"George, you rascal," I cried, "there are charred trees right up to the timber line."

"Sure," he grinned back, "and one of them is ours. Come on! Heaven, you know, is just up and around the corner."

I was beginning to understand him. Big himself, with a big vision, his hours and his miles were big in unison.

At six o'clock that night we reached the little, cached tent, six by four, but a comfortable little home it made once the coal-oil-can stove was alight with cedar chips and a funnel was belching its smoke up there between heaven and earth, five thousand feet in the air, in an egg-cup-shaped gulch sandwiched between two mountains, amid the eternal snows, every branch of every tree laden to breaking strain with the same ghostly pall that has proved the burial ground of so many valiant-hearted pioneers.

When we broke camp next morning we cut the tent off by the snow-line, making it smaller than ever. George carried it, while I took a few extra pounds in the form of the coal-oil-can stove and three short lengths of piping. We climbed all forenoon and afternoon, in zig-zag fashion, gradually leaving the cedars and firs behind and getting among the balsams and into good marten country. Success immediately began to show in our traps.

Great snowballs, hundreds of pounds in weight, kept falling from the tops of the balsams as we passed, putting us in constant danger of being stunned or smothered.

"Marten like the snowy heights where man seldom travels," said George. "That makes it a kind of tramp's livin'; it gives about twenty times the trouble for what you get out of it, but you like it just the same. Back door trapping is all right for some folks, but if you want to do real marten trappin', believe me, you've got to get 'em, and you can't take any pack horses, kitchen ranges, nigger cooks and camp outfits with you either."

The entire day proved one of hard plugging, in fitful snowstorms, upward, upward, treadmill fashion. That night we camped in the open to get away from the falling snowballs. Our bed was of frozen balsam boughs on twelve feet of snow. Our little tent, in its reduced state, left hardly enough room to crawl under. We got the stove a-going, but the balsam made sorry fire and time and again we had to stick our heads outside, in biting zero weather, to gasp a breath of fresh air.

In the morning, we cut what remained of the tent sheer in two, taking with us sufficient for a fly only and discarding the now useless oil-can stove.

Six thousand feet up, and we were perched precariously on a snow-island that dipped sheer into a sea of clouds.

The air up there was rarefied and and exhilarating, with that intoxicating odor of the balsams that makes giants of ordinary folks. Sixty-five hundred feet up and we reached the summit of our trip. Just over the way we could see the timber-line, where trees no longer existed and only short grass and heather found sustenance. But it was a fairyland that we moved in, for there are no trees so beautiful as those giant balsams in their winter garb, every one reaching straight to the sky and shaped exactly like its neighbor, a great closed umbrella with the point upwards, reminding one of one's baby-days and of the wooden trees that used to be supplied with every toy Noah's ark worthy of the name.

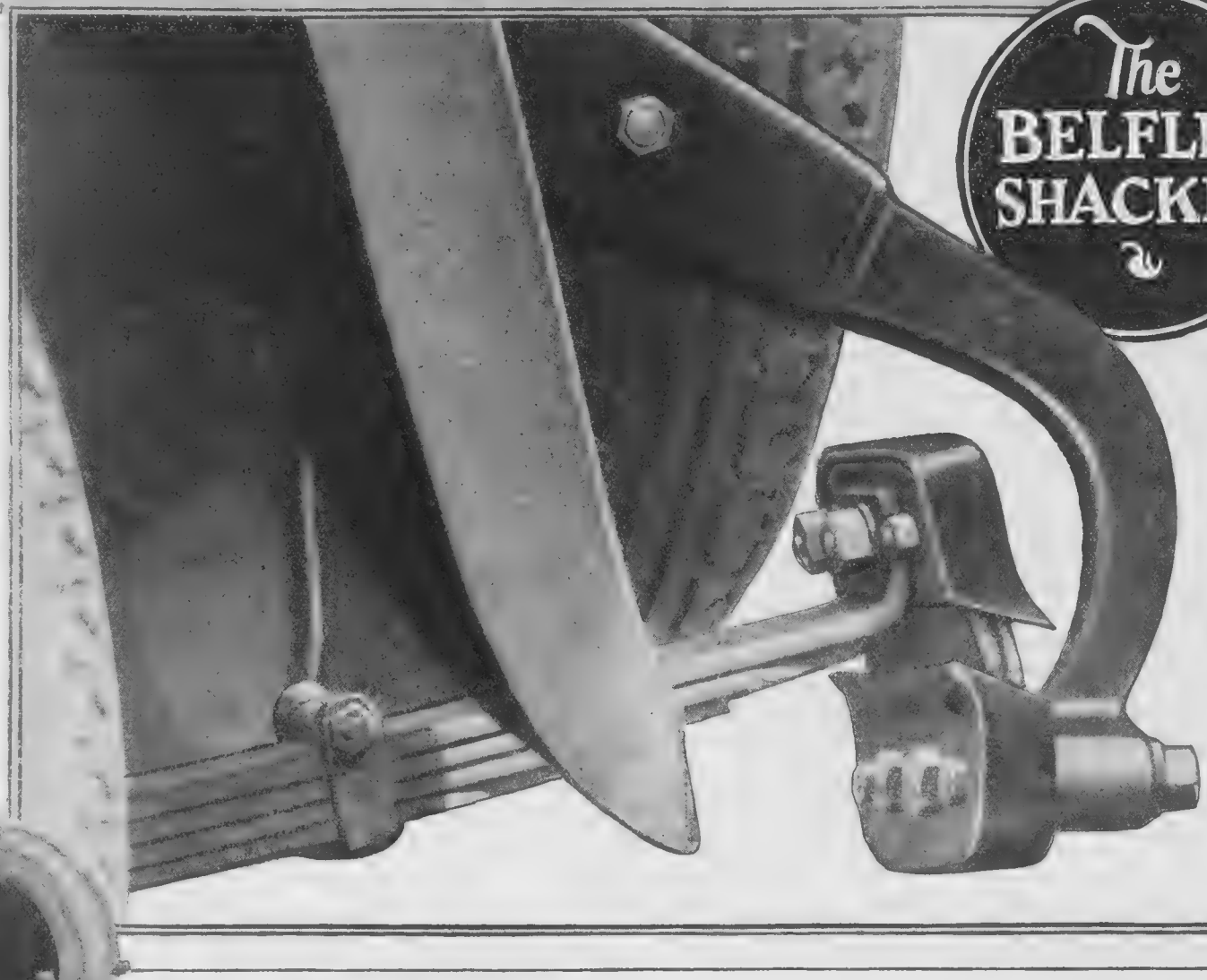
FOR one night as we travelled, we camped on real earth. We found it under one of those giant balsams, whose twelve feet circumference of branches reached the earth and had thus kept the snow from piling under. But our poor luck followed us, for the temperature dropped to ten degrees below zero. I seemed to have absorbed more wet than on any previous day's travelling. Standing at the smoky fire, in that bitter-cold weather, I had to take off and dry every garment one by one, right to the skin, before I could venture sleep in safety.

"Do you wonder now," said George to me, "that a trapper becomes a crank on woollen goods and that, when he asks in a store for all-wool, that's what he wants? A trapper's very life depends on the quality of the material he wears—not on the cut of it—and there is nothing on God's green earth, or white earth either, that can turn water and keep the heat in like straight, honest-to-goodness wool."

As if to recompense us for our climb, the sun shone out bright and dazzling on our last day on the summit. Below us stretched the Shuswap Valley, partly hidden by floating clouds; across from us were great ice-bound dazzling white peaks, some of them nine thousand feet high and without a name at that. Far up the valley we could see the source of the Shuswap River, Green Lake, with elfin coves on one side and the snow on its frozen surface looking

Continued on page 90

WILLYS-KNIGHT *points of preference*



Another Exclusive Feature

The silent Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine plus a Belflex silenced Chassis now makes a completely silent car.

FROM the first turn of its sleeve-valve engine, the most powerful, most highly efficient and quietest in operation of all cars of its type or class—the "70" Willys-Knight Six—to a mileage point still undetermined—gains in power, gains in efficiency, gains in smoothness and silence with every mile.

And now—Belflex Shackles—still another new and exclusive Willys-Knight feature—a tremendous engineering advance over the unsatisfactory and noisy metal shackle of other cars. Belflex guards against all chassis rattles and squeaks. It deadens road vibration, eliminates all need for shackle lubrication.

Belflex provides that the sprung parts of the car are insulated from the unsprung parts with a noiseless, flexible fabric—shock-absorbing, wear-resisting, rubberized—thereby affording permanent chassis silence and diminishing wear at every point of the car.

Examine the new "70" Willys-Knight Six or the Great Six yourself. Willys-Overland Engineering Leadership was never more definitely emphasized than in the extraordinary beauty, luxury and performance ability of these fine cars.

The new "70" Willys-Knight Six, from $1625 to $1945. Willys-Knight Great Six prices from $2575 to $3050. Prices f.o.b. factory. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited. Head Office and Factories: Toronto, Canada. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

"70" Willys-Knight Six

Dentists Have Reached a Verdict

For years, there has been a great deal of confusion regarding dentifrices. There are dozens of tooth pastes on the market—dozens of theories on what constitutes proper oral hygiene. Millions who regularly brush their teeth nevertheless suffer from tooth decay and gum infection in spite of this precaution.

E. R. Squibb & Sons felt certain that their warning to guard The Danger Line from acids was correct in every way. But they thought that in view of the existing confusion the public should receive official advice.

So it was decided to make an investigation of the matter. A questionnaire was sent to every dentist in the country. Their answers told us what the dental profession thought was the greatest danger to teeth and gums, and what was considered the best safeguard.

As a result, we offer you today the combined opinion of the dental profession—surely the highest authority on the care of the teeth and gums! And this is what these dentists have to tell you:

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum infection occurs where teeth and gums meet—the place known as The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids are the most frequent cause of decay and infected gums.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

The dental profession has given you its verdict. And it constitutes the most convincing evidence that Squibb's Dental Cream brings real protection against tooth decay and gum infections. For it contains more than 50 per cent. of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient form. The Milk of Magnesia neutralizes acids in the mouth, and tiny particles lodge at The Danger Line after brushing, protecting your teeth for a long time after.

Squibb's Dental Cream meets every requirement of a correct dentifrice. It cleans thoroughly—it soothes and heals the gums—relieves sensitive teeth—contains no harsh grit nor abrasives—is pleasant to use.

In the face of these facts, no one should be confused as to the correct way to protect teeth and gums. You must see your dentist regularly and guard The Danger Line by using Squibb's Dental Cream.

At all druggists—only 45c for a large tube.

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada Limited, 468 King St. W., Toronto

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 7

white robe, she glided across the floor and paused tensely on the threshold of the dressing-room.

"Is that you, Frankie?"

Her voice was hushed, rather breathless. At the same time she signed to Dene, pointing to the door by which he had entered. "Quietly!" she bade him, so softly that the warning fell upon his ear no louder than a sigh.

"Yes. Let me in."

The whispered answer to her question drifted hoarsely, imploringly, across the silent room.

"Wait!" she said. "I'll undo the door!" She glanced over her shoulder. Dene, who was behind, found her eyes glittering with a sort of feverish calm. That look was his dismissal. No further word was spoken between them. He touched her hand and crept to the door. She watched him turn the knob and slide out into the solemn hush of the corridor. His going was soundless . .

Swiftly she went into the dressing-room, switching up, as she passed, the hand lamp which stood upon the chest of drawers in the window. The light, dimmed by its silken shade, gleamed sparsely on white tiling and white-enameled furniture. She pushed back the bolt and opened the door.

Her husband blundered past her into the room, thrust the door to behind him and felt with his hand for the bolt. He was panting, and his small eyes sparkled redly out of his ghastly face. His hat was pushed back off his brow, and she saw the perspiration pearl and run on his sloping forehead.

"What do you want here," she demanded.

He held up his two hands as though to appease her and then stole a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"I'll . . . I'll tell you," he answered tremulously. "But I must have a drink first." He stopped short. "Is the bedroom door locked?"

She paid no heed to him. He stumbled past her into the bedroom and shot the bolt on the door. He came back, plunging along in nervous haste.

He produced a bottle of whisky and splashed a measure into a tumbler which he took from a tray on the chest of drawers. He swallowed the spirit neat and filled himself a second dram. The spirit seemed to revive him.

"I didn't mean to frighten you, old girl," he said with a rather uncertain smile. "The fact is—"

SHARP as the crack of a whip her voice cut across his stammered protestations.

"Did you send that man to me tonight?"

"No, no," he answered quickly. "I swear I didn't, Alix."

"Don't lie to me. I can see by your face that you did."

"It's not true."

"Listen to me, Frankie!" She spoke without heat — indeed, without any emotion at all. "I want you to realize that this is the end. I've tried to be a loyal wife. I've always stood up for you, and it's me you have to thank if Uncle Harry and Aunt Ethel haven't discovered how you live and shut their doors on you as all other decent people have done. I've endeavored to make allowances, and during all these years I've clung to the hope that, if only I stuck to you, you would make an effort sooner or later to pull yourself together. But I didn't realize how vile you were. What has happened tonight shows me that you've sunk lower than even I had imagined. But its all over between us now. We're going to separate for good and all, and you've got to set me free."

A great fear suddenly looked out of his shifty eyes.

"Don't — don't talk like that, old thing. You wouldn't desert me now that I'm in trouble. My dear, you don't know what's happened.

She laughed bitterly, and her foot began to tap the floor.

"Oh, yes I do. Mr. Stanismore was most explicit. He appears to be an excellent man of business. You've lost so much money, he tells me, that your only realizable asset is your wife. Perhaps I should compliment you on your good taste in leaving me to the last . . ."

He extended two shaking hands to her.

"For God's sake, Alix, don't raise your voice." He drew closer. "Listen, I'm in awful trouble. I want your help. Stanismore—"

She shook her head.

"No. You'll get no more help from me. You've had ten years of my life. Now I'm going my own way."

His face darkened.

"I never sent Stanismore to you," he retorted with a sort of angry shrillness. "It was entirely his own idea. He lied when he told you the suggestion came from me."

She turned on him swiftly.

"How do you know that he said this?"

He relapsed into a sullen silence.

"You overheard our conversation tonight?"

He nodded.

"Why," she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders, his eyes on her face. A wave of crimson swept over her cheeks and neck.

"Did you hear my answer too?" she asked. Her bosom rose and fell quickly as, with parted lips, she waited for him to reply. He nodded again and looked toward the door. His eyes were watchful, as though he were listening for any sound beyond the walls of that quiet, dim room.

"Oh," she burst out passionately, "you're utterly despicable. When this man said that you had sent him to me with this infamous proposal I tried to believe that it wasn't true, but deep down in my heart I had a feeling that it must be. We poor fools of women love to deceive ourselves, and the last thing we let go is our belief in men we have loved.

"To bolster up my belief in you, to save our self-respect, I told this vulgar wretch that if you had been there you'd have killed him for what he dared to say to me. And you would have killed him if you were today the man I think you were when we first met. If you'd struck a single blow in my defence, it would have wiped out all the past. I'd have taken you back and stopped at nothing—at nothing, do you hear?—to see you through your troubles. But you held back. You let the moment pass. Do you expect me to believe, then, that you had nothing to do with his offer when you admit that you stood tamely by and let this loathesome creature insult me?

"When you told me that you had overheard us tonight I thought for a moment that perhaps, after all, you came after him to defend me. But I was wrong, as I've always been wrong when I've tried to credit you with any decent instincts. And you have the face to stand there and tell me that you didn't send this man to me"—her voice quivered and she buried her face in her hands—"The shame of it," she murmured brokenly, "the vile, black shame!"

Presently she raised her head.

"Now go!" she told him. "I never want to see you again!"

"I can't!" he muttered, slanting sidelong glances from his reddish eyes, like a hunted animal.

"I won't have you here!" she cried furiously.

"Alix," he implored hoarsely, with ashen face and trembling hands, "Alix, I've got to stay. And I've got to sleep here, in your room . . . ."

"If you don't leave me alone," she exclaimed furiously, "I'll ring the bell and alarm the house. And this time Uncle Harry shall hear the truth!"

She let the door swing back and moved swiftly toward the bell-push beside the fireplace. He sprang after her.

"Stop!" he entreated. "For God's sake, Alix, hear me before you touch that bell!"

Such terror rang out of his voice that she paused and turned round. His emotion was so intense that a cold chill stole over her.

"What on earth is the matter?" she asked uneasily.

He advanced slowly toward her with a stumbling gait, his shoulders humped, his hands hanging down.

"You've got to let me spend the night here with you in this room," he muttered thickly.

"You're mad," she flared back at him. "As if I would dream of allowing anything of the kind . . . ."

He bent forward and whispered in her ear. The angry words died away in her throat, the ire faded from her eyes and on the instant her face, which a moment back had been rosy and warmly animated, was frozen into an expression of stark horror. She sat down suddenly upon the bed, very erect, her hands in her lap.

Frankie Barleston sank to his knees at the bedside and, with his head pillowed on his arm flung out across the silken coverlet, began to sob convulsively.

"FRECKLES," remarked Mr. Gerard Leese as he wiped the sea water out of his eyes, "we can take it easy and get merry hell from sister or we can keep pushing along and make Node before dark. After all, one can't get wetter than wet. Ouch, here's another!"

A foam-edged tongue of green sea leaped over the bows of the motor boat and poured, hissing and rattling, into the steering well.

They were returning from Southampton, from their trip to see Gerry's father and mother off to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Leese had accompanied their son to Europe and had finished off their European vacation in Paris, where Mr. Leese had business to transact, but had promised to take the Aquitania at Southampton, on their return home, to enable Gerry to come over from Node to say goodbye.

The Sprite, the big white motor boat which Gerry had bought to while away the tedium of his convalescence from an attack of influenza, was nosing her way through the leaping green seas of Southampton Water. It was the lurid evening of a day of wind and rain and fitful sunshine. The eerie light had hardened every silhouette and enhanced the gaunt and forlorn air of the battered timber posts and dripping, lonely buoys which rushed past with the green seas streaming by the cruiser.

Gerry glanced at his wrist watch. "Eight o'clock!" he observed. "Well, we're late for dinner, anyhow. If it's any rougher than this off the Brambles, Freckles, my child, we'll be lucky if we're home by ten!"

THE girl sighed heavily, "Oh, my," she remarked, "I shan't half catch it from Alix. She's always most frightfully ratty when Frankie's about, I notice. He is an inconsiderate devil, bursting in on her the way he does. I had no idea he was coming down last night, and I bet Alix hadn't either. She'll be mad with me, Gerry boy. I promised her solemnly we'd be back for dinner. . . .

"It's not as if the meals were *worth* being in time for! Gerry, honestly, I don't get enough to *eat* at Node. Alix pecks like a bird at her food, anyway, and Ronnie Dene's so gone on her that he's just as bad. Mr. Vrogue talks so much that I don't believe he knows what he's eating, half the time. Because dear old Sir Harry lives on milk and soda and Aunt Ethel's got her rabbit-food diet, they don't seem to realize that other people may be *hungry*. And, Oh, Gerry, I get *ravenous!*"

She glanced at him whimsically.

"Can you keep a secret?" she demanded.

"As a trained diplomat of the old school," he responded gravely, "I am the natural recipient of confidences."

"Well, she said confidentially, "last night I woke up absolutely ravenous, as though a wolf were gnawing at my insides. I was so outrageously hungry that I got out of bed, sneaked downstairs to the dining-room and pinched three scones out of the sideboard."

Gerry threw up his eyes piously. "My dear Isobel," he said in mock reproof, "such conduct is positive gluttony."

There was a friendly glow from the houses in Chine Bay as they chugged past. For a brief spell the farther horn of the bay obscured their view of the tower; but when they had rounded the point its black and massive bulk, blurred by its leafy background, was once more visible. Snook, the Sprite's old skipper, came up.

"If yew'll stand by to pick up 'er moorings, zur, oi'll steer 'er," he said.

Gerry, glad enough to relinquish the wheel in the darkness, with the shallows close at hand, clambered out upon the deck with the boathook. The boat slowed down, reversed; there was a thud and a clanking of chains. Snook hung out the steps, drew the dinghy, which had been rocking at their moorings, alongside. In silence he rowed them ashore.

Standing on the wet sand with Freckles at his side, Gerry gave the man his orders for the morning.

"We'll be over about ten,' 'he said. "Get some rag worms. We'll try for some fish."

"Very good, zur. Good night, zur!"

"Good night, Snook!"

Man and girl spoke together. They heard the boat grate on the sand, watched Snook leap in, then turned away, the sound of oars in their ears.

THE wild and rambling grounds of Node House came down in a solid square to the tangle of wave-gnawed rocks, thrusting slimy fangs out of a wilderness of coarse grasses and stunted bushes, which edged the top of the strand. One side of the enclosure ran parallel to the shore, forming a buttress above the rocks, and at either end the wall bent back at a right angle to the beach. Node Tower, which, from the sea, seemed to form a part of the wall, stood in reality in a corner of the grounds some little way back.

The wall was lofty and most massively built, as it needed to be, for winter tides, sweeping up over the rocks, not infrequently beat mightily upon it. For this reason the sea door, the key of which Freckles was even now producing from her hand-bag, was placed not in the wall abutting on the strand, but in the westerly side, close to the corner, immediately below the face of the tower. It was a stout, rather low door, garnished as to the top and upper part of its frame with sharp iron spikes to discourage would-be trespassers, for whose especial behoof, likewise, the formidable frieze of broken glass, adorning the wall's summit throughout its length, was devised.

Freckles thrust the flat latchkey into the lock. The door did not budge.

"The blessed thing's stuck, I believe!" she said fiercely over her shoulder.

Continued on page 52

Good cooks prefer "Wear-Ever"

—used by culinary experts

Behind the scenes, away from soft lights and music, gleaming silver and snowy linen, away from smiling faces and merry voices of happy diners, stands the Chef. Supreme in his spotless domain, he is the man upon whom the reputation of the dining room depends.

Food from his kitchen must be wholesome and appetizing. It must preserve its full flavour. It must please.

Prominent chefs choose utensils of proven reliability. They use **"Wear-Ever."**

Because these hard, thick sheet aluminum utensils quickly and evenly distribute heat, just the right cooking temperature is easily maintained. They can always be relied upon for perfect results.

No wonder famous chefs demand

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

Over One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO

"Your Will"

A Will, disposing of his property, is one of the most important documents a business man is called upon to sign. We have recently published a Booklet, entitled "Your Will," stating plainly several requisites for a good Will. We shall be glad to send you a copy of this Booklet on request.

The
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION

W. G. WATSON, General Manager — H. M. FORBES, Asst. General Manager

Head Office, Bay and Melinda Streets, Toronto

363 Main Street, Winnipeg. John Paton, Manager.

2nd Avenue and 21st Street, Saskatoon. F. G. Lewin, Manager.

Seymour and Pender Streets, Vancouver. H. C. Hewetson, Manager

International Loan Company

BALANCE SHEET

As at December 31st, 1926

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $20,000,000.00

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL 4,438,100.00

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand ... ...$	905.53	General Liabilities	Nil
Cash in Bank	711.29	Reserve for 1926 Income Tax	2,116.72
	$1,616.82	Reserve for Special War Revenue Tax	169.89
First Mortgages and Clear Title Agreements .. ...$	709,536.77		$2,286.61
Accounts Receivable (secured)	2,177.20	Capital—	
Loans Pending	2,194.33	Capital Paid Up	653.660.71
Real Estate	43,394.47	Surplus—	
Agreements subject to Prior Claims	540.49	Reserve and Undivided Profit	103,512.76
	$759,460.08		$759,460.08

Winnipeg, January 20th, 1927.

We have audited the books and examined the vouchers for the year 1926, and hereby certify the above Balance Sheet to be, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit the true and correct position of the Company, and to be in accordance with the books and records as at December 31st, 1926. The Cash and Bank Balances have been verified and all Securities examined and found in order.

All of our requirements as auditors have been complied with.

DAVID COOPER & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants.

INTERNATIONAL LOAN COMPANY

404 Trust and Loan Building — Portage Ave. East — Phone 21 691

WESTERN HOMES LIMITED

MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

HEAD OFFICE: 2nd Floor Lombard Building WINNIPEG

GROWTH IN 12 YEARS

The Story in Figures since the Company started in 1915

	1915	1926
Subscribed Capital	$182,800.00	$2,605,400.00
Paid Up Capital	24,581.53	1,014,373.79
Assets	36,613.93	1,137,397.21
Deferred Profits, Surplus and Reserve	4,741.62	82,432.17
Premiums in Course of Collection ..	(Nil)	218,412.40

12 YEARS IN BUSINESS AND NOT A DOLLAR LOST

Dividends re-invested with the Company for the past twelve years now amount to $121.65 on every share.

Invest your money in safety in shares of Western Homes. Write for particulars of our Annual Savings Plan of investment.

ARGUE BROS. LTD. General Agents **WINNIPEG**

A PERUSAL of the annual statements of the leading banks, industrial and commercial organizations and the optimistic speeches of those in charge lead us to the conclusion that the year 1926 has been one of the most prosperous ever experienced in Canada. Almost in every case substantial gains in the profit and loss account have been witnessed, and the threshold of 1927 has been crossed in the firm belief that this year will witness even a greater substantial progress. The manager of one of the leading banks in his annual report states, "that we have safely passed through a post-war depression and a decidedly better feeling exists throughout the Dominion. The general situation is undoubtedly sound and the outlook for the future is bright. If the coming season proves a favorable one for agriculture we may look with confidence for a continuance of these satisfactory conditions."

These indeed are cheery words, but they recall to mind the fact that the financial condition of Canada is largely dependent upon the success of agriculture. For some time leaders in Western Canada have been advocating diversified farming as a means of obtaining the best results from the land so that in the event of a failure of one class of crop revenue might be obtained from other crops or farm products. In the same manner it is high time that there should be preached from the house-tops the doctrine of diversified sources of wealth and it is for this reason that the development of other natural resources is so welcome.

In addressing the Winnipeg Bankers' Club recently, Professor R. C. Wallace, University of Manitoba, and former Commissioner for Northern Manitoba, stressed this fact in a most interesting address. He emphasised the importance of the contemporaneous development of activities in connection with furs, fisheries, minerals and water power.

This development is particularly seen in the mining and electrical power worlds. In the former the year 1926 has seen a phenomenal increase in the value of ore products totalled just short of two hundred and fifty million dollars. Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba are being prospected and these prospects are being developed in a remarkable manner. It seems as if there is no shortage of money for this purpose.

The situation with regard to the power industries is most encouraging. According to the recent letter published by a banking institution the electric light and power industry now ranks first among Canadian manufacturing industries in terms of capitalization with an aggregate amounting to more than seven hundred million dollars, and sixth among the industries in terms of annual gross income, this latter item amounting to well over one hundred million dollars a year. It is confidently expected that during the forthcoming year that the present rate of progress will be steadily maintained and that in the not distant future the amount of water power developed will be greater in Canada per capita than in any other country in the world. Part of this expansion is due to the increase in the production of newsprint and partly for mining and metallurgical purposes. If the anticipations of those promoting mining industries in Northern Manitoba and Western Ontario are realized there is no doubt but that we shall see a very decided development in water power plants.

In the next issue the writer proposes to deal with the question of customer-owned utilities. Although it has been well-known in the United States for some time past it is a comparatively new development in Canada but is one which, judging from the success atained by several companies recently, is bound to become as phenomenal in its development in this country as it has been in the United States.

International Loan Company

THE early activities of the International Loan Company as presented in its Annual Report makes very interesting and encouraging reading for Westerners. This company was organized prior to the war in the belief that it could be built up to equal the largest eastern mortgage companies instituted many years ago. The present situation indicates that this is gradually being fulfilled. The plan adopted at its inception was that payment on stock would be made by the shareholders from year to year as satisfactory loan applications were received and that loans would be made on the amortization principle when this plan was agreeable to the borrower.

At the end of the year 1926 the paid up capital amounted to $653,660.00. Apart from this it has no liabilities, deposits or outstanding bonds and no obligations of any kind to the public. The steady and healthy growth of the company is also indicated by the fact that since the war period, 1919, there has been paid in by the shareholders a sum of $320,492.00 on stock subscriptions. Against this liability the company has without considering other assets first mortgages amounting to $709,536.00 and total assets of $759,460.00. Its real estate amounts to $43,394.00 an appreciable reduction from last year.

In dividends since its inception it has paid 66 per cent., as well as all its operative and organization expenses. The surplus and undivided profits account has now been increased to $103,512.00.

The company has nearly seven hundred shareholders, chiefly in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and a subscribed capital of $4,438,100.00. This young and progressive organization has been especially fortunate in its management, which is under the direction of Dr. G. W. Argue, whose knowledge of this particular line of business is thorough and extensive, who combines with that an administrative capacity of a high order as well as fine business ideals. The company operates under a federal charter and has won for itself an enviable position in the financial business of Western Canada. Efficiency, economy and a progressive outlook have been leading factors in its making.

Sun Life Annual Statement

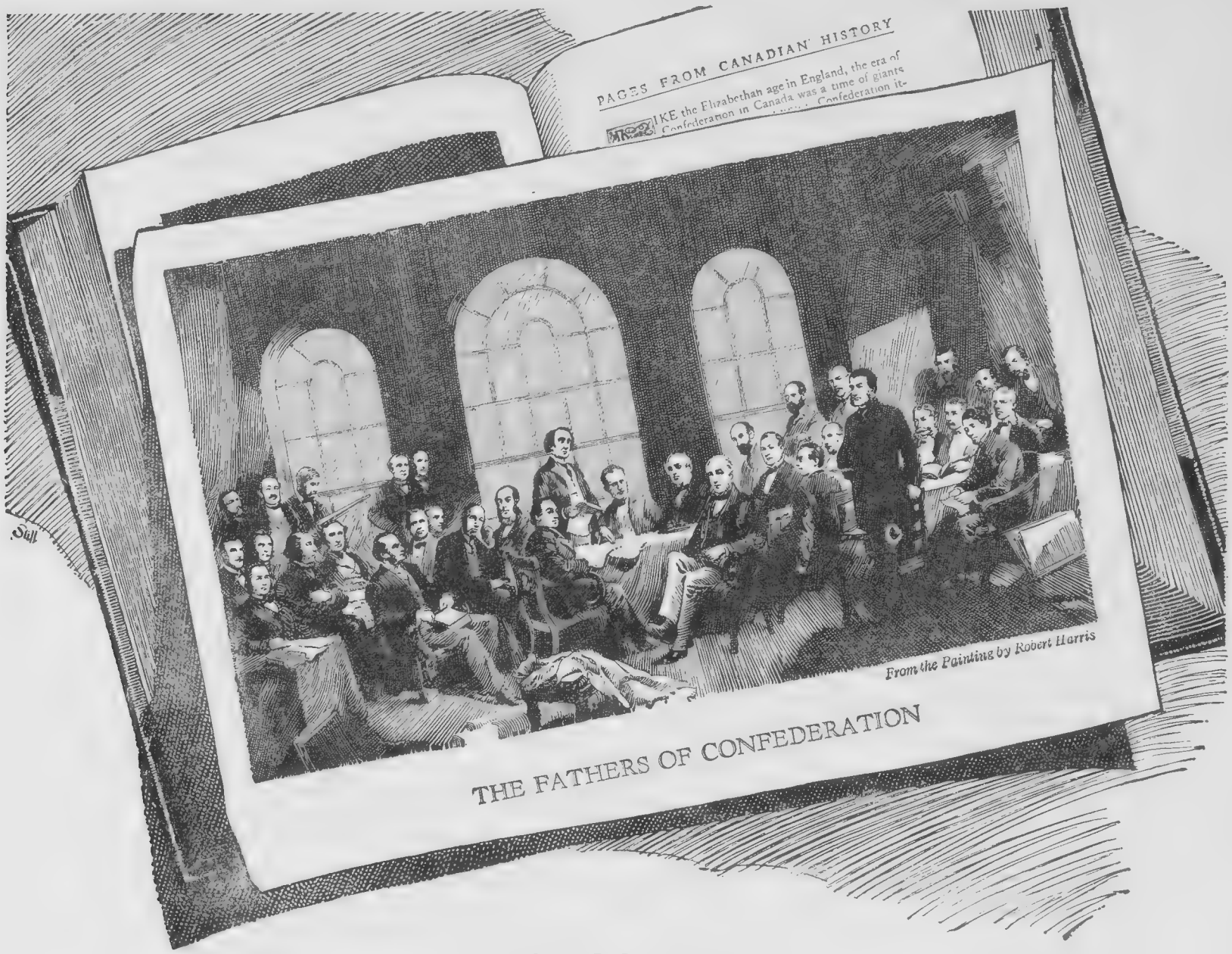
THE Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada continues to eclipse its own transcendent records. At the annual meeting for 1927, which has just been held, President T. B. Macaulay was able to report that the total business paid for in 1926 amounted to $265,889,546, double that of 1924—only two years ago. The assurances in force now exceed one and a quarter billions of dollars.

The Sun Life has become much more than a great Canadian company. It is one of the leading Life Insurance companies of the world. Its growth is equally arresting whether compared with its own record or with the totals of insurance on this continent. The increase of its business at risk in 1926 is greater than the entire business carried by the Sun Life at the outbreak of the war.

Fully keeping step with this great access of business, the assets of the company have increased during the past twelve months by $42,195,000, swelling the total to $345,251,000. The company's

Continued on page 51

1867 · DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES · 1927



Colourful Names

Throng Canada's Pages of Sixty Years Ago

PALMER, CARTER, DICKEY, WHALEN, HENRY, FISHER, BARNARD, STEEVES, GALT, SHEA, CHANDLER, CHAPAIS, CAMPBELL, LANGEVIN, GEORGES ETIENNE CARTIER, MITCHELL, HAVILAND, COCKBURN, POPE, JOHNSON, THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, MCCULLY, GEORGE BROWN, TACHÉ, JOHN A. MACDONALD, WILLIAM MCDOUGALL, OLIVER MOWAT, CHARLES TUPPER, SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD, COLONEL GRAY, GEORGE COLES.

—Fathers of Confederation.

WHAT an inspiration to Canadians of today is the memory of these men, who welded the scattered communities of Victoria's subjects in British North America into one magnificent whole, and laid down the basic principles of the Empire's largest unit!

We honour their names now in this Diamond Jubilee year of the Confederation, which they achieved by forming a Dominion from "sea to sea."

Presiding over the Conference which resolved on Union was Etienne Pascal Taché, a veteran of the War of 1821, who expressed the loyalty of his fellow-countrymen when he said, "The last gun to be fired for British supremacy in America would be fired by a French-Canadian."

John A. Macdonald was a commanding figure in the Conference, with his insight into character and his knowledge of British institutions. By his side were George Brown, of the Toronto *Globe*, a "dyed-in-the-wool" Liberal,who forgot party in his desire for Union; T. Alexander Galt, master of finance; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, historian, orator; William McDougall, distinguished son of a loyalist; Oliver Mowat, a legal giant, who afterwards became Premier of Ontario; Charles Tupper, master debater; his political opponent, Samuel Leonard Tilley, a power in the Maritime Provinces; Adams G. Archibald, great parliamentarian.

These are the men who foresaw the necessity of a trans-continental railway that would connect sea with sea, and their vision became a reality in the subsequent achievement of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
IT SPANS THE WORLD

Copyright, Canada, 1927

Condensed Annual Statement

	1926	Increase over 1925
New Business Issued (Ordinary)	$ 72,205,135.00	$ 688,778.00
Business in Force (Ordinary)	453,758,333.00	36,055,175.00
Income	21,812,121.15	2,333,325.99
Assets	83,520,345.92	10,343,376.18
Liabilities	80,267,266.37	10,091,868.33
Gross Surplus Earned	4,086,872.35	124,470.00
Provision for Future Profits to Policyholders	8,314,525.00	1,078,453.00
Unassigned Profits and Contingency Reserve	3,153,079.55	351,507.85

The Surplus Earned in 1926

$4,086,872.35

was the largest in the Company's history.

During 1927 the Company will pay
Increased Profits to Policyholders

THE Great-West Life ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG

THE home is no place for valuable papers—neither is your office. For a small sum you can have the protection of a Safety Deposit Box. We shall be glad to rent you one.

To safeguard Wills, Bonds, Stocks,
Deeds, Policies, Family Papers
Small Jewellery, etc., etc.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Notice

When sending orders for any patterns as shown on our Fashion pages **be sure** to state the size that is required. This is essential.

DEALING with the subject of contracts and particularly with the question of offer and acceptance we must point out that an offer is made when and not until it is communicated to the offeree. This may seem to be a childish statement but the following instances will demonstrate its truth.

Suppose I were to offer to do something in return for an act to be performed by another person. The other person in ignorance of my offer does the act. Is he in a position to claim that I am bound to carry out the promise which I made? In other words if the Government were to offer a reward for the obtaining of certain information and without knowing anything of the offer I voluntarily gave them the information, would I be entitled to demand payment of the reward? The better opinion seems to be that any act so done does not entitle a person performing the act to the reward, on the grounds that no offer had ever been communicated to him.

If a person comes to my house and performs services for me without my knoweldge or request, am I bound to pay him for these services? A man cannot be forced to accept and pay for that which he had no opportunity of rejecting, even though he may be greatly benefitted by the services rendered. A certain captain was engaged to command a ship, and during the course of the voyage he threw up his command and helped to work the vessel home. At the arrival at the home port he endeavored to claim wages as a seaman, but it was held that he was not entitled to do so because he had performed these services without any opportunity being given to the owners to refuse or accept the services, and further because the owner had repudiated his services as soon as they became aware of them. This again is based on the rule that no offer was communicated to the owners.

A further example of the rule is found in written documents consisting of a number of terms, some of which do not appear on the face of the document. Is the person to whom the offer is made bound by these offers when he is not aware of the terms?

Specific instances may be found in the case of railway tickets, or checks received for the deposit of baggage. The ordinary person never takes the trouble to read the conditions set out in these documents, but in case of any dispute he will find that his rights are contained in the terms set out. If he is careless enough not to read these terms he must suffer the penalty.

This rule is subject to two well-known exceptions, first where the offer is ostensibly complete and secondly where the notice of the terms is insufficient. An instance of the first case is found where a party purchased a ticket by steamer from A to B. On the face of the ticket were the words "A to B" but on the back of the ticket there was a notification that the Company would not be liable for loss or injury to the passenger or his luggage. The vessel was wrecked and the passenger's luggage was lost, and when he sued for damages the Company endeavored to rely upon the clause printed on the back of the ticket but the courts held that he was not bound by a term which he had not seen, of which he knows nothing of, and which is not in any way ostensibly connected with that which is printed or written on the face of the contract presented to him. In the second case there may be terms printed on the ticket, but the manner in which the attention of the passenger is directed to these may be insufficient. An illustration of this is afforded in a case where a passenger sued a Steamship Company for negligence. On the ticket the Company declared that it was not liable for negligence but this clause was printed in very small type and was further obscured by writing in red ink. The question went to the Jury who found that the passenger knew there was writing on the ticket but did not know there were any conditions and further that the passenger had not received reasonable notice of the conditions. This finding of the Jury was sustained by the Court of Appeal and the passenger was successful.

Q. Mrs. J. McN. of Vancouver, submitted a long question as to how her sister might obtain payment of her undivided half share in the old farm owned jointly by herself and her nephew.

A. There are three courses open to her (1) take action to collect on the agreement to purchase contained in the letters from her nephew; probably only according to the terms of the last letter. Give him a week or two before putting it in hands of lawyer for collection. (2) Court proceedings for the Judicial sale or division of the farm. This is slow and expensive. (3) Sell her half interest to someone else in the district. If it is listed with the local real estate dealers her nephew will soon hear of it and may think it time for him to act to prevent an outsider obtaining an interest.

Delburne, P.O.

Q. Would you kindly advise me on the following matter. In the spring of 1925 I took a mare from "A" to work for the summer. The first of November, 1925 I turned the mare idle and fed her all winter. In March "A" came to me and said the mare was mortgaged and wished to turn her back to "B" the man who held the mortgage, and asked what I had against the mare for winter feed, and I said $10.00 so he said he would tell "B" and have him take her back on these terms. When "B" came to get her he would not pay this, so as I was moving I took the mare a short distance where I was going, not out of the district. Now there is another ten months feed at $1.50 per month, totalling $25.00. I notified "B" two months ago I would have her sold if he did not pay and got no answer. I was told by a lawyer it would take two months to have her sold. I am moving to a different part of Alberta about the middle of March and could I take this mare with me and work her. I have been to a lot of trouble and expense and would like to get a settlement. If I cannot take her with me please advise me what to do. Could I turn her on the range and leave her. I also understand and was told by "A" that there is no description of this mare on the mortgage.

J.R.A.-

A. We think you may take the mare with you when you move. If you work her you cannot then charge for her keep, and if she is worth more than her keep you may have to credit "A" with the difference. The best remedy is to offer the mare for sale by auction as allowed by the Possessory Liens Act. Consult a lawyer for this. You cannot very well turn the mare loose on the range after boarding her so long, and supposedly for money. It makes no difference to you whether the mortgage is good or not. Let "B" protect himself.

Calgary, Alta.

Q. Can an eighteen year old boy who is making his own living be married without his mother's consent? Also is it against the law for him to refuse to pay every cent he makes to his mother. This particular mother takes every cent, but banks some in a joint account so that he cannot draw out money without her consent. Is this right?

Worried.

A. Under the Alberta Law any person under age of twenty-one years should have the consent of their parent or guardian. This consent is required for obtaining the license. If however, the license is wrongly obtained that does not invalidate a marriage solemnized pursuant to such license; the marriage will be binding and cannot be nullified on the grounds of infancy. Of course marriage of minors is very inadvisable. A mother cannot compel her son 18 years old to pay all his earnings to her. If he lives at home she can of course claim a reasonable sum for board and room. We can see no objection in theory to the joint bank account.

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Quality and Value without an Equal

in the whole $1000 Field

By long odds the most distinguished motor car ever introduced into the $1000 field, this new Nash De Luxe Light Six is also the most remarkable performer.

Along with its notable beauty and classic body craftsmanship it has the vital superiority of a 7-bearing crankshaft motor—*the ultra-modern type.*

That gives you a superlative advantage over the standard 3 or 4 bearing motor in the way of matchless *quietness* and phenomenal *smoothness* thruout the full range of speed and power.

Colorfully finished in exquisite blue lacquer and enhanced with a wealth of refinements and appointments it stands out as a motor car value clearly above and beyond comparison.

The attractiveness of the interior is enriched with a walnut finished instrument board and window ledges and choice upholstery of genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet.

Headlamps as well as cowl lamps are executed in the bullet design. The steering wheel is of real Circassian walnut. There are bumpers in front and bumperettes at the rear, and a motometer surmounts the winged radiator cap. 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are also included as standard equipment within the price. (4977)

How much does he weigh?

CHILDREN are sometimes underweight—thin, weedy, and delicate through rapid growth.

Virol quickly nourishes them back to the full vigour of health. It builds their bodies up as they grow, fortifying them against the attacks of illness

Virol is a food, scientifically prepared, which nourishes, strengthens and builds.

Ask your Doctor.

Forty million prescribed portions of VIROL were given last year in 3000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics

VIROL

VIROL LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND.
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When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Genuine BAYER **ASPIRIN**

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

A Cliff Sculptured By a Hermit

Contributed By William Thompson, Member of the French Geographical Society

A FEW miles from Parame, and the popular summer resort of St. Malo, on the "Emerald Coast" of France, is the hamlet of Rotheneuf, where formerly lived a Breton priest, Abbe Foure, who spent his later years there a hermit, and who died there. After many years in the priesthood, deafness prevented him from continuing his ministry, and he came to live in this little Breton manor. To occupy his leisure hours, he sculptured not only the walls of his hermitage and the trees of his garden but even the rocks of the cliffs.

Every day during ten years, tete a tete with the sea, he chiseled and dug the blocks of stone, and pricked the branches of oak and maritime pine. Two great ideas, religious and patriotic, inspired his entire artistic labor. At first, he sculptured in wood the statue of Dom Soberien, afterwards in the rock cliffs, the tomb of Saint-Yudoc. Then he desired to write in the granite rocks of the coast the history of Jacques Cartier, the celebrated 15th century navigator of St. Malo.

The statue of Dom Soberien was placed in a little cove almost on the summit of the cliff, and back to back with an old tree trunk, whose branches resembled a cross. The figures of Jacques Cartier and his companions of the voyages are sculptured in the cliff near the altar dedicated to Saint Yudoc.

On the cliffs of Rotheneuf, Brittany, Abbe Foure has sculptured the history of Jacques Cartier, the 15th century navigator of St. Malo

Steps hewn from the rock permit access to these original sculptures, raised to the glory of the compatriots and patron saints of the brave hermit.

Those who sojourn to this picturesque corner of Brittany never fail to make a pilgrimage to Rotheneuf, and although they sometimes criticise, from an æsthetic point of view, the huge bulk and attitudes of the personages, and the native simplicity and anatomical errors of the figures, they admire the patience and tenacity of the artist whom the winter tempests chased from the cliffs six days out of seven.

Radio Batteries

Many radio users seem to labor under the delusion that after a set of "B" batteries has been in service several months, it is time to expect poorer results from them. A night or two of poor reception due to atmospheric conditions frequently confirms the set owner's preconceived idea that his batteries are about done for, and out they go, usually with many weeks or even months of useful service still remaining in them. Sometimes, the "trouble" is purely imaginary.

An amusing incident of this nature recently came to light in a mid-western city. A prominent physician was the proud possessor of a "super-het," made especially for him by a local radio expert. He powered it with heavy duty "B" batteries, which, under normal conditions of use, should have run that particular receiver about nine months. After he had used the set six months, he began to imagine it wasn't working as well as it used to, so he called his friend on the telephone and tried to explain the trouble. When the expert learned that he was still using the original "B" batteries, he immediately told the physician that he needed new ones. The trouble was surely due to "run-down" "B" batteries—so the "expert" said.

This physician has a friend who is connected with a large battery manufacturer in that city, and who had furnished the original "B" batteries for the "super-het." The battery friend was told of the supposed death of his batteries and was requested to come around with a new set. Knowing the tendency of the average set owner to throw his "B" batteries away too soon, the battery man tried to convince his friend that his batteries were not at fault, but to no avail. The "expert" had diagnosed the trouble — by telephone — and the remedy was clearly indicated—new batteries. So new batteries it had to be.

The battery man was still unconvinced, and to prove his point, he worked a sleight-of-hand trick on his friend. Instead of connecting the new batteries to the set, he re-connected the old ones, and then asked the doctor to tune in and see how the set worked. He was delighted with the performance. All the "trouble" had been cleared up, and the "expert" was vindicated.

The physician was left under the impression that he was using new "B" batteries, and his satisfaction was complete. Not until three months afterward was he obliged to get new ones. When the hoax was explained to him, he was cured. Hereafter he will not blame all his trouble indiscriminately on his "B" batteries.

Another case illustrating the fact that broadcast listeners are prone to throw their "B" batteries away too soon, is that a young amateur in central Michigan who recently built a battery operated transmitter. His meagre funds were exhausted by the purchase of the parts, leaving nothing for the "B" battery to run the set. He accumulated a supply from batteries discarded by his friends who owned receivers, and with these supposedly "dead" batteries, he established communication with a fellow amateur in California.

There is a janitor in a large New York apartment house who has had a receiving set for over three years, and in all that time he has never bought a "B" battery! He gets his power supply from the dumb waiter—batteries thrown away as "dead" by the tenants upstairs. They are throwing their "B" batteries away too soon, which is fine for the janitor, but hard on their pocket books.

Two Stars of the Decorating World

Miss Nancy McClelland and Miss Elsie de Wolfe

AMONG the many careers now open to the woman of today, perhaps one of the most echanting is that pertaining to the interior decorator profession.

The art of creating the beautiful appeals to all, but the gift of being able to create is given only to a chosen few and then must be applied in conjunction with incessant study before any heights of success may be reached.

Among those who have achieved outstanding success in this sphere are Miss Nancy McClelland and Miss Elsie de Wolfe.

Miss McClelland, a Vassar graduate, commenced her career with the advertising staff of a large departmental store, which she left to pursue her studies in Paris. On returning from Europe Miss McClelland became a lecturer on the art of interior decoration. She also devoted considerable time to literary work and is the producer of several well known books on this subject, one of the best known being "Decorative Wall Treatments." Miss McClelland is very emphatic as to the necessity of the correct wall paper borders being used in all wall coverings and considers that wall paper borders used to outline panels are a flexible decoration extremely effective in emphasizing architectual merit and correcting structural defects.

Nancy McClelland

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE decided on the stage as her first step towards a successful career. However, although she developed into an actress of considerable merit, she was always intensely interested in decorative art and while still on the stage she devoted all her leisure time to the study of this work, eventually becoming so absorbed in this branch of art that she forsook the stage and turned her full attention to the beautifying of homes. From the very first her natural talents gained immediate attention—and success was hers.

Today, Miss de Wolfe has many achievemenst to her credit and many of the finest homes in the largest cities owe their beautiful and tastefully decorated interiors to the work of this artist.

Diversity in style is naturally found in all successful decorators, but Miss de Wolfe fully agrees with the unanimous decision of all the foremost decorators of today that character, style, distinctiveness, charm and beauty must be incorporated in the wall paper that is used as the background for the room's furnishings.

Elsie de Wolfe

Dreaming Dreams

By William Thompson

Dreaming, dreaming, little man,
Dreaming dreams in old Japan,
Dimpled knees and dimpled toes,
Funny, puggy, little nose.
Little, little, do we know,
Far away in Tokio,
What fairy dreams have come to you,
Little baby, Nanky Poo.
Now a smile, and then a frown,
All the way from Dreamland Town.

The Tragedy of the Bathroom

How we unconsciously neglect our teeth

THE bathroom — a modern institution! The tooth brush—gentility's own insignia! And yet—

What a travesty on actual cleanliness the combination of these two elements of civilized existence often presents!

Model bathrooms. Tooth brushes—one—two—three—often half a dozen of them. And all of them aged, decrepit wraiths of departed usefulness.

But, because they do not *look* worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting our teeth just as surely as if we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Let's stop taking chances with our teeth! Let's pension off the old brushes! Today, get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean!*

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—*away* from the gums—two minutes in the morning, two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would keep your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

After all, how little it costs to enjoy the benefits of this cleansing, polishing brush! The Adult's size Dr. West's is but 50c; the Youth's, 35c; the Child's, 25c; the Gum Massage Brush, 75c. Get a new one today.

EVERY Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

© W. B. M. Co., 1927

COMPLETE IN THE APRIL ISSUE, A STORY BY

James Oliver Curwood

This is only one of the many features which will make the next issue of the Western Home Monthly the most outstanding of all Canadian Magazines

Westclox Prices Reduced

A steadily growing demand for Canadian-made Westclox enables us to increase the production of our Peterborough factory and thereby reduce costs.

This saving is being passed on to you in the form of reductions of from 25c to 50c on the various Westclox models.

Quality gets first consideration in manufacturing Westclox. That name on the dial is your assurance that only the prices on the tags have been changed.

New Reduced Prices

Big Ben	$4.25	America	$1.75	Ben Hur	$3.25
Big Ben Lum.	$5.50	Black Bird	$3.00	Ben Hur Lum.	$4.25
Baby Ben	$4.25	Sleep-Meter	$2.75	Pocket Ben	$1.75
Baby Ben Lum.	$5.50	Jack o'Lantern	$3.75	Glo-Ben	$2.50

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

A soft, pure and safe Tissue at a popular price.

Each roll contains 11oz.—full weight.

You will make no mistake if you buy BELGO-LAND Tissue. Look for EDDY'S name on the package.

THE E.B EDDY CO. LIMITED HULL, CANADA

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Leaving Youth Behind

By Kathleen Redman Strange

THE other night, at a local party, I overheard a remark that was suddenly of especial import to me. It came from one of the younger members of our community and he was, of course, quite unaware that he was landing somebody a severe mental wallop so to speak. Youth is often careless and thoughtless but it is seldom consciously cruel, I think. This lad, had he but known it, was being actually cruel for the moment.

He said:

"Why do all these married women come and clutter up our dances? Why can't they stay home and leave it to the young people? They've had their good times; why can't they be content to let us have ours?"

His companion added:

"I can't imagine old people wanting to dance, anyway! I should think that when a woman reaches thirty she wouldn't want to be going out any more to such things as dances. I know when I'm that old I'll be content to stay home!"

The second speaker was still in her teens, needless to say, and thirty must have seemed such a long, long way off.

Now, I'm not quite thirty yet myself but I'm approaching close enough to that danger line for the conversation to hold a deal of significance for me and to cause me some quite serious mental perturbation.

I had not, until that moment, considered myself superfluous at such affairs as dances, for instance. I had not considered myself as old at all. I had indeed—perhaps somewhat erroneously—imagined that I still belonged to the younger set. I still veer towards the society of the young folks and I had thought that I was welcome. Maybe I am welcome because I feel young, whatever my years. My women friends and I are still "girls" to each other; we and energy; we like to "go" just as are still full of "pep" and enthusiasm hard as the boys and girls who have only just left school a year or so; we love to dance and some of us can dance as well, if not a good deal better, than many of the younger fraternity. Why then, I asked myself, should we be expected to take a back seat? Why should we be considered superfluous by these callow youngsters many of whom are still but standing upon the threshold of life?

I BEGAN to think about it all—at first with a certain amount of irritation and impatience and even some anger, and then with a new clarity of vision that has helped me to understand a great deal that was perhaps a bit incomprehensible before. For a brief space, then, I have tried to assume somewhat of the position of a spectator, sitting upon the fence, and viewing both sides of the question.

Perhaps for the first time in my life it came over me that one cannot stay young all the time. When you are young, young in years and looks and emotions, middle age and old age seem so very far away. They hold very little reality for you at all. Life is such a glorious thing to youth. I remember, a short while ago, hearing a young girl, full of vitality and the very joy of living, exclaim in a moment of sheer exuberance of feeling:

"Oh, it's good to be alive, and, oh, it's good to be seventeen!"

I'm afraid that few of us can exclaim, with the same spontaneity of feeling, that it"s good to be thirty! Thirty, after all, marks a shadowy milestone in life, a kind of stepping off place from the peaks of glorious, untrammelled youth down to the sterner, sombre realities of middle-age, with the years creeping on apace till finally we "vanish in the chinks that Time has made."

I realize, now, how hard it is to relinquish one's hold upon youth. I realize why it is that people cling to youth, or it's pitiful travesty, long after youth has actually passed them by. I realize why it is that beauty doctors, corsetieres, costumiers, and all the whole army of age-defiers, flourish so abundantly in every corner of the globe. Instead of ridiculing and criticising and perhaps condemning, as I have often done, those pathetic old folks who continue to thirst for pleasure and excitement and all the things that naturally belong to youth, I have come now to pity them, to sympathise with them and to understand them. Who knows? Perhaps in a few years I may be feeling the same way myself?

There seem to be a general tendency, the world over, to fight the advancing years. People have a horror of growing old. But life is inexorable on the subject. Even those apparently ageless, evergreen people, who have made spectacular rebounds to youth, such as the famous Eternal Flapper and the more recent case of Fanny Ward, the actress, are powerless to conceal the fact that beneath it all their hearts are weary with a great weariness such as Youth can never know and that their rejuvenation of feature has not brought with it the rejuvenation of spirit they fain would acquire.

I HAVE always been old-fashioned enough to admire the woman who allows old age to come upon her naturally; who permits her hair to grow gray as the years pass by; who does not seek to conceal the lines that a busy life and the full rich years have written thereon; who does not attempt to outdance and outplay her own children. I hope that I shall be that way myself. Yet one can never be sure. I know that it is going to be a hard proposition for me to take a back seat. Youth keeps on bubbling up in me, despite my almost thirty years, bidding me keep pace with those who are flying the high flag of flaming youth as their banner. Perhaps it is but a last spurt of the precious flame—like the flame of a candle that is almost spent, flaring up for a brief space before finally flickering out. A harsh simile, perhaps, yet in a way an inevitably true one, for once we have said goodbye to youth—the "glad season of life" as Carlyle has it—it is goodbye for ever.

It took the chance remark of a callow youth to give me this severe mental jolt but it did me a deal of good. The spectacles through which I shall view life in future are not quite so rosy but at least they are clean and bright. I hate to think that I shall soon be leaving youth definitely behind me. But at least I can view the future—this prospective middle-age that confronts me within the next few years—with a keener courage and a clearer perspective.

Fortunately for me I am living on a farm and there is no place like the farm for giving one a sound and sane philosophy upon life and its problems. One is daily brought face to face with Nature in all her varying moods. One can watch at close hand the passage of the seasons, each with its own particular beauty. One can meditate upon the wonderful miracle of growth—the natural process of plant life from the first tender green shoot to the final ripened, well-filled head. Oh, that we might emulate Nature in our lives, that we might grow old as gracefully and naturally as do the things that grow in good old Mother Earth!

Amazing Story of Man Who Lived With a Broken Neck

By Francis Dickie

THAT a man may not only live though his neck be broken, but that he may also walk around for many days in this state is proved by the remarkable case of Yorge Kuskonen, a Finnish logger from the woods of British Columbia.

Recently Yorge was working in the woods attending the loading of logs on a car by a donkey engine and cable. The running cable caught him under one arm, lifted him off his feet and whirled him many feet in the air. He must have struck upon the back of his head, and his chin must have been thrust forward on his chest, and down on his breast bone, for when he came too he felt a strange sensation in the back of his neck; and when he attempted to move his head, it would not. He suffered continual pain and was dizzy. Yorge was taken to a small hospital nearby, but the doctor there did not realize the true state of Yorge's condition—one unique in medical annals.

After three weeks in the hospital when minor bruises and gashes about the head had healed, Yorge was told he could go back to work. George left, but could not work because he could not move his head without moving his whole torso at the same time.

In this condition he came to Vancouver where Dr. Alfred Thompson took an X-Ray which revealed the amazing case. Yorge had broken the Atlas-bone, the very top one of the spinal column.

This bone was named by the original anatomists after the mythical god Atlas who was supposed to support the earth on his neck and shoulders, because the bone supported the globe of the skull and its precious contents. This Atlas bone is so shaped and fitted with muscles that it makes possible the actions of nodding and turning the head. It is the only bone in the spinal column that is freely movable. An injury to any bone in the spine is a serious matter, but the Atlas bone is the most sensitive, and any injury to it is fatal. Fractures of the Atlas in the living are exceedingly rare. Yorge proved the exception by living.

THE one hopeful thing in his case was that he did not have any paralysis. How the great central cable of the nervous system, one of the most delicate in the human body escaped is a mystery. But it was so. Not only were the vital nerves to the heart and lungs functioning perfectly, but the nerves to every group of muscles in his body were carrying their life-giving messages back and forth to the control centres in his brain, making Yorge's case still more remarkable. But how to keep them functioning by getting the broken bone in his neck to unite, so that he could move his head was a problem. Several methods were thought of by Dr. Thompson, but all discarded for the reason that not one of them assured that rigidity which was the one essential of repair. That is none of them would warrant absolute rest to the bones of the neck.

Finally the one possible method was hit upon; it was decided to encase Yorge in a "coat of mail," which is herewith illustrated. He was put in a plaster cast from the top of his head to his waist, which proved an interesting procedure, first, his hair was cropped, and the bare head greased. Then he was wrapped in a cylinder of cotton webbing. This was pulled over his head, holes cut in it for his arms, and a section cut out for his face. Over this was wrapped cotton batting about a quarter of an inch thick. Then gauze bandages, the webbing of which was filled with plaster of Paris, were soaked in warm water and wrapped around his body, neck and head, leaving the arms free. This part of the work had to be done with great rapidity, so as to have the bandages all on before the quickly-setting plaster took solid form. Extra layers of bandages were put around the neck to reinforce the weak spot, and to form a strong bridge between the body and the head.

To make possible Yorge moving his jaw when the plaster bandages set, a cork was put between his teeth while the bandages were put on. Thus Yorge was able to eat, the cork being removed as soon as the plaster hardened. To give his chest room to expand in the stone jacket a towel was folded and put upon his breast, and removed from below when the plaster set. But even with all this care, one important item was overlooked —it was forgotten that he had ears! So, though Yorge could easily eat and breathe, he could not hear. So windows had to be cut through.

Yorge in his "coat of mail"

A suitable bed was arranged, and after a few days Yorge rested with great comfort; so well, indeed, he put on weight so that he bulged his shell in several places. After a week in bed, the patient was permitted to rise and walk about. During one of these days the weather became exceedingly hot. Yorge stayed out in the sun too long. He became exceedingly ill. The doctor was greatly puzzled until he learned Yorge had sat directly in the sun's rays: the stone jacket had absorbed so much heat as to cause this prostration. He was kept in bed several weeks, and now lost weight, so the bulges in his armor subsided.

After eight weeks the armor was removed and Yorge moved out into the world a sound man once more in every way, probably the only case of his kind in the history of medicine.

The Love-Light in Thy Eyes

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

Oh! the love-light shining in thy eyes
Leads my soul to dream of Paradise.
How I long, with thee to ever be,
Feeling thou wilt e'er belong to me.
Sweetest joy is filling all my soul,
Dreaming love will be life's highest goal.
When with thee, all life's a blissful dream,
For in love's sweet paradise I seem.

Only let me linger by thy side
To in love's sweet dreamland, e'er abide.
Then how joyous all my life will be,
When, beloved, I can be with thee.
Let my soul be soaring in love's dreams;
For the sweetest joy of life, it seems,
When I gaze, beloved, in thy eyes,
Then my soul will dream of paradise.

We Advise Men—

"Don't Buy, Yet—

Accept, first, a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try"

GENTLEMEN:—

We've been in business enough years to know that major success of a product rests entirely upon the merits of the product itself—not upon advertising, not upon "selling talk."

So from the beginning we asked nobody to buy Palmolive Shaving Cream; but first to accept, free, a 10-day tube to try.

That has brought this comparatively new preparation to a top place in its field in a remarkably short time.

We made it on the expressed desires of 1000 men who told us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They named four things—we met them all, then added a fifth to make the supreme creation.

We think it will surpass your present favorite in these 5 ways. Please mail the coupon, and prove the point at our expense.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

3460-C

Made in Canada

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1297, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

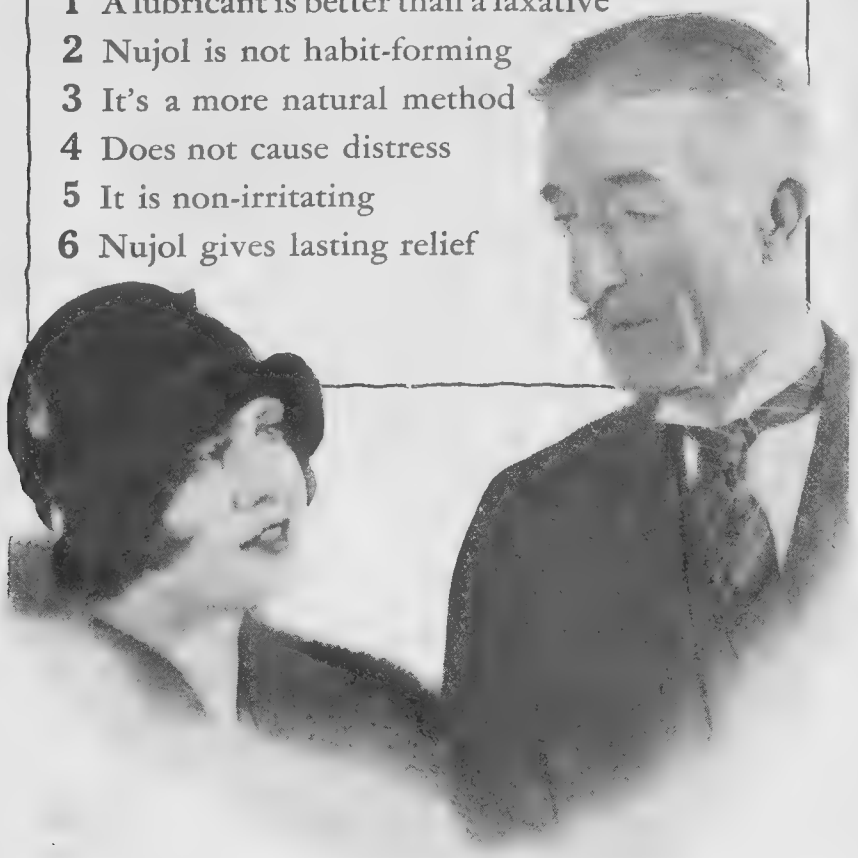
.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

Why physicians advise Nujol

1 A lubricant is better than a laxative
2 Nujol is not habit-forming
3 It's a more natural method
4 Does not cause distress
5 It is non-irritating
6 Nujol gives lasting relief



BY an overwhelming verdict, doctors all over the United States have endorsed the use of the Nujol type of treatment for constipation, in preference to dangerous drug-containing laxatives.

Among thousands interviewed, seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? For the six convincing reasons mentioned above. The source of this warning is authoritative.

Won't you act on it *at once?*

Nujol acts entirely differently from irritating laxatives and cathartics. For it contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that elimination is regular, natural, and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical men because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

FOR CONSTIPATION

Copyright 1927 Standard Oil Co., (N. J.)

"Regular as Clockwork"

Accept This TRIAL Offer

Address: Nujol, Room F. 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

NAME .....

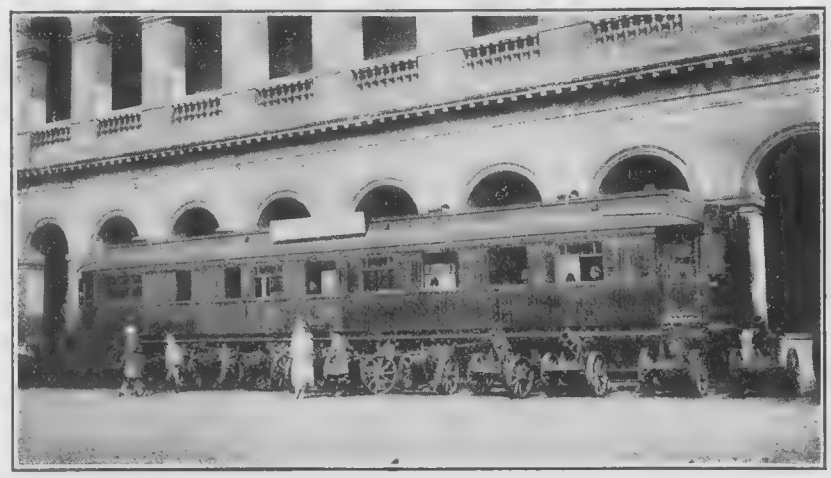
ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... PROV. .....

Historic Armistice Coach Will be Housed Through American Donation

THAT historic railway coach in which the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, and which for some time has been in the courtyard of the Invalides Museum, that great building built by Napoleon for his wounded soldiers, is now being removed back to the exact spot where the signing of the Armistice took place at a cross-road point in the depths of the Forest of Compiegne, known today as the Carrefour de l'Armistice.

This has been made possible due to the generosity of a wealthy American who has donated the sum of 150,000 francs to erect a suitable building to protect the coach from the ravages of the weather. The donor, who has refused to make known his name, recently made the offer to the government, which has now been accepted. Since the placing of the car in Paris at the end of the war it has been viewed by millions of people. However, the new setting, where the most important peace in the history of the world was signed, is much more appropriate, and this also can easily be visited by tourists by automobile as it is only some thirty miles from Paris. The accompanying photoghaph shows the famous car just before its removal. —(Francis Dickie).



The Railway Coach in which the Armistice was signed

Ventilation

PHYSIOLOGISTS tell us the most important point about air and health is the amount of cooling effect the air exerts upon the human body. The skin of the face, neck and upper chest is very sensitive to this cooling effect. The benefit of sun treatment in the healing of tuberculosis and other diseases is now reported to result in great part from the tanning of the skin. The tanning makes it possible for people to remain naked exposed to the cooling air for longer periods. The cooling demands greater provision of heat in the body and more food has to be digested to form fuel. People digest fifty per cent. more food after treatment has been taken than before exposure. Pupils of the same age learn more quickly while taking sun treatment than their playmates remaining in city schools. We, who are well, can keep fitter by having proper air conditions surrounding our bodies whether working, studying or playing. The stillness of air in confined spaces has a bad influence on the cooling functions of the skin, on the cutaneaus nerves, and so on the vigor, health and efficiency.

Heat and Moisture

The moisture of the earth is aided in its evaporation by currents of moving air, wind passing over it. If the wind is a current of air, very free of moisture, the evaporation is very rapid. If the air is laden with moisture, practically no evaporation takes place.

The body gives off heat under very similar conditions. As we breathe out, the air coming from our lungs contains much more moisture and heat than when it was drawn in. Evaporation of perspiration causes further loss by cooling the surface of the body.

Body comfort is the best indicator of efficient ventilation. The air around the body must be able to take up more moisture. The cooling and drying influences are increased and one feels more stimulated if the air gently but constantly moves at varying rates.

Overheated rooms, especially if the air is overmoist (laundries) cause chronic changes in the tissues of the nose, and also temporary lack of resistance in them to infection, when going out of doors in winter.

Warmth lowers the body heat production and lessens appetite, depth of breathing, muscular tone, vigor of circulation and provokes relaxation and sleep, while cool conditions favor bodily vigor and brain work.

Body Comfort and Health

Heat loss from the body is affected very much by the kind of clothes we wear. Low-necked, loose-fitting clothes made of closely woven clean linen or cotton will help us to keep cool. Close fitting, clean, dry, loosely woven woollen clothes will help us to keep warm. The air lying in the mesh of the woollen cloth prevents heat from leaving the body. The smaller the amount of flesh uncovered the less the loss of heat, because less of the cooler air gets a chance to reach the surface of the skin.

In summer, some factories and hospitals circulate, with pumps, cold solutions in the radiators of the winter heating plant. This materially reduces the room temperature. An effort should be made to keep the temperature between 65° and 68° F. in rooms where people are seated or inactive. If manual work or exercise of the body causes the occupants to make more body heat, then the temperature of the rooms should not exceed 60° Fahrenheit.

Owing to the great cold in Canada in winter, air outside contains a low amount of moisture. Heating this air before passing it into rooms, further depletes the moisture and is detrimental.

How to Ventilate

There is nothing mysterious or over-difficult about ventilation.

The most important help is an ordinary reliable thermometer placed in every room, four feet from the floor on an inside wall, not too near a door, window, radiator, stove or other influence.

The temperature should be read every half hour by the person responsible for the temperature and change of air. It should never be warmer than 68°, and if people are working, dancing or creating heat by their own effort, a temperature of 60° or lower is more pleasant.

Fresh, cool air should come in through the open window. If it is zero outside and 65° inside, a very small opening will allow a large amount of fresh air to enter. It should enter the room over the radiator, being directed upwards by a slanting board with side wings.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 42

assets have multiplied five times in the last twelve years.

The company's successful investment policy is reflected in an analysis of its securities. Government valuators appraise a further increase in the excess value of the company's securities over cost, of nearly $7,000,000. A profit of $1,700,000 has been realized by the redemption or sale of municipal debentures and other holdings which had risen to high premiums. The rate earned on the mean invested assets for the year rose to the phenomenal figure of 6.69 per cent., this being contributed to by dividend increases, bonuses and other privileges granted on the company's holdings.

Not the least gratifying portion of the report is the fine showing of business written within the Dominion. Here again a new record is established for Canada in a massive aggregate of $102,000,000 of paid assurances.

The Sun Life Company is as old as the Dominion. But it has greater claims to Canadian pride than that. It is today one of the foremost of the small group of great Canadian financial institutions which are making Canada famous.

Western Homes Limited Shows Good Progress

A REMARKABLY successful financial year was shown when the annual report of Western Homes Ltd., was presented at the annual meeting on February 10.

The subscribed capital of Western Homes increased during the year by $280,400 and among Canadian institutions the firm now stands sixth on the list in this respect. Paid up capital was increased during the year by $102,896.82 and assets by $147,533. The amount collected on mortgage accounts during the year was $210,207 and exceeded collections of the previous year by $17,641. Net profits for the year exceeded seven per cent. and after paying dividends and providing for taxes payable in April this year, transferring $20,000 to reserve account, there is a surplus of over $24,000.

In discussing the growth of the company over a period of difficult years, it having been commenced in 1915, Mr. Argue recalls the fact that at the end of the first year its assets were only $36,000, while they now total $1,137,397.

Its subscribed capital at the close of 1926 amounted to $2,605,400 and it is planned this year to bring the amount up to $3,000,000. A reserve account of $300,000 has been commended and this is being built up by diverting a portion of the earned income, formerly paid out in dividends, and by adding to it an equal amount contributed from the premiums paid on stock. It is anticipated this amount set aside as a reserve fund will be reached in 1929, and as soon as this has been accomplished, the present intention is then to increase the rate of dividends paid to shareholders.

M. Willis Argue was elected president and managing-director; W. Redford Mulock, K.C., and D. J. Dyson, vice-presidents; Ralph C. Duncan, secretary. Other directors elected were W. Owen Jeffries, Malcolm McInnes, E. J. Brownlee, Wm. A. Bremer and B. C. Parker.

The Manitoba Budget

THE Premier of Manitoba recently introduced the Budget of the Province amidst a chorus of approval so that "even the ranks of Tuscany could scare forbear to cheer." The figures show that the Provincial finances are in a most satisfactory condition and also that ample provision has been made for the requirements of the ensuing year.

In his most capable hands the Province financially has reached a decided turning point and this year's surplus shows the wisdom of the policy which he has pursued. He has not alone been content with the creation of a surplus, but he has very wisely applied this surplus to the reduction of the supplementary levy and income tax on a basis of eighty and twenty per cent. respectively. This year he proposes to reduce the supplementary levy by 37½ pr cent. and the income tax by twenty per cent. Further reduction of taxes are concerned mainly with amusements, particularly in the matter of amateur athletic events. It has been suggested that because of the election which will take place in June these reductions are being held out as an election bait, but when there is considered the way in which the Premier has steered the financial bark during the course of his administration there is afforded evidence of a following out of a policy conceived in conservatism and nurtured in the belief that all burdensome taxes must be abolished as far as possible and that economy in governmental administration is not a matter of speech but of action. There are those who complain that these economies have been too drastic and that the administration has suffered, but this complaint springs not from a true appreciation of the value of the saving but from a desire to find some stick with which to beat the government. In any event we are convinced that none of the beneficiaries of the reduction will spend much time in criticizing the government for a welcome exhibition of a substantial surplus and a gratifying lowering of taxation.

Make Dreams Come True

IN the very heart of your mind where all the secret thoughts live, there is without doubt one thought that has grown with your growth until from a thought it has become a large sized HOPE, and that hope surely is that some day you may travel abroad. It is quite probable that some one of the Old countries calls to you as being the home of your forebears. The hills of Scotland, the rose embowered villages of England, the spotless narrow streets of Holland, the miniature farms of Belgium, the cobbled streets of some French village, any of these may be the place that you picture in your dreams. Years ago you might dream with no hope of your dream coming true, but now that is a different matter. You need so little money, and six weeks leisure and you may visit all these places. Could you imagine anything more delightful than to journey on the largest ships to Liverpool, motor through Scotland and England, cross the dreaded channel by night, and motor through the beauties of the continent all in congenial company?

The All Canadian Party is under personal supervision and we know that a pleasant time will indeed be spent by those lucky enough to be included in the party.

"If Sometimes I Have Failed"

By Evelyn Knelt

If sometimes I have failed
In my stern duty:
If sometimes on a rainy day,
I have turned away
And smiled,
At childish mischief,
Which must be disciplined if seen—
If sometimes I have failed,
I think the One Above
Who knows the call to mischief
On a rainy day,
And the weakness
Of a Mother's heart,
Will forgive me.

If sometimes I have failed
In my stern duty;
When censure firm
And maybe all deserved,
Has heaped upon a neighbor;
If I have failed to add
What might condemn,
Because one day she helped me,
I think the One Above
Who knows all that's bad,
And much that's good
In all of us,
Which neighbors never see;
Will forgive me

Another Widow— Looking for a Job

GEORGE MACDOUGALL'S first thought was always for his family's comfort and happiness. Nothing that he could provide was too good for them. No sacrifice that he might make was too great. He was a model of devotion.

Yet—unintentionally—George MacDougall failed in his imperative duty! He failed to provide completely for his family's support.

For when he died—suddenly and unexpectedly—his widow was faced with the task of "carrying on" without sufficient funds. He left her just $3,000.

She soon realized that the $3,000 wouldn't go very far. It was up to her to eke out a living for herself and the children.

George MacDougall's widow applied for a job last week!

The pathetic part of it is that things might have been so vastly different. It would have been so easy for George MacDougall to go on supporting them for years—in spite of his death.

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 41

"Let me have a shot!" She let go the key as she felt his firm warm grip on her hand. He strained at the lock, steadying himself on her shoulder with his other hand.

"Don't break the key!" she cautioned.

"I'll tell you what," he said at last. "Some idiot has dropped the catch on the other side!"

"That can't be. The catch has been rusted up for years. You'd want a hammer to snib it down."

"Well, the bolt doesn't budge any. I guess I'll have to shin over the wall and let you in.

"Gerry, you'll cut your hands to ribbons on that frightful glass . . . ."

He had gone a step or two below her and was scanning the top of the wall.

"I don't believe I can make it here. I might get over a bit farther along the wall, though, where the rocks are higher."

"We'd better go round by the road, Gerry!"

"Road nothing! Wait for me there a minute honey, and I'll have that old door open for you in two shakes."

He darted down the stairway.

"I'm coming too," she cried out after him and ran down in his wake. "I'd be scared to fits to stay here alone.

SHE saw his figure loom grey ahead of her, heard his rubber soles patter softly in the wet. Then he dashed in among the rocks, the bushes rustling as he went; was dimly silhouetted against the pale mass of the wall and was lost to view.

"Wait for me!" she cried. "I'm coming with you, Gerry!" She began to scramble up the rocks by the way he had gone, the bushes wet and clammy against her ankles in their thin silk. As she topped a steep boulder she suddenly came upon Gerry standing with head bent staring down upon the ground. Just above him rose the sheer black mass of the wall. At the sound of her approach he swung round quickly. In the dim light the look on his face frightened her.

"Go back, Freckles," he shouted. "For God's sake, go back!"

"What . . what is it?" she demanded.

He had spread his arms wide, as though to shield from her view what lay on the ground behind him.

"It's a dead man," he answered.

THAT evening Cantle, butler at Node House, was playing solitaire in the servants' hall when the front doorbell rang a prolonged peal.

"That'll be the young miss," he observed to Jump, the chauffeur, who was perched on a table reading Saturday's sport in the Portsmouth Evening News, his uniform cap pushed back off his forehead, a cigarette in his mouth.

The bell pealed again.

"Seem to be in a hurry, don't they?" remarked the chauffeur, leisurely turning the pages of his newspaper. "Jack 'Obbs 'as bin an' done it again for Surrey, I see. Maids all gorn to bed?" he added as the butler proceeded, with the utmost deliberation, to exchange his tweed jacket for his evening coat.

Cantle nodded.

"Seems to me as 'ow everybody's in a hurry nowadays," he mumbled gloomily, " 'cept me, that is."

He was a lean and pallid man, with a thin thatch of grayish hair and a profile suggesting an elderly sheep.

"The young generation has no idea of dignity, Mr. Jump," he pursued, pulling down the tails of his coat. "No poise!"

Again and yet again the bell clamored forth its impatient summons. With a weary sigh the butler laid his cherry-wood pipe upon the table and with measured tread left the room.

HARDLY had he opened the front door than Gerard Leese, his white trousers smeared with slime and sand, his shoes squeaking with the water, was in the hall. He was pale and excited.

"Cantle," he cried, "there's a body back there on the beach!"

"Is there, sir?" replied the butler in the sort of idiotic singsong which nurses use to children.

"Yes, a dead man! A corpse washed up by the sea!"

"Dear, dear, sir! Fancy that!"

"Yes, but what are we going to do about it?" demanded the American vigorously.

"I don't rightly know, sir. You see, it's gorn ten. The constable'll be in his bed!"

"Don't be so ridiculous, Cantle," rang out a clear voice over Gerard Leese's shoulder. "Go and ask Captain Dene to come out and see me here!"

Freckles stepped into the hall. Seen under the light, her appearance was truly deplorable. Her short, tawny hair hung in disheveled ringlets all over her head, her white linen dress was bedraggled, while her stockings were stained and her shoes sodden to a squelchy dough.

Cantle cast down his eyes as though to shut out that dreadful spectacle from his gaze.

"Very good, Miss Isobel."

He turned to walk stiffly across the hall and disappeared through the drawing-room door, the soft rugs swallowing up the sound of his feet. He passed on to the morning room where, in the summer, the evenings were usually spent as the windows gave on the pleasant rose gardens at the side of the house.

All the party was assembled in the bright and cosy room. The light cast down from the alabaster bowl suspended from the ceiling fell upon the four men at the bridge table and Lady Fubsy, busy with her knitting, on the Chesterfield close by. Alix Barleston, in a shining black evening frock, sat apart from the lighted circle, her pale face in shadow, an open book in her hands, a cigarette between her lips. Although from time to time she turned a page, she was not conscious of what she read. She was wondering, as she had wondered all day, how long she could endure the unbearable suspense and whether her features betrayed her agony of mind.

Most of the night she had lain awake, striving to grapple with a new and bewildering situation. One thing, at any-rate, she saw clearly: This ghastly development had forced Frankie back into her ken. It had made them one again . . . .

FOR years now, it seemed to her, she had written off her husband as one writes off a bad debt. She had acquiesced in his neglect, in his failure to support her and the child, and turned a deaf ear to stories of his life, content if only he would stop away and spare her the indignity of sharing the vicissitudes of his day-to-day existence. The hopeless ignominy of her marriage had all but broken her powers of resistance. If she had yielded, for one brief instant, to her warm affection for Ronnie Dene, it was because, in a moment of despair, she was not sure whether she would have the strength to battle against the determination of a man like Stanismore.

She had been so certain that her husband no longer counted for anything; that the fetters which matrimony had laid upon them were as ropes of sand.

But the nightmare thing which had befallen had propelled this insignificant man she thought she could forget back into the very forefront of her life . . . .

Toward morning she must have fallen asleep. Vance, the elderly housemaid, woke her with the early morning tea. In a kind of dream she had watched the maid's prim figure moving about the room raising the blinds, setting things to rights. She sought to prolong her drowsiness as though her subconscious mind were aware of the horror that lurked, ready to pounce, outside the gates of sleep.

It was the maid's remark that the major was up and had had his breakfast that jolted her into full consciousness. She told Vance to ask Major Barleston to come upstairs. The maid's rather severe countenance was unruffled. Clearly nothing untoward had been discovered. . . .

Frankie did not appear. When she went down to breakfast, to find life at Node House pursuing its uneventful course, she was told that her husband had gone out half an hour before. After breakfast Lady Fubsy claimed Alix to accompany her to Banner to purchase the week's supplies—the usual Saturday excursion. Alix went around the little shops like one in a dream. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. By the time they returned to Node for lunch she had almost persuaded herself that Frankie's whispered confidence was but another of his lies. When he did not appear for the meal she guessed that he was keeping out of her way, and called herself a fool for letting him hoodwink her again. But at the back of her mind cowered the uneasy recollection of his abject terror on the preceding evening; never before, in her ten years' acquaintance with him, had she seen her husband weep. . . .

At one moment during the endless afternoon she almost resolved to venture down to the tower and set her doubts at rest. But the rain streamed down, and she would find it difficult to make an adequate excuse for going out in the grounds; and she was afraid of being seen. If Frankie had spoken the truth, her going might arouse suspicion.

Frankie came in just before dinner, wet to the skin, his shoes covered with mud. He told Alix, who was changing in the bedroom, that he had been for a long tramp. He had an unfamiliar look about him that puzzled his wife; it occurred to her only afterward that he was cold sober. All her fears revived. But he would not let her question him, and when she told him that they must talk things over, slammed the dressing-room door in her face.

SHE descended to dinner in a mood of dull despair. She felt utterly hopeless. There was nobody to whom she could turn. This was her affair alone, her's and Frankie's. Again and again that day Ronnie Dene's eyes had sought her face, and she knew that he was looking for a chance to speak to her alone. But purposely she avoided him. That moment of happiness when she had found comfort in his arms belonged to the past; it was the future, the dark and terrible future, that claimed her now. . . .

She laid down her book and cigarette when, after dinner, Cantle came into the morning room. She performed these actions with careful deliberation to cover up the alarm with which, throughout that weary day, every interruption of the sort had filled her. She saw the butler cross the room and halt at the bridge table.

Dene and Vrogue were partners against Sir Harry and Frankie. The cards had just been dealt, and each man was sorting out his hand in his characteristic way: Vrogue, whose big form outtopped the rest, his grotesque face screwed up into one of the grimaces peculiar to him; Frankie impassive, with the unrevealing features of the seasoned poker player; Ronnie listless and rather bored; Sir Harry, his dress shirt bulging, frowning and blinking at the wreath of smoke from his cigar creeping into his eyes.

The butler halted discreetly.

"How about it, partner?" said Vrogue.

He laid down his cards and spread his great red hands on the table, at the same time thrusting his chin out from his collar with an odd jerky movement. This nervous *tic* was one of Vrogue's staple oddities.

"Two diamonds," Dene declared.

Cantle decided to make his presence known and coughed his discreet butler's cough. Dene looked up.

"Well, Cantle?" rumbled Sir Harry, staring moodily at his cards.

"It's a message for the captain, Sir Harry. . . ." The butler broke off and blinked feebly.

"What is it?" asked Dene.

"Miss Isobel says, sir, will you come out to her at once?"

LADY FUBSY looked up from her knitting. "Are they back?" she said. "Why don't they come in?"

Cantle hesitated. "There's a dead body on the beach," he mumbled.

A crash resounded from the background. Alix Barleston's book had slid off her knees to the ground.

"What's that?" roared Sir Harry, leaning back in his chair and glaring at the servant.

Alix Barleston had stood up. She was looking at her husband. Frankie had flung down his cards and was staring up at the butler. Dene sprang to his feet and hurried from the room.

"It's only what they told me, Sir Harry," quavered the butler with dignity. "A dead man washed up by the tide, Mr. Leese says it is."

"Then why the devil couldn't you say so at first? Frightening the life out of us like that! It's all right, my dear," he added, catching sight of Alix's ghastly face, "nothing's happened to Freckles."

"How perfectly appalling!" exclaimed Lady Fubsy, standing up. "What are you going to do about it, Harry?"

Sir Harry Fubsy threw himself back in his chair and looked at Vrogue. The other's great pendulous lip had dropped, and he was regarding his host with an air of almost comic dismay.

"Inform the police, I suppose, eh, Vrogue?"

The other started. "At once," he replied promptly. "Essential formality. Devilish unpleasant business. There'll be an inquest, of course. Have they any special procedure on the island? You're under the Hants assizes, ain't you? Now, in the Channel Islands. . . ."

"Mr. Vrogue, you're delaying Sir Harry," Lady Fubsy's firm tones cut in.

"My dear lady, a thousand apologies. Come on, Fubsy, let's go and have a look at him." He pulled his huge frame out of his chair. "You coming too, Frankie?"

The major, his glass in his eye, was frowning down at the cards. He stood up. "Yes, of course," he answered slowly. He felt a light touch. His wife stood beside him. She had slipped her fingers under his arm. They left the room together behind the others.

AT THE open door in the front hall they came upon Dene talking to Gerry Leese. Freckles had collapsed forlornly into a chair.

". . . in a blue coat and flannels," the American was saying. "Fell off a yacht, I guess. His face and hands are all mauled up by the rocks."

"My dear Isobel!" Lady Fubsy's horrified exclamation rang through the hall. "What a state you're in! Go to

Continued on page 54

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 53

your room this instant and take off those wet clothes!"

"Yes, do run up and change, dear," said Alix. Lady Fubsy fussed the girl upstairs, but Alix remained behind.

The chauffeur joined the group. "I've brought the torch, Sir Harry," he said. "Shall I go with you?"

"Yes, come on, Jump! . . ."

Stumbling along in the gloom, the party descended the broad staircase out through the centre of the banked-up gardens and, following along the railings, passed through a swing-gate into a high rhododendron shrubbery. Before them a narrow path wound its way between the flowering bushes toward the sable bulk of Node Tower, breaking the skyline, and to the sea door, hidden in the trees, beyond it. As they hastened along, Sir Harry with a coat thrown over his shoulders, Gerry acquainted his host with the circumstances of the discovery. After finding the body he had sent Freckles back to the sea door, had scrambled himself over the wall and let her in.

The sea door stood wide. With Jump at his side to light the way Gerry took the lead. He brought the party out along the top of the rocks at the foot of the wall. A little way along something white fluttered from a glass shred on the coping.

"My handkerchief," he explained. "I fixed it up there to mark the spot. It's just here!" And he began to scramble down, the others in his wake.

And so they came to the dead man's body.

Sodden with wet, twisted into a dreadful, unnatural posture, it lay between two rocks like a straw-stuffed dummy cast up after a water carnival. The breast was on the sand, but the head was slightly turned so as to rest on the left ear. The left arm, doubled in under the trunk, was hidden from view. But the right was flung out, and the hand was torn and raw.

The man was hatless. His clothes were sopping, the blue coat green with slime about the back, the flannel trousers adhering to his thighs, disclosing the outline of massive legs. He wore buckskin shoes strapped with brown.

The body was caught between two jagged rocks at an acute angle to the wall above, the feet pointing to the sea. It looked as if it had been wedged into this cramped position by the tide. A streamer of amber-colored seaweed clung to one leg.

Sir Harry broke the silence.

"Strapping big fellow!" he commented. "Switch your light on his face, Jump!"

The chauffeur dropped on one knee and in the white radiance of the torch one side of the dead man's face appeared. Now they could discern the injuries of which Gerry had spoken. What they could see of the forehead was a red mass.

"Ain't been in the water long!" observed Jump.

"Raise his right sholder a trifle," Sir Harry bade the chauffeur. "Don't disturb him more than you need. Here, give me your torch. . . ."

His voice rasped with a strange hoarseness, and as he spoke he glanced over his shoulder at the three men, who stood, with impassive mein, erect behind him. In the reflected glimmer of the light Gerry remarked his unusual pallor.

Jump handed over the torch and, straddling the body, got his two hands under the dead man's shoulder, and heaved. Crouched down, Sir Harry craned forward, and for an instant, above the right temple, the dead man's hair shone crisply black in the beam's glare.

"The rocks caught him all right . . ."

Gerry began, but he was interrupted by a shocked whisper from his host.

"Merciful heaven!"

He swung around on his haunches. There was terror in his face.

"It's Stanismore!"

A small, cold hand folded itself about Frankie Barleston's and gripped it in a heartening squeeze. His eye caught the shimmer of jet in the gloom.

Slowly the chauffeur let the dead man's shoulder sink back into the ooze.

LIKE many another man of his class, Frankie Barleston was a victim of the change which the war brought in the social system of England. At Eton he proved to be one of those unteachables capable of absorbing little other than the principles of caste which were fully flogged into him; and if, when he left, he was neither less honest nor more vicious than his fellows, he was lacking in those gifts of character which the large fortune he was to inherit, as an only child, from his father, prevented him from ever acquiring.

He failed for Sandhurst (the British West Point) and crept into the army by the back door. His commission in the Hussars was not a year old when his father died. Then thirteen years of racing, polo, cards and acquisitive ladies at home and in the East accounted for the whole of his capital, and it was the discovery that a man of his expensive tastes could not subsist on his pay, as his colonel forcibly pointed out in a memorable interview, that led to his rather sudden retirement from the army.

THAT was in 1913. When, a twelvemonth later, war broke out, Frankie Barleston was penniless. But he was not at the end of his resources. Already he was living on his wits, as the saying goes, although he did not realize it; he called it "looking about him." He was excellent company, a good judge of a horse, a capital shot and a fine bridge player. Many country places were open to him. He had scores of friends anxious to include him in their shooting parties and glad to mount him in the hunting season. To pay his way, for railway fares, keepers' tips and the like, he relied on an odd deal over a race horse or a polo pony, but mainly on his winnings at cards. If his bridge was notable, at poker he was supreme. The blend of shrewdness and daring which the game demands accorded perfectly with a streak in his nature.

On the outbreak of war he went straight back to his old regiment. As a matter of course everybody—that is, all the younger men in the little circle which was Frankie Barleston's universe—departed "to have a crack at the Hun." When E battery fired Britain's first shot in the World War, he was out with the cavalry in front of Mons . . . and the disintegration of Frankie Barleston had begun. . . .

It was the whisky that did it. He was thirty-four years old and rather soft from good living. The ordeal of those first battles played havoc with his nerves. He turned naturally to the only stimulant he knew.

He had always drunk a good deal. Before the war men in his army set did. They lived hard, and they played hard; and their bodies, steeled by continual physical exercise, withstood the long succession of "pegs" all day, with port at odd intervals in between and always after dinner. Whisky was their stand-by, their comforter in affliction, counsellor in doubt, companion in loneliness. So Frankie turned to whisky. By the time he was sent home from Neuve Chapelle with a lump of shrapnel in the shoulder he was rationing himself to a bottle a day.

Alix often asked herself why she had married Frankie Barleston. She asked herself the question again as she lay in bed and watched the reluctant dawn graying in the sky. After the finding of the body they had made her go to her room. But she could not sleep. An hour before she had heard footsteps on the gravel beneath her window, and voices, and knew that the superintendent of police from Vanner had arrived. Her husband and Sir Harry were with him now. She wondered how Frankie was faring. She had a fleeting vision of the broken, frightened man who had confronted her in the dressing-room on the previous night. It was not easy to identify him with the gallant, eager figure of 1915.

In 1915 she was only twenty. Frankie, discharged from hospital, was doing duty with a reserve regiment of cavalry on the east coast. He and some of his brother officers were billeted at a country house belonging to friends of Mrs. Dalgleish, Alix's widowed mother, who, with her two daughters, lived in London.

Here, in due course, on a week-end filched from her work at the Censorship office, came Alix, to find herself immersed in an exhilarating atmosphere of war. There was a sentry at the lodge gates, khaki caps and greatcoats trailed about the hall, spurs jingled on the staircase and from the park, where the men lay under canvas, trumpet called to trumpet, musically.

Not a Jill in the Great War but had her Jack somewhere among the millions under arms. The enduring thrill of the epopee seemed to draw men and maids together. But, until she came down to Norfolk, Alix had escaped the enchantment. She had men friends at the front, boys mostly, of her own age, like Ronnie Dene, who wrote her cheery notes in indelible pencil about nothing at all, but she seemed to have missed all personal contact with the war itself. At least the romance of it had passed her by; nor did she discover it among the learned pedants with whom her working days were spent.

But it was lying in wait for her amid the autumn tints of the Fosters' park, between the tents of Frankie's squadron and the house. Against such a background Frankie Barleston was seen at his best. He was always a man's man, and in those days he was hardy, high-spirited and good-natured. His manners were charming, and his debonair air was laced with just such an engaging dash of high-and-mightiness as the British regular looks for in his officers. He was still slim, his breeches and boots were always beyond reproach, and, mounted on Bess, his black mare, he was the picture of carefree elegance. . . .

A gate clanged faintly in the grounds below. They were returning from the beach. Frankie would soon be coming up now. . . .

Why had she married him? Perhaps she had been first attracted because he stood out against the rather mixed company of his brother officers; perhaps because the merry blue eyes that used to twinkle at her had looked—fearlessly, men said—upon the carnage of Mons, the Marne and Ypres. And then his wound was but newly healed and in 1915 a wounded man was more of a hero than he was in later years.

HE CALLED on them at Kensington, where her uneventful girlhood had been spent, took her to theatres. She went out with him frequently. He never made love to her, but treated her always with a sort of bearish affection. She liked him because of his tremendous simplicity and because he appealed to her as might a boy who wants mothering. At that time it never struck her that he drank a good deal. Whisky appeared to produce no effect upon him. She never saw him anything but sober.

Then, suddenly, he was warned to return to France. They gave him a

Continued on page 89

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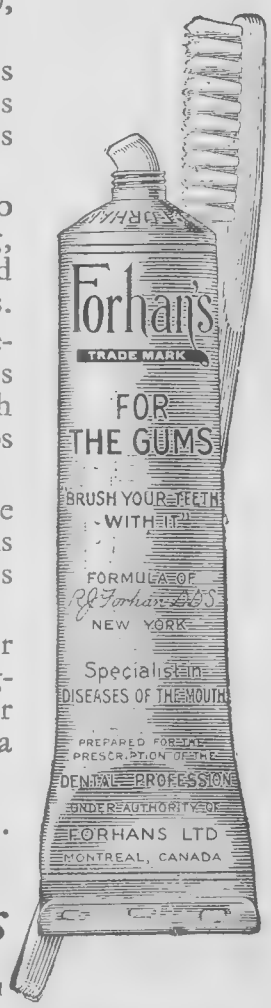

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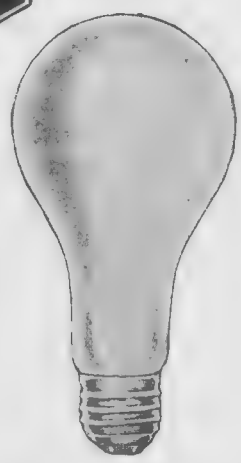
Its pearl-grey tint makes the lamp itself attractive in any surroundings.

Ask your dealer to let you see it 45



LACO MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Pedro, the Hot Tamale Man

By M. E. Dunbar

PEDRO GONZALEZ has the best hot-tamales in Juarez, and every day, rain or shine, you see him standing by his little two wheeled cart in front of O'Brien's Cafe, and whether the weather be hot or cold, you know that his hot-tamales are always good. He is a lonely forlorn old Mexican with a face full of wrinkles, and with wistful sad old eyes. He seems to always be waiting, waiting, and when you walk up to him and say, "A dozen, Pedro", giving him ten centavos, he is brought to earth with a start, and with an apologetic "Si Senor", he reaches his fork into the boiling can of hot grease and slowly counts out a dozen of the corn wrapped Mexican specials. Then you look amazed, because you see that only one arm manipulates the whole, dipping them out, wrapping in oiled paper, and tying them in the neat little parcel which he hands to you with a gracious "Senor gratis". Then you see that Pedro is accomplished, he has been serving you with one arm, but with much courtesy.

You hold the little parcel of greasy delicious hot-tamales under your arm and start to walk away. Then on the impulse you turn and see Pedro's soft black eyes looking questionably into yours, and you have spoken before you are aware. "How did you lose your arm Pedro, and how long have you peddled hot-tamales at this corner"?

"How did you lose your arm, Pedro?"

Pedro's old face softens, the eyes get young and they see far beyond you, on out to the golden sunset as it falls in a glowing ball over the Mexican hills, and even then they gaze into the distance. Business is quiet, Pedro's customers are much less than they used to be. Now the cock fight, bull fight, and Keno game are all that bring the rich American over the border. The Juarez Race Track is gone, and no more big betting is carried on in Juarez. So you have shown kindness to Old Pedro, you are an American, your heart is kinder than those of his race. Kindness isn't often shown to Old Pedro Gonzalez, The Hot Tamale Man, so he takes time between his odd customers to tell you his story. The sun sets, the twilight enfolds you, as you stand by the little two wheeled cart and hear why Pedro lost his arm, and why he has been selling hot-tamales for the past twenty years. The curious gaze of passers by do not fease you, and every thing is forgotten as you listen to Pedro's story. "Senor, me, Pedro Gonzalez, have not always been and old useless man, When me young, me strong and big, me have two good arm. Me peon, one good sheep-herder on el rancho de Don Carlos. For months Pedro live only with his sheep. Me see no man, but Pedro not lonesome, me velly happy. Me have my sheep, the star, and the hills. Pedro have much time to think in those day, and as me lay on my blanket under the starry sky, with my good dog Juan at my feet, Pedro tink some day me will have one fine rancho of my own, and not have no cruel boss like Don Carlos. Now Old Pedro look every night into the sky to find el star that shone on Old Pedro in dem happy day, but me no can find, Me tink they die like Pedro's heart.

"One day Senor," and he smiled with the happy memory, "One of Pedro's ewes had one little lamb. The tired little mother she lick it clean so it can bounce up like one white snow ball. But the little lamb, she no bounce up, but fall over on her side. The poor mother she bleat pitifully, an me answer her call. Pedro pick up the little lamb, his heart is heavy. El nino lamb she no have four leg, she have only three. But Senor, how Pedro learn to love that little lamb! Me name her Marcheta. Every day me cally her in Pedro's arm, and the soft eyed little mother, she trot happy by my side. She know Pedro no let harm come to her baby. When me lay down on the blanket under the star, the little Marcheta she sleep close to Pedro's side. So the day she go by like one big hurry, and Pedro velly happy. All for Marcheta. Then Pedro grow sad to think that soon he will take the sheep back to Don Carlos' rancho.

"One summer night," and Pedro gazed above into the sky, "those other star him shine so bright, and Marcheta, she fast asleep by my side on the blanket, The camp-fire she was bright, but Pedro velly restless, me no find good sleep. So me look at the moon an me know when she fall away down the other side of the big prairie me start my sheep up the hill for another day, to find new grass to eat.

Then my blood she turn cold and Pedro's ear hear the sound that bring terror to poor Old Pedro s heart yet. The rattlesnake that kill much of Pedro's lambs is singing near my blanket. It sounds near Pedro's ear next the fire, but me know the rascal. He fooling Pedro. He not on my side at all he near my Marcheta.

"Would Pedro let his little Marcheta be stung by el horrid rattler? No, No! Pedro die first, he only one poor sheep-herder. So Pedro reach out his arm quick and hug Marcheta close to his side. That the only way. Then two sharp needle she stick far into Pedros arm, an he know he has got what the little Marcheta would have had. He velly happy. Pedro no lay there he jump up quick and by the light of them bright star he see that rattler coiled in the sand, and he was one big snake. Pedro make a dive for the head, an the snake him strike again, but Pedro is wise, he has seen too many rattlers, in his day. Pedro jump to the side, the snake he strike straight. Then me grab him by the neck. He try to wrap his scally body about Pedro, but me young den an no snake master Pedro. Me take my zerape from Pedro's pocket and wave it in the small wicked eye. He do what Pedro want, he strike. The cruel fang that sink into Poor Pedro's arm, she hang in the zerape. Pedro give one big jerk, and rip them out to the root, with their green wicked poison. They never strike again. Then Pedro cut off the rattlers, thirteen she was, and me sling that bad snake away into the night.

Then Pedro take el dagger from his pocket, he cut that sleeve away and there in his arm two bright red places she began to show. Pedro cut one across with that dagger and hold that arm to his mouth. He suck out that poison. He never forget the taste to this day yet.

This save Pedro's life, for that was one big snake with much big poison. But el arm she swell and was much sore. The next day early me cally Marcheta the same Pedro use his bad arm, el sun she shine much on that day. By night Pedro can't care for Marcheta, and his flock she was restless. The sheep, she know Pedro not the same. He not many miles from Don Carlos' rancho, so he leave his dog Juan with the sheep and start for el rancho.

The way seem very long and rough to Pedro, he feel an old man, and el star she seem to be velly dim. But Pedro, he know every stone so he stumble on, but that poor poor arm. Pedro tink he will die. When the sun peep over the hill, Pedro see el rancho in the valley, but the arm so bad Pedro tink she will drop off. He get down an rest, then up again. He many days getting to el rancho. He reach the door and fall dead against it.

Pedro wake up to find Don Carlos, the boss, standing by his blanket. He in a small adobe house behind the ranch. Don Carlos tell him he been velly sick for many day, and that Pedro's arm, she been taken off. Then Don Carlos laugh and show his white teeth. Pedro hate them, as cruel as the rattler that sent old Pedro away from his Marcheta. Then Don Carlos say, "The wolves have

Continued on page 65

Why! A Garden?

By John A. Morris

SHOULD every farm, town and city dwelling have a garden, particularly of flowers?

On the farm owing to our seasons it seems more difficult to beget enthusiasm for the planting and care of flowers. So much has to be crowded into the day's work when spring rushes in on our western prairie land that there is barely time for what is considered the necessary tasks, much less for flower gardening, which unfortunately has hitherto been looked upon as a mere fad or fancy.

We may well ask, does the lack of flowers on so many of our farms, account in a measure for the evident desire of the younger generation leaving the land and the pursuit of agriculture?

This is surely worth a thought. A garden of flowers has a sentimental value which cannot be measured in mere terms of dollars and cents, and life without sentiment is drab, colorless and uninspiring.

REGARDING the individual what effect may be substituted even after an arduous day's toil in factory, office or field, for a short time spent in the garden amongst flowers? What can bring one more into tune with the Infinite than to lovingly care for these, probably the greatest of all gifts to humanity. The world is full of unrest, discontent and dissatisfaction. International, national, civic—nation against nation, class against class—individuals against each other. Nothing but turmoil, uncertainty, upheaval.

A garden stands for tranquility, order, peacefulness. Here there can be no hustling or hurry, none of the commonly accepted and over-wrought phrases of commercial activity find a place here. "Snappy," "service" and such like epithets are out of their element in a garden of flowers. The age old promise "While the earth remaineth seedtime and harvest, summer and winter shall not fail," is the natural sequence of events—instead of fretfulness and feverish anxiety it is rather "in patience we must possess our souls." But in the fulness of time we reap and rejoice in the marvellous fertiliy of our wonderful land if we faint not nor become weary.

Flowers—harbingers of peace and contentment

Let a number of people foregather, especially if they are past middle age and ask them what is their earliest recollection. Is it not the cherished memory of the old home garden in the majority of cases and even yet they can still visualize the old fashioned favorite flowers of their childhood. How many of our readers will recognize more readily that charming flower which means "Thoughts of you" under its commonly accepted name than what our forebears were wont to so lovingly term in "Heartsease."

Should we assume that if the majority, if not all of our farm homes, had flower gardens that their influence would reach beneficially on the growers and their families.

Is it common custom when offering a farm for sale to lay stress on the fact that it possesses a well laid out garden stocked with perennial flowers, shrubs, etc.

For the town and city dweller though his area would of necessity be more circumscribed than those on the farm, there is no gainsaying the fact that a garden is not only healthful but helpful. Flower gardens are alike beneficial whether in city, town or country, not only to the individual but the community in general.

Tickle the earth with a hoe and it laughs back with a harvest, can be applied more aptly and truthfully to our beloved western land than almost any other spot in the whole universe.

By cultivating our gardens and sowing them to flowers we retard the growth and spread of weeds and in this manner render a real service to the community at large.

What a commendation when enquiring to locate a friend in city, town or country to be informed that one may easily recognize their home by the flowers they grow.

The home or house with the lovely garden. Is not this worth striving for?

THEN again we humans are nothing if not imitative. Let one person in any street, district or settlement start to grow flowers and very soon the same desire will be apparent throughout the community.

Garden cities and flower cities we know and read of, were not accomplished

Continued from page 99

Now . . . your senses say

CLEAN

This modern dentifrice brings a new cleanness you can taste and feel

ONE minute after using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, your senses tell you that your teeth are clean—your mouth pure—your breath wholesome.

The touch of your tongue against the back of your teeth, the feel of your lips against the front of your teeth, a glance in a mirror—all leave a brisk, refreshing consciousness of being *clean*.

WASHES TEETH REALLY CLEAN

Modern mouth hygiene calls for a cleansing, washing action. Colgate's works on this principle. That is why more men and women are buying it than any other dentifrice.

The moment it is brushed in moisture, Colgate's expands into a delicious, snow-white foam. It washes thoroughly. It washes clean. It polishes. It protects. Simply because of utter cleanness it removes the causes of disease and decay.

Physicians and dentists give no drugs to well people. They frown on self-medication. "Complete cleanliness," says science, "and you need not fear imaginary afflictions of teeth, mouth or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans, and cleans *evidently*. And that is all any normal, healthy person with a normal, healthy mouth needs or wants.

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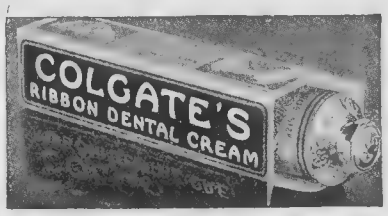
Colgate & Co. EST. 1806—NEW YORK



Free to the readers of this publication— a sample of the dentifrice most people use.

COLGATE & CO., LIMITED
95 St. Ambroise Street,
MONTREAL

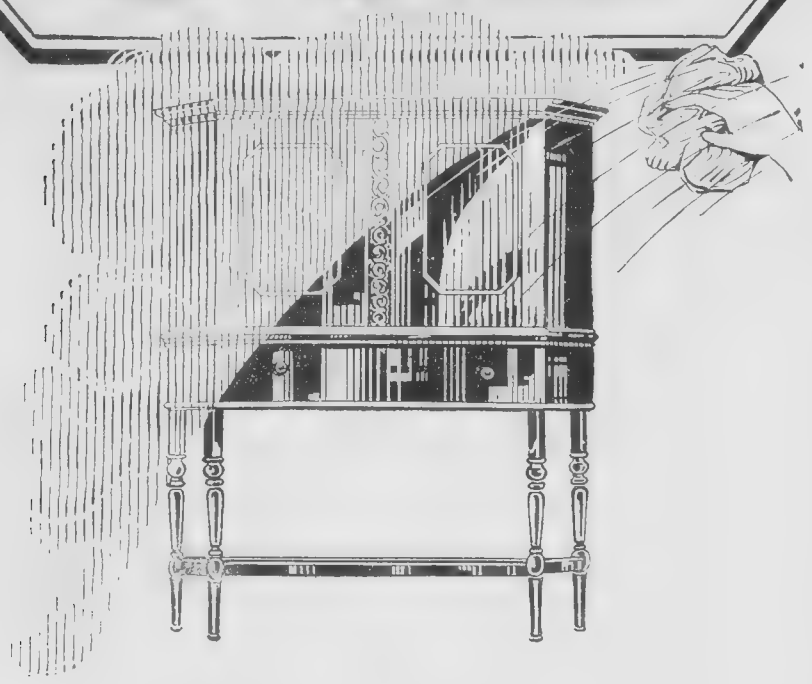
Send me a sample of the dental cream most people are using.

Name.. .....

Address .....

City ... Province ... .

O-Cedar Polish



Clears Away that "Blue Fog of Dullness"

O-Cedar Gives New Life and Freshness to Furniture

PERHAPS you think your furniture is as clean as it could be. Just to satisfy yourself give it the O-Cedar Polish treatment.

Apply this liquid beautifier—just a little of it on a damp cloth. Then rub briskly with a dry cloth. The result will astonish you. That "blue fog of dullness" disappears. No cleaning you ever did uncovered such beauty before.

Get a bottle of O-Cedar Polish today. Use it regularly, and your furniture will always glow with freshness and charm.

For daily dusting, use a few drops on your dust-cloth.

Sold at Hardware, Grocery and Departmental stores everywhere, with a money back guarantee. In 25c to $3.50 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED
TORONTO

Federated Women's Institutes

Alberta Notes

By Elizabeth Bailey Price.

Brooks gave a dance in aid of the Boy Scouts, this making $15.00.

Galahad made the sum of $50.00 at a chicken supper and out of this voted $35.00 to the school gymnasium.

Peace River is arranging a play in order to raise funds to send a child to Edmonton for special eye treatment.

Sibbald gave a play and dance, the proceeds $106.00 to be used for beautifying the cemetery.

Lacombe with the assistance of W.I's, and other organizations in the district is maintaining a rest room in the Royal Bank Building.

Ft. McMurray sees during the winter months that the children are supplied with hot drinks during the noon hour at school.

Langdon members have been making a scrap book of W.I. activities a prize to be given the best one.

Cardston members finished fourteen good looking hats a recent millinery course.

Beaver Mines has finished paying for community hall.

Ryley is working for a community hall.

Lockhart had a miscellaneous shower for the hospital, and given $50.00 to the minister's salary.

Medicine Hat is running a successful women's exchange where country women send hand work to be sold.

Grand Prairie has donated a year's subscription to the National Geographic to the school, also has helped needy families in the district.

Westlock has purchased an eighteen gallon bubble fountain for the consolidated School.

Munson has made all arrangements for the annual oration contest which will be held March 5th. This branch also is having honor rolls of the successful Grade VIII pupils hung in the three schools of the district.

Redlandview has donated $25.00 to the Vulcan Rest room and is planning to install a telephone in the Red Cross school.

Standard is starting a children's library by getting discarded books from the Calgary Public Library.

Buffalo View is purchasing new curtains for the school.

Argyle (Alliance) will scour the district in order to get names of women who will act as "home helpers" and be available in emergencies.

Westward Ho sponsored a clinic when fifteen children of members were inoculated with diptheria anti toxine.

Irvine is offering $5.00 in prizes for a health poster competition.

Harmattan has put on an essay contest in the school on "The Ideal Citizen", three prizes to be given.

Jasper is interested in the making out of the prize list of the next annual fair.

Leedale has donated a flag to the Leedale school.

Gadsy members are writing a serial story.

Kimmiwan (McClennan) sponsored a very successful baby clinic, when the babies of the town were examined medically, and also the school children.

Lundbreck celebrated Canadian book week by presenting to the school a set of Canadian History Readers which have just been written by Miss D. J. Dickie of Calgary.

Bindloss held a shower for the Empress hospital recently.

Strathmore is working for a rest room the town having also voted $100.00 to this.

Queenstown W.I. members have placed a cairn of stones at Blackfoot Crossing, near Cluny, where the last treaty was signed, with the plains Indians.

Verdant Valley arranged special graduation exercises for the successful Grade VIII pupils.

Manitoba

Crystal City the first meeting for 1927 took the form of an "At Home" to the ladies of the community, about seventy-five attending. Community singing opened with "It's a good thing to get acquainted". This was followed by a short program of music and readings with a group contest. A social hour was spent and the ladies were invited to become members of our Institute or to attend the meetings as guests. Noted Canadian Women to be studied in 1927 with current events for roll call.

Ellenville: In January a darning contest was held; 1st and 2nd prizes awarded to the best darners. Two social evenings were held in January and another on the 8th of February, at which a collection was taken to help furnish the new wing at Grace Hospital Winnipeg. The Temperance Association was assisted by getting 23 names for their petition.

British Columbia

The regular monthly meeting of the Robson W.I. was held at Mrs. Fowler's home, on Wednesday, February 9. There were 12 members and 7 visitors present. The President, Mrs. Miller opened the meeting with the usual Institute Ode. During the business session the members decided to have tables, seats and a stove placed on the camping grounds near the wharf, for the use of tourists.

Mrs. J. Webster sang "Absent" in her usual pleasing manner. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ballard. Mrs. Squires then gave a most interesting paper and talk on "Flowers in my Garden". Mrs. Squires having "Flowers" for her particular "hobby" was able from experience to give some very beneficial hints on how to plant and take care of flowers. Tulips, Gladiolas and 'Mums being her favorites.

She gave a little packet of Aster seeds to each one present. This was much appreciated by all. The roll call was responded to by name of favorite flower.

Mrs. Norman assisted Mrs. Fowler in serving delicious refreshments.

Saskatchewan

Cleeves members in spite of the cold weather, have met regularly and spent considsrable time tying quilts. They are considering ways of helping the Institute for the Blind at Winnipeg.

Colleston Homemakers, Club has enjoyed papers on the Homestead Act by Mrs. Morton, League of Nations, Mrs. Phelps, Vegetable Dyeing, Mrs. C. H. Morton, Pneumonia Care, Mrs. Knox, Text Book Supply, Mrs. A. McKay, Cancer Mrs. Knox, Health of School Children, Mrs. B. Reid. The sum of $10.00 was voted to the Women's Christian Temperance Union Hospital in Saskatoon.

Punnichy Homemakers' Club have sent a box of clothing to a needy family and distributed sunshine to those in sick or in trouble.

Superb arranged a sale of goods for the Blind Institute at Winnipeg. The members are putting on a play, and have voted money to the W.C.T.W. hospital in Saskatoon.

Summerberry spent some of the money earned in a recent bazaar in dishes for community use.

White Heather Homemakers met in Govan recently, and devoted the time of the meeting to a study of Kipling. Papers on his life and writings were given by Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Millard.

Pleasantville plans to start a home nursing class in the near future, the classes to be held in Shellbrook. It will be conducted by the local doctor.

Leslie Homemakers have taken out a membership in the Canadian Council of Child Welfare in order to keep in touch with the literature distributed from there.

West Home members are making a quilt for a bachelor of the district who is hard up.

Maymont club enjoyed a demonstration on the making of paper chrysanthemums by Mrs. R. F. Johnston recently.

Stewart Valley took in $125.40 at a recent bazaar and will if necessary vote money to the rest room at Swift Current.

Henribourg Homemakers Club is giving a card party in aid of the Junior Red Cross This club is approaching the C.N.R. re a community doctor.

Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Club Convention

WOULD you know something of the Women's Institute Girls' Club Convention in Jasper last summer? Then come with me that you may have glimpses of us there at work and play, boarding the train with us at Edmonton and off to bed at once so that you may be astir in good time in the morning. Rouse yourself from a restful sleep twixt the snowy sheets of a berth in a swiftly moving train. You yawn, stretch, sit upright, and suddenly remember that you are one of a party of W. I. girls enroute for Jasper Park. Never did you dress so quickly. In almost no time you are arrayed in that new hiking suit, tie neatly pinned in place, hair brushed, nose powdered, and all ready for anything the day may bring.

As you hasten down the aisle in search of some friend you have met the day before, you notice the bouyant spirit of the whole party. Many are bobbing around and chattering like magpies of the many things they are going to enjoy while in camp; other sit quietly by the windows drinking in the wonderful natural beauty of these majestic mountains, watching intently lest one inch of grandeur should escape them.

The train speeds on and soon pulls in to a little town with low buildings of log or of stone and Jasper is announced. You don't know how you got off the train, but here you are on the platform along with sixty-nine other girls and one lone man.

How smoothly the cars glide over the beautiful winding road and all too soon you are at the camp. A man standing on the verandah of a small log building proclaims the hour for breakfast. Dear me! you had forgotten that you had no breakfast, but the odour of hot cakes and bacon which issues forth from the dining room door brings pangs of hunger and with the party you hurry into the dining room. As you are finishing your second cup of coffee you notice that the one lone man, who seemed to be quite at home on the station platform, is missing at breakfast. You become alarmed but your righthand neighbour hastens to tell you that Mr. MacAllister of the Extension Department of Alberta, who will be with the party in all its adventures, is at present scouting the locality in search of a convenient spot for our sessions. "Our morning session begins in ten minutes" she continues "and woe betide anyone who comes in late". With this warning still ringing in your ears you hasten to the tent which has been allotted to you and four other girls, hunt out your suit case, turn everything out in your haste to find your note book and pencil which you thoughtlessly packed in the bottom. These essentials secured, you bolt out of the tent door to see the last of the party disappearing from view around a sharp bend in the road. You catch up just as the main body has turned off the road and is going down a little descent toward the level of the lake. About six rods from the road and only a few yards from the water's edge the girls begin finding seats. Everything is so novel you decide to sit at the back and look things over.

Straight ahead seated at a rustic table is Miss Page, the President, in her right hand is the gavel, her eyes are on her watch. Beside her sits the secretary, her books open, pen in hand. Miss Noble is seated farther to the right. She, too, is watching the long hand on her wrist watch. Behind this group flutters a white pennant, bearing the design you have noticed on the little pin so many of the girls are wearing, together with the letters "W.I.G.C." in green. In the shade of the tall trees the girls, with pens and notebooks in hand, are seated in a semi-circle facing the "Stage", beyond which Lake Edith, serene and calm, smiles at you. Farther off with their giant heights mirrored in the lake's blue depths in that majestic group of mountains known as the Sawtooth Ridge. Your gaze follows along it until it rests upon Old Man Mountain. The stern features of the Old Man seem soft today. You wonder if he is pleased that the girls from over all Alberta have met at his very feet to discuss their problems. You listen. Over your head chatters a chipmunk and at your feet is the soft musical swish of the water as it beats against the bank. In your mind's eye you see Pauline Johnson and you softly repeat:—

Continued on page 60

THE OPEN DOOR TO THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Through the medium of the EATON Buying Organization, our new Spring Catalogue opens the doors of the world's markets to you. Replete with suggestions for Furnishings and Wearing Apparel for every home and family in Western Canada, this big book is now ready for our customers, and will be sent free on request.

If you have not already received your copy, send us your name and address—a postcard will do—and we will mail this big book of good values by return. ***WRITE TODAY***

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

COLLECTION "A"—Annuals

One full size packet of each of the following:

Alyssum, Dwarf White.
Asters, Fine Mixed.
Bachelor's Button, Assorted Colors.
California Poppy, Fine Mixed.
Cosmos, White, Pink, Crimson.
Mignonette, Sweet.
Petunia, Single and Double Mixed.
Poppy, Shirley, Fine Mixed.
Stocks, Double, Ten Mixed.
Snapdragon, Crimson, Yellow.
Zinnia, Dahlia Flowered, Mixed.

COLLECTION "B"

SPENCER SWEET PEAS (Very Best Varieties)

One regular size packet of each of the following:

Hawlmark, Deep Pink.
Barbara, Salmon, Orange.
Crimson King.
Austin Frederick, Lavender.
Mrs. Thos. Jones, Deep Blue.
Warrior, Reddish Maroon.

SPECIAL SPRING OFFER!

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (For One Year)
and
THE FREE PRESS PRAIRIE FARMER (For One Year)
and
COLLECTION OF FLOWER SEEDS

ALL FOR $1.25

These two favorite publications for one year and your choice of either of the seed collections. You will surely want to take advantage of this big bargain, hence the coupon below for your convenience.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose $1.25 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Seed Collection . . . . . .

Name . . . . . .

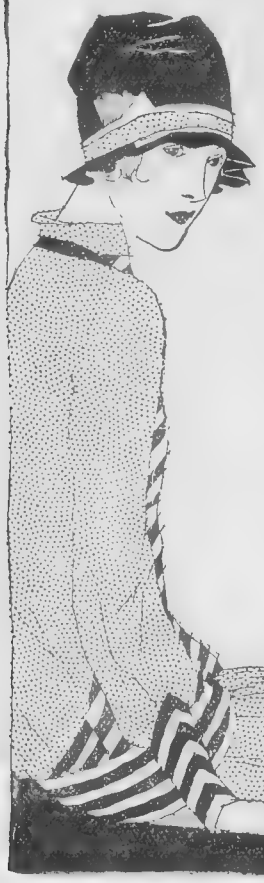
Address . . . . . .

Modern Women Need the Modern Dye

Up-to-date women enjoy home dyeing by the wonderfully clean, successful methods of SUNSET—the real dye in cake form.

SUNSET is *fast*—boiled in, the only way to make home dye fast. Colours are brilliant and penetrating. Cotton, silk, wool or mixed goods dyed same shade at same time. No need to take garments apart, work over buttonholes, etc., when you use

SUNSET *Soap* DYES



Material dyed with SUNSET looks like new because SUNSET preserves the finish on cotton and wool, the sheen on silk; and cleans as it dyes. There's no re-dyed look.

SUNSET is safe; no acids used to set colours, just ordinary table salt. SUNSET does not stain hands or spoil utensils. Insist on SUNSET—there's only one SUNSET and it's different from any other dye. It is patented!

SUNSET colours can be combined to produce all the fashionable shades. It tells how in the SUNSET "Season's Colours" folder. Free where you buy SUNSET. If your dealer hasn't SUNSET ask him to get it for you. Or send to us direct. 15 cents per cake, postage prepaid.

SUNSET—the real dye—is made in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, Ltd.
Dept. 102 Toronto

Sales Representatives for Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

AT YOUR DEALERS 15c
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When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Alberta Womens' Institute Girls' Club Convention

Continued from page 59

"My paddle will lull you into rest
O drowsy wind of the drowsy West,
Dip, dip."

But you are awakened from your sweet reveries by the stirring words "O Canada, we stand on guard for thee". You stand and with the others pledge heart and hand to "Home and Country" and your best interests to the work of the Women's Institute Girls' Club.

Miss Page begins. You are at once struck with her sweet appearance and winning manner. As you listen to her words of wisdom and carefully thought-out ideas you say in the words of Shylock, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks?" Mrs. Huyck is next introduced. "Why the loud applause?" you ask the girl in front of you. She explains, "Never before has the Women's Institute been able to send their President to a camp convention. We feel honoured that they have sent her this year, but Mrs. Huyck is speaking. You resume your former position and listen with interest.

Reports of the Club activities follow until the gong announces the hour of the mid-day meal and the meeting is adjourned. Chatter begins and merry laughter. Your new friend taps you on the shoulder, "Beat you back to camp", she challenges, and away you go followed by a dozen others who have an over supply of energy due to the morning's inactivity.

After dinner as you sit in the tent collecting a few notes from the morning session, a girl, bright-eyed and rosy, with straight black hair, dashes into your tent. "All ready for the hike to Maligne Canyon?" You ask how far it is, but she is gone like the messenger with his fiery cross. Maligne Canyon! Why you have never seen a canyon, nothing more than the pictures in the New Canadian Geography. Of course you will go. What matters the distance? You apply a generous amount of cold cream to hands and face to protect them from the burning sun, take off any unnecessary clothing, don your big hat and are just going out at the door when the black-haired girl is back with nine others. "Now" she explains breathlessly, "I have you all. You see I am the leader of this group and am responsible for your conduct and safety while on this hike or any other hike taken while here. So stay with your leader girls and take no chances in dangerous places. Mr. MacAllister, Miss Noble, and the officers will have an eye on us too." "Let's be first group on the hike" you hear a tall athletic girl exclaim. "Mr. MacAllister tells most interesting things about the geology and flora of the park and we'll hear every word". Away you all go followed by the other groups.

About four hours later you round the last bend in the road on your return and Lake Edith Camp is in sight. The whole party is quieter now. The step is slower but in case some one should think you are fagged you try a sprint in the last few rods. Not to be outdone others in your group chase you. You know it is all pretence, your pep is gone.

Eight o'clock finds you in bed. Your tent companions beg you to stay up for the big camp fire and weiner roast but you decide to tie up the curtains of your tent and be silent onlooker.

THE girls gone, you review the pictures which you have this day hung in memory's hall. You wonder which you like best. By that little tea-room the river was broad and the water churned its way over mighty boulders. Farther down the canyon narrowed and the water was hurled with terrific force down the cavernous depths 200 feet below the bridge on which you stood. There was the picture of the Turkish Bath and Rainbow. They are all so wonderful! The roar of the canyon is still in your ears. You will take it home with you. The blaze of the camp fire catches your eye. The clear notes of a flute and the music of sweet voices is wafted to you. Your eyes softly close. Your cheeks are fanned by the cool breeze, voices and girlish laughter become indistinct, you are slowly drifting to sleep, restful sleep that is known only to youth.

Dong! Dong!! Dong!!!, You wake with a start to find it broad day. "Whatever is that noise?" you cry in alarm as you spring to your feet. "Oh! that must be Miss Noble at the gong" explains your little bed-fellow, "nobody but Miss Noble rings the bell like that." You dress as quickly as possible and with toilet articles in hand rush to the lake, a really good sized bathroom. You find fifty girls busy with the work of the toilet. You note that their old bouyant spirit has returned with the new day, their heels may be blistered, their necks burned, but everyone is fine.

At ten o'clock again you are seated at the base of the big spruce tree. The swish of the water is at your feet; the chipmunk is chattering overhead, and the second business session is in progress. Miss Noble has just finished her talk on Character Culture and you jot down in your note book the points she emphasized, Know yourself, Be yourself, Give yourself.

Many speakers follow. Hon. George Hoadly assures of his interest in the work of the W.I.G.C. and the support of his Department. Mr. MacAllister takes you back to early days with romances of the Jasper trail. Miss MacMillan gives you valuable hints on reporting. The directors each make a plea for more clubs in each district that a feeling of co-operation and unity may exist. Mrs. Byrtha L. Stavert, of Calgary suggested that the girls through their programmes, find vocations and that each girl have a hobby which she can commercialize. The dinner gong sounds, the meeting is adjourned, and you hike back to camp to do justice to the splendid dinner served by the "Y" staff.

About two o'clock the camp is a lively scene. Seventy girls, cameras in hand, are waiting to begin the drive to Ghost Glacier. The hum of cars is heard, the first car appears, the others follow. In short time all are comfortably seated and amid a chorus of goodbyes, merry laughter and snarches of song, the cars hum their way to Mount Edith Cavel. Over bridges, past clear sparkling lakes, by mighty canyons you fly and soon begin the steep ascent. Carefully, very carefully you climb up and in time alight safely at the terminal of the auto road. You are beginning to feel quite chilly now and are glad of the brisk walk to the glacier. Single file along an easy footpath skirted by stunted shrubbery you go and in half an hour arrive at the glacier.

Exclamations of delight arise from all sides as the girls scramble upon its glistening surface. Beneath your feet are tiny rivulets furrowed by the scorching July sun. You stoop and drink, how pure and refreshing the water is. You hurry on. Just before you yawns a huge crevasse, lying flat you carefully peer down into its depths. It reminds you of stories you have read and shuddering, you retreat. What are those girls on your left admiring? You go over and there nestles a little lake cold and clear in its jade green depths. Above you stretches Ghost Glacier on either side of which stand perpendicular cliffs. As you stand there entranced, the majesty of the scene grips you and you feel small, Oh! so small and humble. The talking ceases, laughter dies away, a feeling of awe comes over you. You feel as you have when standing in some vast empty church, alone—alone with God. A tap on your shoulder and the voice of your guide serves to remind you that time is fleeting. The other girls are on their way back to the cars, so with a one parting glance to print still deeper the dazzling loveliness of the scene you reluctantly follow your guide.

Seven o'clock finds your entire party seated at long tables in a rustic sun porch at Jasper Park Lodge. You are at a real banquet. How your heart thumps with excitement. You older sisters have told of their college banquets but they are not to be compared with this. You are looking out across that charming bit of water, Lake Beauvert. The descending sun is throwing most gorgeous hues upon the mountain cliffs. The girls, refreshed by a dip after their long ride, and looking very dainty and sweet in soft dresses of blues, greens, and rose, are keeping up a perfect babble of conversation. There is the dance to follow and you will be allowed to wander at will through the beautiful Lodge. At twelve o'clock the car will call for you and like Cinderella you will leave the fairy castle. A waiter arrives with your salad and you leave off meditating to join in the merry making.

A Dream City

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

ONE of the greatest tragedies in the settling of the West has been the exploitations of its townsites. North of Edmonton, shortly before the Great War, when the railroad was being built, five of these were placed on the market and town lots sold. As yet two of them are only villages and others are just what they always were—trading posts. Dunvegan, a beautiful spot on the Peace River, was one of these.

We came upon Dunvegan at sunset, in the autumn time. Dunvegan in the heart of the Peace River Valley. We had motored over from a place called Spirit River, a ghostly, bare village, named from a dried up river bed a place where all that day the wearying winds of the prairie around whistled and howled and revelled in clouds of dust. We had been racing along with that mad wind, when, suddenly, we came upon a valley, scudded down the immense hill into the silence, the calm, the beauty of Dunvegan on the Peace.

Rev. Father Grouard

All about us the roseate sunset mists of Indian summer lingered lovingly on the gold-leafed poplars, set in reliefs of the dark deep greens of the spruce and firs.

Across the river we glimpsed the little log mission church, built over half a century ago by Father Grouard, one of the great pioneer missionaries of the North. With his own hands he had cut the logs, and built the church. When finished with this rough work, those same hands took the artist's brush and painted the pictures of Christ on moosehide above the altar. He then willed that the door was to be forever left unlatched and there it is to this day. All are welcome. Truly the spirit of this humble missionary was the spirit of the Great Master Himself, who went among the poor and needy and was a carpenter. We could see too, the square, white-washed log buildings of the Hudson's Bay post. The only sign of life was the ferry that was slowly crossing toward us. That was and is Dunvegan.

But Dunvegan had its dreams. It was to be the great city of the North. The railway had been named after it. Its history would be the blending of the old and the new. It would be chronicled in the records of the Hudson's Bay, the missions and the Indians. It would have first place in the new north and would be a great name in the industrial development of a new country.

It would be more than a place, where the ferry crossed or the river boats stopped just long enough on their trips "down north" or "up south" to wood up. It would be the great outlet through which the yet untapped treasures of the vast hinterland would, by ship and rail, be poured into the world. It was to be a great city.

Its townsite, was put on the market. Its magnificent hills around were staked out in lots and sold up and over the river banks for three miles, as far as the little government telegraph office. This was a busy place too, busy with queries from lot owners all over the country, who were eager to know if their land was near the theatre or school, or was it level or near the business centre?

But the bubble burst! The railway changed its route. It was only a dream, a tradgey pointed out to every casual traveller. It is even as some old man, who has dreamed great dreams, has almost seen them come true. Then the dreams faded leaving only memories.

The reason golf is gaining such popularity is because men have to have something to chase.

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The House of Brick

Continued from page 32

gives the mortar pattern of the wall and the width, depth and color of the joint determines the strength or visibility which the pattern is to have. We are just beginning in this country to recover from the tin brick effect of the invisibly jointed all-stretcher wall. The time has passed when the mortar joint is regarded as an unwelcome necessity. Modern art has shown that mortar can be made a valuable ally in attaining the ultimate object—beauty. With these units of many colors they create a surface which has the splendour of a skilfully woven fabric. The bonding together of brick permits of varied effects in what is called "texture." With the increasing attention to the bonding pattern came a realization that the color, width and profile of the mortar joint had a vital part to play in the appearance of the brick wall, so that the jointing should be well studied.

In selecting the brick for this house there is no fixed color. The local products could be used if they pass the tests of color, texture and strength which are of prime consideration. Texture in the brick walls require a selection of the individual brick, and its degree of exactness in surface of vertical and horizontal lines. If the house is close to the street a pressed delicately surfaced brick laid with a white close joint would be the choice. If the lot is large and the house is to be placed back from the street you would want a wall with a rich play of light and shade. In this case use a rough hand made brick laid with wide weathered joints.

The gable parapet is laid with header brick in cement mortar, with a small projection of one half an inch. The cement mortar should always be used carefully and kept back from the face of the wall on account of the tendency to stain.

The quaintness and scale of the building is shown by the arches over the windows which are built of header brick, with a key of stretchers. Over the sun room above the arches, the brickwork is supported and tied by steel lintels. The steps should be hard burned almost a clinker brick laid in cement. The roof has wide thick shingles and in its color it will depend upon the color of the brick selected. With a reddish brown brick with a weathered white joint which is what the design calls for, the roof could be stained a mellow green. In selecting a green avoid the blue greens. With rough yellow bricks, one of the variegated stains in browns and reds would look well. Beautiful stains are now manufactured from which can be selected combinations to harmonize with any shade of brickwork. It should be noted that in this design startling contrasts should be avoided. It calls for a comfortable quiet tone to express its purpose as a home.

AS windows belong primarily to the inside of the home it is there they should be first thought of. In fact the outside of any house is only the logical outcome of the plan. The purpose must dictate the plan, and it is because of the adherence to this principle that the great buildings of the world differ from each other. The Taj Mahal, the Parthenon, Giotto's Campanile and St. Peter's at Rome, have little in common so far as plan is concerned because all had to serve a different purpose, and that purpose governed the design of the exterior.

So we must enter the house to consider the windows. Anything that they have done to influence the exterior architecture of the house, and no one thing has done more, has been because somebody forgotten ages ago wanted daylight, air and a view. Ever since they have been assuming greater importance as a part of the decoration of the outside walls until now their first excuse for existence seems in some danger of being forgotten. So that when the subject of windows comes up—daylight—air—and a view, are good things to remember. There is always a temptation to have too many windows and have them too large. We try to get more sunlight, air and view than we can actually use and consequently spend our indoor days behind half drawn shades. The chances are that you will find the house with well proportioned windows, if the window shades and drapes are used intelligently to be just as pleasant in every way as the one with great awkward windows, windows which seem to expose the naked soul of the house to the streets gaze.

In the choice of the style of windows, generally speaking there is very little difference between the double hung window and the casement type in matters of comparative beauty and convenience if both are well made and installed properly. In the brickwork, a windbreak should always extend from the frame into the brick to avoid a direct joint between the bricks and the wood frames, and in the manufacture of the frames provision should be made for the proper rabbets for the storm sash and fly screens. The double hung sash has a certain dignity, the casement sash is more picturesque. There is always a stateliness about a house or room in the classical style which suggests the use of a flat sliding window, just as there is a liveliness in the English vernacular styles, a romantic aspect to Tudor rooms, and a quaintness for which the flair and variety of the casement seems best suited. The casement window opening in or out requires a somewhat different treatment to the double hung window.

Naturally double hung windows are more easily fitted than casements, and in the design double windows are shown, although if good casement windows with proper weather strip could be obtained they might add to the appearance.

In the windows first task, that of letting in the daylight, there is a chance to use some discretion. The thought of a room flooded with sunlight is a pleasant one, but the actuality is apt to seem too glaring at times, for the effect of too much direct light is very trying on the eye. The color and intensity of the light that comes through the windows is controlled by curtains and hangings. In other words, the side draperies are used primary to frame and soften the light area. The sash curtains to diffuse and color it.

When it comes to the part the windows have in ventilation one should be very exact in requiring that they open and close with the minimum of effort.

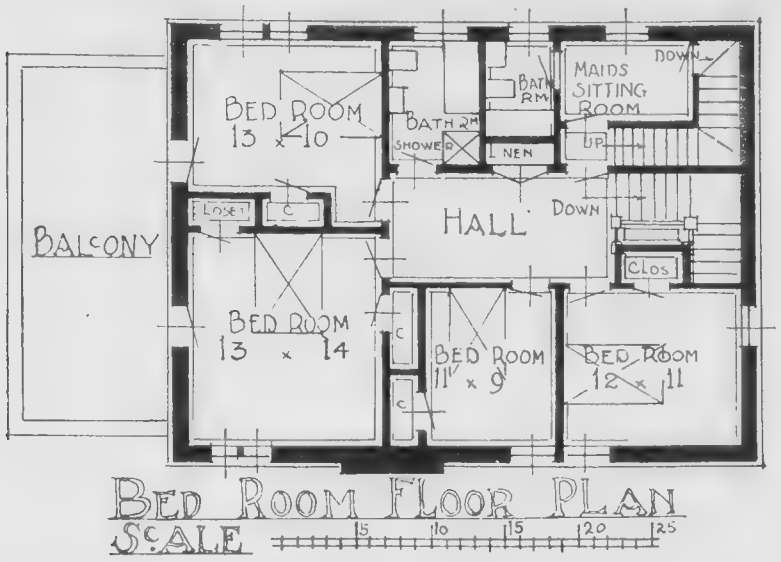
Box frames with weights to balance the sash are the general medium for double hung windows, and the hardware, lifts, locks, pulley and especially the sash cord should be of the best. In the frame itself there should be a small panel on each side that can be unscrewed to allow entry to the weight box. Another method used for double hung sash is that of spiral springs. These are set into a solid frame, thus doing away with the box frame used with weights.

A great deal can be said for the quality of the view seen through a window that is in itself an attractive and appropriate frame. Often we hear that small panes destroy the view, but really they add interest and beauty to the extent that they are themselves beautiful.

JUST as there are gardens without souls, the planting without love or selection from some seed catalogue, so it is with some libraries. Libraries which contain books in many and expensive sets, which in spite of them, drearily belie the name of library. Books in serried rows of uniform morocco volumes frigidly enclosed behind glass doors, gleaming as lonely and uninviting as cabinets of minerals in a museum. Libraries bought by the yard irrespective of their literary contents. Neither the garden or this sort of library have any

more vital relation to the culture of their owner than the ice box.

This library is a real one and an ideal place for a cherished collection of books, and shelves on which books are sympathetically housed. There is no need to dwell on wall surfaces for very little wall space will be visible as the library will eventually be furnished from ceiling to floor with the most satisfactory mural decorations yet invented—books. As for shelves, every one has definite ideas on whether the sectional or built in shelves should be installed. There are many sectional book cases designed to suit the requirements of any style. In a sense a library should be secluded from the rest of the house and a small hall opening into the sun room also gives access to the library away from any interruptions.



THE hall and living room are pannelled. Of all things that go to make up the interior architecture of the house there is probably not one more favored than the panelled room. Panelled in oak in most of our dreams and recalling the fine mellow old interiors of the Tudor and Elizabethan Periods. Certainly thoughts of this hall and living room with its open fireplace are thoughts of a panelled room, of a room not too high as to its ceiling, a beamed and panelled ceiling, some dark furniture and comfortable deep seated chairs. But the spirit and character of this dream environment are dominated by the panelled walls of rich deep tones. The floors are wide oak boards rubbed to a fine dead gloss. But if the dreams of this house have existed in its first stages of planning it is probable indeed that they may not reach completion in the finished house. Generally panelling finds itself eliminated on the score of cost when it becomes apparent to the owner that economies must be made somewhere in view of the many necessary features and equipment. It is at this stage however that the matter should be given the most thought. Panelling may not cost as much as you imagine it does, and there is a wide difference in its cost. In the articles on the "Friendly House" the dining room was panelled in a very simple but effective way, and to this simplicity can be added mouldings and carvings and enrichments so that it would be well before definitely deciding not to panel the hall and living room to have designed a simple panelling in good wood. The wood alone in its grain and pattern gives the soft quiet tones so much desired in a living room.

In placing the panelling it is important to have the proper strips or grounds put on at the right distance to fasten the panelling to, and make sure that all plastering is carried all the way down behind the panelling, taking all precautions that the plaster is thoroughly dry before setting the panelling up. This being a brick house a hollow tile could be used inside. It is not a part of the structure and it would be tied into the solid brick wall with metal clips. Then the plastering is done directly upon it. It is always well to waterproof the inside of the outside brick wall, and be sure that all grounds are let into the solid wall. If hollow tile is not used the wall should be strapped with two inch by two inch pieces nailed to the grounds in the brickwork, instead of using hollow tile, then the outside brick wall would have a heavy coat of plaster on it; back plastering it is called. In staining or finishing of panelling, the panels should be done separately from the stiles or mouldings, so that if it should unfortunately happen that the panel shrinks, there will not be an unsightly unfinished line around the panel.

The staircases are very compactly placed and from the service portion lead absolutely privately to the attic. The service portion is well laid out and secluded. A maid's small sitting room is at the head of back stairs with a bathroom insert. The servants bed rooms are in the attic. A door closes the maids sitting room from the stairs, as if a billiard room was wished on the top story access to the stairs is gained without entering the servants portion. The kitchen enters the dining room through a working pantry, and the entry has its stairs to the basement. The dining room has a small pass window opening to the sun room so that tea could be conveniently served from the kitchen by simply crossing the dining room.

IT is only necessary to point out some of the features in the planning around which the ideas of the house evolved. To say there is a closet here and a cupboard there, only repeats what is shown on the plan, but if that closet or cupboard has some significance or is different in the planning from others it should be described and pointed out.

To turn to the relation of the house to its site. The happy relationship of house and site do not come ready made. They are the result of careful thought and study. Not a few with a preconceived idea of a certain type of house seek to impose it upon an unwilling site and afterwards wonder what is the matter. There is no doubt that in the town or city the site is circumscribed, but with due thought there is always a solution for its setting, a green lawn or a garden.

In no place so much as a garden is the old Roman exclamation of reverence so appropriately upon our lips "NUMEN INEST," (Deity is in this place) and those who love gardens and have the time to create one should welcome the opportunity to plant one about this house. The Garden God neither was nor is, merely a poetical fancy, and although it is no longer the custom to symbolise him in some marble shape, or hang with votive garlands a mossy tree stump it is a custom which might be well revived without affectation. Adam "heard the Voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day" and all who are sympathetic have known moments of rare joy when walking in the cool of the garden.

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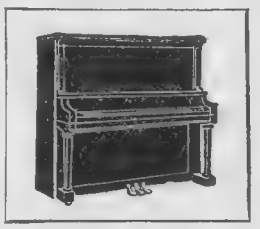

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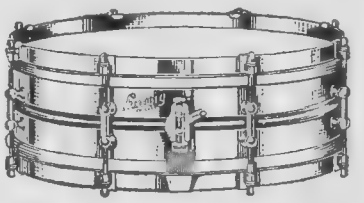

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Eros in the Sun

By Edythe Squire Draper

A BENCH on the Malecon in Havana, Cuba.

The girl on the bench was Miss Farley, Secretary, Chicago, U.S.A. Just that. It was no part of her intention to be anything more. Did she look just that? She thought she did.

The man on the bench was Frederick Beaufort, Architect, Chicago, U.S.A. famous already among his confreres, destined ultimately to be famous wherever Byzantine Temple railroad stations are desired and that in these days is everywhere. Mr. Beaufort seemed at first glance almost as emotional as a concrete plinth. But no one would have stopped with a first glance at Mr. Beaufort. And so his pent-upness was no secret.

Mr. Beaufort's aunt was lying on a bed in her hotel. A day of rest she found imperative after her reluctant peregrination from Chicago to Havana, undertaken for the sake of the proprieties and her nephew, having a fancy for both. She wished Frederick, poor boy, would marry. But it seemed unlikely he ever would. Just now he had come out for a turn before dinner with his secretary, Miss Farley. She was the sort of secretary one could comfortably take turns with.

Miss Farley was good. Mr. Beaufort knew that. He had not to be told it continually by his partners and business friends as he was. She was a good secretary. If she cared to she could become a good architect. But she seemed satisfied as a secretary and he paid her well. Nice, quiet girl she was, a very good secretary.

Phyllis—that is, of course, Miss Farley—knew she was a good secretary. She desired to be. She planned definitely to be. She dressed for the part. She studied its gestures. She wore her hair short and as straight as she could get it to be—which on damp days was not nearly as straight as she thought it was. She wore with a perfect straight small dark dress a starched white collar and cuffs. And her eyes were quiet, remote. She saw to that. Her hands, too, lovely, small, she had trained to be swiftly, quietly super-capable.

The other girls in the office of Stout, Nading and Beaufort, had their opinion of Miss Farley.

"Oh, I like her all right," one sighed, "but she makes me sort of discontented with myself."

"H'm that won't hurt you, kid," rejoined her best friend, "What I object to is this thing of being all business. I intend to live. Why, she goes to a Symphony to get "ideas" for her work, walks every day blocks and blocks, fast, so she'll be fit and she goes to art exhibits—"

"No wonder she don't make any impression on 'Galahad.' She hasn't got the personality, if you know what I mean. She's just a secretary."

"Yes, and if there ever was a man wantin' amusement right now it's Mr. Frederick Beaufort. I'd take the job myself if I wasn't so busy! Say how could anybody throw him over for a third cousin to the fifth pretender to the throne of France? Six months now since she swapped her nameless man for a manless name. I'm goin' to send that in to Judge some day—the beautiful simp, and I'll bet she's good and sorry. These rich dames don't know a good thing from denatured alcohol. And believe me, Phyllis Farley don't either. She's easy to look at, awful easy. If she'd only fix up! You want to know my opinion—"

Her friend did want to know her opinion and got it—in Chicago, while, in Havana, The Secretary sat on a bench on the Malecon and The Achitect sat on a bench on the Malecon, neither speaking or moving.

A breath of warm silky air came and lifted a curl of the Secretary's "straight" hair and whispered into her small discreet ear a question, a silly, un-American question:

"Are you happy?" Phyllis Farley heard, incredulously.

"W-h-wh-at?" she found her lips ready to whisper back.

And again the question came.

She wished she was in Chicago. Chicago was sane and cold. In Chicago no such query would have dared to show so much as one eyelash of its idiot face to her. "Happy" was a word. It had to do with people, other people, perhaps, but not with her. Just as "unhappy" had not to do with her. But she was no evader. A question asked had to be a question answered—ultimately. But she might, while she got its answer ready, be studying Havana for "ideas."

Havana. What hunger was that in her that the southern island city satisfied? It was "queer" compared to Chicago, Cleveland, Des Moines. But she found, surprisingly, she rather liked it. She had heard of islands called jewels of the sea. She would think of Havana as a thing so lovely that it must be set in jewels, in mother of turquoise, if there were such a thing. So blue the sky, so deeply blue the sea. Walls were soft grey in shadow, flashing white or sun-gold in sun, roofs cardinal, purple, pink, palms and vines black-green, flowers orange and flame. There were ideas in Havana for an architect! In imagination, a pencil between her fingers swiftly moved, projected lines, sketched in a bell-tower, shaded in the deep well of an unsunned street. Absorbed she studied El Morro across the bay. Suddenly she heard a sigh, a deep, long sigh.

The small dark head on the slender stem of her neck did not move. She was a good secretary. But she saw no more castle and light-house and gay blue-water. Before she had sprung and battened down the hatches there uprose from the hold of her mind a fragment of a cargo she unwillingly carried there, put in by no will of hers, but nevertheless there. This was the love-story of Frederick Beaufort, her employer. (She hardly ever forgot to put that word, employer, after his name.) No one living in Chicago a year ago could fail to know the sad tale of Frederick Beaufort and his faithless beauty. It had become a classic. The Secretary had seen his lovely fiancee with her "employer" once at an exhibit. She saw now in retrospect the dark imperious face, exquisite in line and coloring as the most costly china. Was she as brittle as china? Oh, yes, her employer was unhappy. Naturally. He would never be anything else. In Chicago the state of his emotions would not have occurred to her as a subject of speculation. She must still be sea-sick! And then to the surface of her reverie came again, lifted by the word, "unhappy," that silly question as to her own state of being. And—

"No," she answered frankly—because she was never not frank. "I am not happy. No. I am unhappy. I wish I had never seen Havana. I wish I could face a zero wind on Michigan Avenue. It is this softness, this warmth—"

She sat on still, open-eyed, facing the question and its answer. She did not move. A good secretary does not move, disturb her employer.

The shadows grew long, rose-purple. El Morro from a charming mediæval stage castle became gradually grizzled and a real frowning protector. The bay deepened from blue to violet, the sky melted from blue to opal-green, lavender, faint rose. People walked in the warm air, called soft gay greetings. Little waves splashed against the stones of the sea-wall. From the bandstand came a surging of music, music of Paris, of New York, of Stamboul, of the old Petrograd before the Deluge.

What was Havana, the Malecon at sunset, doing to a small secretary on a bench end?

The Architect? His back leaned actually leaned, against the back of the bench. In Chicago it had never bent—not in all the year he had just worked through. His muscles lost gradually their tenseness, so imperceptibly, that he was unaware of any change. His finger-nails ceased to press into his palms like gimlets. Something inside him forgot to go on smotheringly aching. It was then he sighed. A sigh of unhappiness?

"By George! By George!" he said almost aloud, "I feel fine!"

He leaned farther back, filled his eyes with the colors of the exotic, tropical life, his ears with the soft gay sounds of it. A month—of this! What couldn't he do in this jewel of a city. What ideas he might get hold of! How they would work, he and—A sweetish, comfortable, interested, faintly and yet pleasantly disturbed warm feeling came over him as if he were slowly sipping at a cordial. He turned from the sea veiling herself for sleep, from the azure bay, the tinted sky.

His eyes because of a hunger that startled him moved till they came and rested on a face. The face was like a small flower of Northern Spring lifted as if afraid of the night coming, seeking for a last sight of the sun and day. The lips a little parted dropped at the corners. The eyes were black with the intensity of some emotion, seemed too full as if in another second they would brim over. A lovely face. A lovely face. Miss Farley—this? Miss Farley? Her first name was Phyllis. From, 'phileo,' love? He had never known she was so lovely. Blind, blind, why—he was blind! Dolt! But why had she the look of a

Continued on page 71

In a Quiet and Mellow Key

Continued from page 27

My feeling would be for furniture of the old English designs that were the original companions of the panelled wall. Of course if one is a lover of antiques, here is stimulating encouragement to seek out an old-time oak refectory table and chairs, with a carved oak side-table in the delightful early English spirit. The average person, however, will preserve the right feeling but with modern adaptations of the old ideas. The modern manufacturer of furniture is a most earnest student of all the fine traditions that have preceded him, and he adapts to our modern needs much that he finds suitable to our present day. It was my pleasure to spend some time at the Spring Furniture Exhibition a short time ago, and I was delighted to find that our Canadian makers of furniture are offering us such a breadth of choice, such a wealth of styles, ancient and modern.

So it will not be a serious matter to find an old-time draw-table, the kind that is modest in size and built along refectory lines—the long rather narrow table—but is capable of almost doubling its length if the two sliding draw-ends are pulled out; when they are drawn from beneath the permanent and moderate-sized table top, the latter settles down snugly between the pulled-out ends and we have a table ready to accommodate quite an ambitious dinner party. Or if one does not feel the need of so large a draw table, there are fascinating miniature ones eminently suitable to the room of modest proportions. It particularly delighted me to find these small-sized sets in designs that would enable one to preserve the feeling of some past period and yet have everything entirely in proportion but conforming to the smaller rooms of the twentieth century.

Perhaps the chair seats would be of leather or maybe the preference would be for a fabric in the old-fashioned feeling. With so much red in the other rooms, I should avoid letting it dominate here, even though red is such a favorite color for the dining room. The simple, rather strong colors that were the choice of the original users of panelling and the contemporary furniture styles, and undoubtedly the ones that should be stressed throughout the house. I should be inclined toward a liberal use of the *tawny* tones for the dining room, if it should happen to be so situated as to need the addition of warmth and the simulated sunshine effects. A casement cloth or a wool fabric in a plain golden fawn or perhaps a really live golden tan color, might be hung at the windows, with glass curtains of yellowish net or gauze; golden-brown leather would make admirable covering for the chair seats and I should like a rug in the warm camel's hair tones with blue. If the room had a bright sunny exposure, the cooler and calmer blue tones might be stressed instead of the golden ones—curtains in a soft rather dull blue and blue leather or fabric on the chairs. I should go into a golden-orange linen for a scarf for the side-table—and it would make delightful runners and doilies for the dining table; these should, of course, be perfectly straight in line and would be rather nice if fringed instead of hemmed.

I SHOULD treat the upper hall the same as the lower one if possible. The bedrooms, unless one's passion is entirely for the old styles, will probably take on a more modern spirit than the rooms on the lower floor,but it would be a pity to draw too sharp a line between them. A four-poster bed, no matter how modified, inevitably suggests itself for one room and with it one would use a *straight-line* dressing table with separate mirror hung on the wall above it; something along the order of a chest of drawers would be more suitable in this room than a modern bureau. An old-fashioned sprig chintz in rose and green and perhaps a touch of cloudy blue, would be delightful with furniture of this kind—or a little chintz-patterned wallpaper might be chosen, the fabric in the room reverting to samething plain in whichever tone of the wallpaper you would like to accent. The other bedrooms would be best carried out in suitable rather light keys, their furniture probably walnut, with perhaps some dark oak used in a blue room for the young man or boy of the household and painted furniture for a young girl's room that might still retain an air of quaintness by the use of gay-hued rag carpets or hooked rugs in the colors of her choice.

I would like to say a word on the nicely planned maid's sitting room that Mr. Horwood has included on this floor. I would stress comfort here and give it the benefit of cheerful coloring, the same as the rest of the house. Wicker furniture—comfortable chairs, an oblong wicker table that will serve as a desk as well, a wicker reading lamp, would be admirable, the whole made bright and attractive by the use of a pretty chintz for cushioning the chairs and making side curtains at the window. One could choose a piece of good color from the chintz and paint a wooden table and straight chair in it, or use one of the new lacquer finishes for this purpose. Given two or three bright prints on the walls—selected especially for their suitability, not mere cast-offs from the rest of the house—a few novels and the magazines the family have finished with, would make of this cheerful little apartment quite a factor in solving the much-deplored servant problem.

Pedro, The Hot Tamale Man

Continued from page 56

got your arm by now Pedro, and they will get the rest of you if you stay around Don Carlos. Another sheep-herder has taken your place. One-armed herders are no good to Don Carlos".

So when Pedro strong enough he wander away. His heart she broke, he never see little Marcheta again, but she always live in his heart, an he hope when he die he will see the little Marcheta, and she will have her four little leg.

Pedro grow up on hot-tamale, so he make him and sell. People like him, and Old Pedro live cheap. So the year she slip away and the hot-tamale she still good. So old Pedro will push his two wheeled cart and keep on waiting until the big sheep-herder calls his flock home. Pedro will be ready to follow the shepherd. He has tried to be good to his sheep and to his little crippled Marcheta, so maybe he be good to Old Pedro too."

I pushed a greenback into Old Pedro's one horny palm as I slipped away into the dusk, with tears dimming my eyes. Yes surely when the great shepherd herds in his flock he will be good to Old Pedro, the Hot-Tamale Man, down by O'Brien's Cafe.

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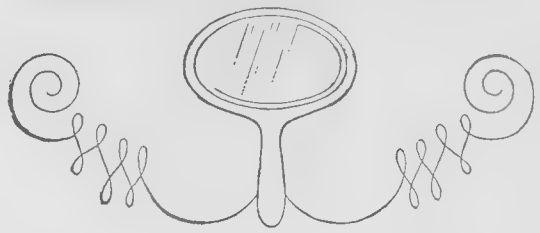

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Replenishing Your Preserve Closet

DURING the late winter and early spring one's supply of jellies, preserves, canned fruits and vegetables is apt to be running pretty low. After the long cold winter, the body may be in need of stimulating after over-indulgence in rich heat-producing foods. Appetites grow "finicky," so that now, more than any other time of the year, relishes and pickles have their place on the menu.

Delicious products may be made from the citrus and dried fruits, fruit juices, canned fruits and vegetables, and the vegetables such as celery and cabbage which are always available. Salads are especially appealing. The more frequent use of canned vegetables, purchased if there is not a supply of home-canned ones, is justified.

Out of a Can

Whether one opens a tin can from the store or a jar of her own product, the dish which is put on the table will be much more enjoyed if it is made into an attractive food than if it is merely heated and served or emptied into a bowl and served cold. Many attractive hot supper dishes or salads may be evolved from the vegetables and inumerable delicious desserts from the fruits.

Tomatoes au Gratin

Spinach With Eggs

Heat a can of spinach, drain, season with salt, pepper and butter, and pack in a mold, and keep it hot while making the sauce. Cook as many eggs as are desired till hard; shell, and either slice or cut in halves. Turn the mold of spinach on a rather deep platter, surround with the eggs and over the eggs pour a cheese sauce made with 1c. milk, 2 tb. butter, 2½ tb. flour, ½c. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Salmon Salad

Red salmon, 1 can. Hard-cooked eggs, 3-6.
Pickled cucumbers Canned peas 1 cup.

Break the salmon with a fork into rather small pieces without mashing it to a paste. Add the chopped or sliced hard-cooked eggs and the peas and chopped pickles. Moisten with a little diluted vinegar, and pass cooked salad dressing with it.

Tomatoes au Gratin

In a buttered baking dish put a layer of small cubes of dried bread crumbs, a layer of canned tomato, salt and pepper, a little granulated sugar if desired, more crumbs, a layer of grated cheese. Repeat till the dish is full, having crumbs and cheese on top. Cook in the oven till brown on top.

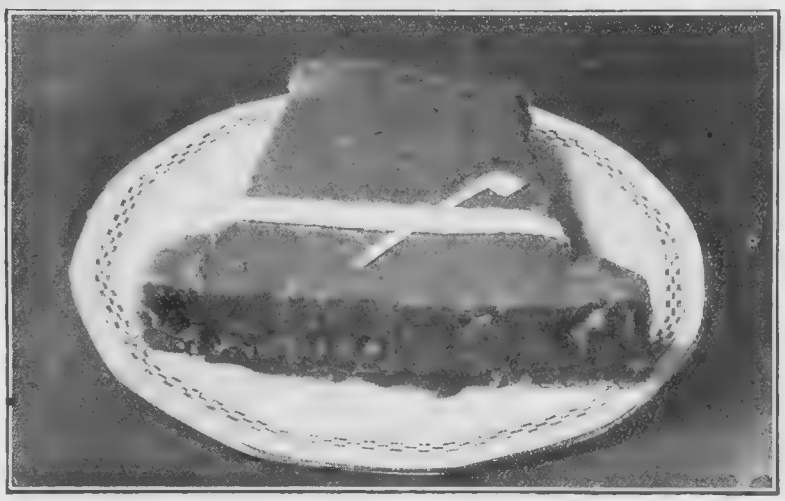
Corn With Bacon

Corn 1 can Bacon 6 slices
Bread crumbs 1c. Green pepper 1.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Cut the bacon in cubes and fry till clear. Mix the bacon, corn, ½ of the crumbs, moistened in milk, a chopped canned green pepper, and season with salt and pepper. Put in a greased baking dish, and sprinkle the remaining crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 or 30 minutes.

Sautéed Pineapple

Cut slices of pineapple (canned) in two, making half circles. Brown in butter in the frying pan, on both sides. Arrange around meat loaf on the platter, having the meat loaf either hot or cold. If it is sliced in the kitchen, put it on the platter in the form of the original loaf, with the slices standing up as before they were cut; arrange the half-circles of pineapple with the straight side next to the meat.



A St. Patrick Cake

Sauteed pineapple and fried bacon, not too crisp, are delicious served with wild duck. In this case, bacon fat may be used instead of butter for cooking the pineapple.

Tomato-Jelly Salad

In a saucepan put 1 quart of canned tomato, a tb. of vinegar, 2t. or a litle more sugar, salt and pepper, either celery cut in fine rings or celery salt, and a chopped onion or a little onion juice. If the onion and celery are used, the mixture must be cooked till they are tender. Add 1 envelope of gelatine moistened in cold water or tomato juice, and pour into molds. If wished the juice may be strained, giving a clear smooth jelly. Or the tomato may be strained, the rings of celery left in. A few canned peas may also be molded in it. For this salad, a rather sweet, well-seasoned cooked dressing is best. It may be molded in individual servings or in one large bowl, or in a flat pan, then cut in squares.

Kidney Bean Salad

To canned red kidney beans which have been drained, add chopped hard-cooked eggs, chopped sweet cucumber pickles, and moisten with a cooked salad dressing rather highly seasoned with mustard.

Peas and Carrots

Wash and scrape and cook carrots, cutting them in thin slices before cooking. Drain and add canned peas, season with salt, pepper, and butter, or add cream sauce. They may be served as a vegetable for dinner, or creamed in croustades for lunch or supper.

Croustades

Cut bread in slices at least an inch thick. Remove the centre with paring knife, and cut off the crusts, forming a little bread box. Brush over, both inside and out with melted butter, and brown in a hot oven The inside and crusts should be used for crumbs, dressing, etc.

Peas With Cheese

Heat the peas in a rich cream sauce, pour over slices of buttered toast, and sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika.

Asparagus-Spinach Salad

Season canned drained spinach with a little salt, paprika and lemon-juice. Pack in small cups. When ready to serve, turn out on lettuce leaves, surround with a circle of salad dressing and on the dressing arrange tips of canned asparagus. Sprinkle the dressing and asparagus with paprika.

Jellied Salmon Salad

Scald 2c. soup stock, and when boiling, season with salt and pepper, and dissolve in it 1 envelope of gelatine. Pour half of it in a mold. When it thickens, press in 1 can of red salmon from which the liquid has been drained and the bones and skin removed. Flake the fish with a fork. When this layer sets carefully pour on the remaining jelly, and as soon as it begins to thicken, press in a cup of green peas. Unmold on lettuce, and serve with a cooked dressing.

Jellied Asparagus Salad

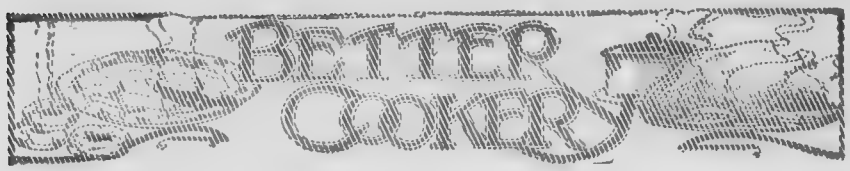
Use a flat-bottomed oblong vegetable dish for a mold. In it put a little lemon jelly made by dissolving a package of the jelly powder in a pint of boiling water. When this layer hardens, lay across it bundles of asparagus tips, bound with strips of pimento, about three stalks to each bundle. Pour around them a little of the jelly, and as it stiffens add more, till the asparagus bundles are all embedded in the clear jelly. Unmold on lettuce leaves on an oblong platter. Serve with a well-seasoned dressing. Cut between the bundles of asparagus.

Asparagus with Cheese Sauce

Heat canned asparagus, drain and lay on slices of buttered toast. Over them pour a rich white sauce to which grated cheese has been added, the amount of cheese being determined by its strength. This makes a good luncheon or supper dish. The asparagus stock may be used in soup the next day.

Cabbage au Gratin

Boiled cabbage 1 head Grated cheese ½c.
Salt and pepper Buttered crumbs ½c.
White sauce 2c.



Arrange the cabbage, chopped, and cheese in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish, pour over it the white sauce, and cover with the buttered crumbs.

Fruit Cornstarch Pudding

Scalded milk 4c.
Cornstarch 8 tb. (½c.)
Sugar 4 tb.
Salt ¼ t.
Cold milk about ½c.
Vanilla 1 t

Mix the sugar, salt and cornstarch, and smooth it in the cold milk. Stir gradually into the hot milk, continuing to stir till thick, then cook in the double boiler till thoroughly cooked (about 30 minutes). Cool, add vanilla, and pour into molds, either one large one or individual cups. When ready to serve, turn on plates and surround with sliced canned peaches, halves of apricots cut in two, or canned raspberries or strawberries. Whipped cream may be put on top of the cornstarch mold, with the fruit at its base.

Rolled Oats Jam Jams

Jellied Pears

Dissolve a package of any red-colored jelly powder in a pint of boiling water. Put halves of canned pears at equal distances on the bottom of a flat pan. Carefully pour over them the jelly, keeping the fruit in place. When serving, cut so that half a pear will be in the centre of each piece. A spoonful of whipped cream may be put on top of each serving.

Peach Whip

Jelly powder 1 pkg.
Canned peach juice 1 c.
Whipped cream ½ c.
Boiling water 1 c.
Crushed canned peaches ½ to 1 c.
Sugar 1 t.

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water, cool, add the juice drained from the peaches, and beat with an egg-beater till fluffy. Fold in the whipped cream sweetened with the sugar, and the mashed canned peaches, which may need to be sweetened. Mold. The stiffly beaten white of an egg may be used instead of the whipped cream. Other fruits may be used instead of peaches, such as canned apricots, pineapple, strawberries.

Delicious Things Made From Dried Fruits

Dried fruits we can get all the year round, and many are the uses we may find for them. With the exception of dates, raisins and currants the water which has been removed in the drying process should be restored.

Date Charlotte

In sherbet glasses put small slices or cubes of stale cake; whip 1c. thick cream, fold in 1/3 c. dates which have been pitted and cut in pieces, a little salt, 2 tb. powdered sugar and 4 tb. shredded cocoanut. Pile on top of the cake.

Sandwiches for the School Lunchbox

Combine equal quantities of peanut butter and stoned chopped dates, raisins or figs or prunes. The prunes should be steamed till tender. They may be put in a strainer over the tea-kettle, if but a small amount is wanted.

Apricot Pudding

In the bottom of a buttered pudding dish, put stewed apricots to a depth of about 1 inch. Over it pour plain cake batter, and bake till the cake is done. Serve warm with cream. It may be served from the dish in which it was baked.

Shortcakes of Many Kinds

A great many canned and dried fruits may be used for shortcakes. A rich biscuit dough may be made in large cakes, or individual biscuits, split and have fruit put between and on top. Dried peaches or apricots, stewed, canned strawberries, raspberries, peaches, blackberries, pineapple, canned ripe figs are equally good. They may be topped with whipped cream.

For Saint Patrick

The seventeenth day of March should not be allowed to pass without some honor to the good old Irish saint, whether it be the family meal, a party, a tea, or a big public supper.

Green and white would be the chosen colors. Harps, clay pipes, Paddy's hat, and, of course, shamrocks, will figure in the decorations. A large hat made of green crepe paper over cardboard, filled with potatoes, makes a good centrepiece. The "potatoes" may be made of candy, or they may be the genuine Irish variety.

Small hats may hold candles at each place. Green candles are effective. Shamrocks may be scattered on the table cloth, or fastened to tooth-picks, may stuck in cocktail or dessert.

Green may figure in the menu, too. Perfectly harmless vegetable colorings are available.

Pork seems to be the suitable meat, whether it is a roast, chops, ham, etc. With it may be served green peas or spinach timbales. To make the timbales, heat canned spinach, drain, season, and pack in small cups, and keep hot. When ready to serve, turn out on the plates or on a flat serving dish. They will readily keep their shape.

The salad may be of lettuce with dressing, or of green gelatine, or a green and white salad of green peppers stuffed with cottage cheese, chilled, then sliced, or of green peas and white rings of celery. In the green jelly, which will probably be flavored with lime or lemon, may be molded peas, celery, apple, shredded cabbage, etc.

For the dessert, whipped cream may be tinted green, or sprinkled with crushed pistachio nuts, which are a bright green, or pistachio ice cream may be served, or it may be some form of gelatine dessert if the salad has not been in this form. Cookies may be cut with a shamrock cutter. Little cup-cakes may be decorated with pale green frosting, or with green designs on a white frosting. Or pieces of apple pie with ice cream or whipped cream on top, may have stuck in them a small green flag on which is a golden Irish harp, or a green pepper shamrock. We may find in a large grocery store, green cherries in Creme de Menthe instead of the red maraschino cherries with which we are all familiar.

Candy "potatoes" may be made of uncooked cream made of powdered sugar and a mashed boiled potato, or the sugar and an egg-white, and flavoring, then shaped like potatoes, with "eyes" made with a paring knife point, then dipped in dry cocoa.

Continued page 68

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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 68

Cereal Desserts

They are of limitless variety, and form an excellent method of inducing children to take more milk when they are not fond of drinking it.

Although tapioca is made from the root of a tree and sago from the pith in the trunk of another one, we class them, as well as macaroni pastes with the cereals because they have the same food value, even though they are not seeds of plants.

Peach Tapioca

Evaporated peaches 1c.
Sugar 1 c.
Pearl tapioca 1 c.
Boiling water 2 c.
Lemon juice 1 t. or a little more.
Salt ½ t.

Rolled Oats Flapjacks

Cover the peaches with cold water and soak over night. Soak the tapioca for at least two or three hours in cold water. Drain the tapioca, cover with boiling water and the salt and cook till transparent, in the double boiler. Cook the peaches till tender, then drain and put in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Add the sugar and lemon juice to the tapioca mixture, and pour over the peaches and bake about 20 minutes. It may be served either hot or cold, with cream and sugar.

Apricot Tapioca

In the above recipe, substitute dried apricots for the peaches. In either case one may use peaches or apricots from those which have been already stewed and sweetened, in which case less sugar would be added to the tapioca.

Rice Fruit Compote

Make a syrup of 3 c. sugar and 2 c. water, with a few slices of lemon in it. Pare and core a few apples and cut in rather thick slices. Drop carefully, a few at a time, into the boiling syrup and cook till done. Have the boiled rice in a glass serving dish, or in individual dishes. Arrange the slices of apple on top, boil the syrup till thick, and pour over the rice and fruit. Chill and serve. Canned apricots or peaches may be used in the same way.

The consumption of rolled oats, the old-time body-building cereal, is steadily increasing. Probably the chief reason for this is the fact that people everywhere — old and young — are realizing more and more each day that this well balanced food contains all the properties for healthy growth and development of the body.

Rolled Oat Sandwich Cake

1¾ c. rolled oats — 1½ c. flour
¾ c. butter — 1 c. brown sugar
1 t. baking soda — 1 t. salt.

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, then rub in the butter. For filling, clean 1 lb. dates, add a little water and ½ cup brown sugar and boil slowly. Let cool, then add teaspoon vanilla. Place layer of dry mixture in well greased pan, then layer of filling. Cover with another layer of dry mixture. Bake about forty minutes.

Rolled Oats Jam-Jams

4 c. rolled oats — 1 t. baking soda
1½ c. brown sugar — 2 eggs
2 t. baking powder — 2 cups flour
½ c sweet milk. — 1 small teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening or butter

Beat milk and eggs together, then make batter, roll out thin and cut as for cookies. Bake in moderate oven. Filling: 1 lb. clean dates; ½ cup brown sugar and ½ cup water. Boil for about ten minutes and place filling between the cookies when ready to serve.

Rolled Oats Flapjacks

¼ lb. butter — ½lb. rolled oats
¼ lb. sugar (according to taste).

Melt the butter, mix oats and sugar together. Pour melted butter over and stir well until thoroughly mixed. Put in well greased pan and bake for about 15 minutes. Score into sections before quite cold.

Oatmeal Gruel

This is an exceedingly nice food for children or for the aged.

Sprinkle one tablespoonful of oatmeal into one quart of boiling water, boil an hour and a half, take from the fire and strain; add four tablespoonfuls of good cream, or a tiny bit of butter and milk, and a grating of nutmeg. Serve warm. This, after it is strained, may be mixed with milk and given to a child that is still being fed from the bottle.

Coddled Apples With Oatmeal

Core six tart apples, stand them in a baking dish and fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with left-over porridge; sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a half cupful of water, and bake until the apples are tender. Serve hot, with milk or cream. A nice breakfast dish.

Oatmeal Bouchees

Fill small custard cups with left-over porridge, and stand aside until perfectly cold. At serving time, turn out the molds, scoop out the centres and fill the spaces with finely chopped sugared peaches or other fruits. Serve plain or with soft custard or milk.

Oatmeal Shortcake

Pour left-over porridge into a small round mold or a good sized baking powder can and stand aside to cool. At serving time cut it into slices, arrange the slices neatly on a dessert plate, putting a layer of fruit between each slice of cold porridge; dust the whole with powdered sugar and serve it with cream.

This makes an exceedingly nice supper dessert.

Menus for Cold Weather

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Shredded Wheat — Milk
Popovers — Butter — Honey

Dinner
Roast Pork — Gravy
Apple Rings — Mashed Potatoes
Sweet Potatoes, Candied
Spanish Cream

Supper
Cheese Brown Bread Sandwiches
Fruit Salad
Cocoa — Tea
Cocoanut Cakes

MONDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Milk Toast — Buttered Toast

Lunch
Cream of Tomato Soup
Croutons — Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce — Cake

Dinner
Meat Loaf — Gravy
Mashed Potatoes — Spinach
Fruit Puffs

Continued on page 69

No more Sleepless nights

Take a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" before retiring, and you will enjoy restful slumber the whole night through. By soothing and restoring worn, jumpy nerves, and promoting normal digestion, "Ovaltine" removes the two main causes of sleeplessness, and lets you drop off to sleep *"as soon as your head touches the pillow"*.

"Ovaltine" is a natural food drink, made from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, flavoured with cocoa. It is supernourishment in easily digested form, delicious to taste and quickly and easily prepared.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerves, and Body

60c - 90c - $1.50

and special family size at $5.25

Obtainable at all druggists or send for generous sample

101R

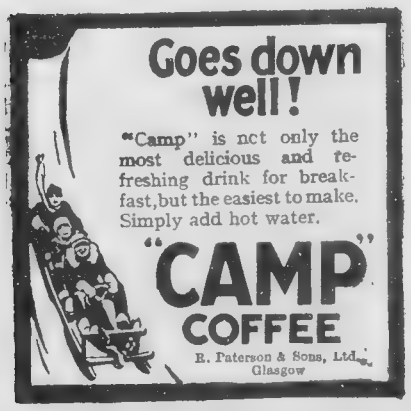
A. Wander Limited
455 C King St. West, Toronto, Ontario

Please send a sample of Ovaltine. 10c is enclosed for packing and postage.

Name .....

Street .....

City and Province .....



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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 68

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal with Raisins
Creamed Eggs on Toast
Buttered Toast

Lunch
Corn Chowder Crackers
Bran Muffins Canned Fruit

Dinner
Cold Roast Pork
Scalloped Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Cranberries
Bread Butter
Jello with Cream Cookies

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Apple Sauce
Pettijohn's Milk
Buttered Toast Bacon

Lunch
Baked Potatoes Creamed Eggs
Bread Butter
Brown Betty

Dinner
Cold Meat Loaf
Creamed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips
Bread Butter
Apple Pie

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Baked Apples
Oatmeal Milk
Poached Eggs Buttered Toast

Lunch
Spanish Rice
Brown Bread Butter

Dinner
Pear Salad Cookies
Roast Beef Brown Gravy
Potatoes Scalloped Cabbage
Cottage Pudding, Chocolate Sauce

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cream of Wheat with Dates
Rolls Butter
Minced Meat on Toast
Omelet
Baked Potato Gravy
Apple Tapioca

Dinner
Swiss Steak Carrots
Boiled Potatoes
Whipped Cream Cake

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cracked Wheat
Hash
Buttered Toast Jam

Lunch
Corn Meal Mush
Bread Butter
Canned Peaches Cookies

Dinner
Ham Cooked in Milk
Mashed Potato Cabbage Salad
Apple Dumplings

Judge—Did you or did you not strike this woman?

Landlord—Your Honor, I only remarked that the wallpaper in her apartment bore fingerprints.

Judge—Two years for knocking her flat. Next case.—Bucknell Belle Hop.

AT THE ZOO

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his back. —Widow.

PREFERS THE SIMPLE LIFE

Mike—"I got one of those suits with two pairs of pants."

Gus—"How do you like it?"

Mike—"Not so well. It's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."—Chicago Tribune.

Truly Wholesome

A baking powder may be a fairly efficient leavening agent and yet contain ingredients that make it unwholesome. If you use any baking powder containing alum, food products baked with it are apt to have a bitter taste, and, according to scientists, will not be good for the health. Far better to use a truly wholesome baking powder, even if it does cost a few cents more per can.

Magic Baking Powder "contains no alum"

Nor has it any other harmful ingredient. It contains only phosphate, starch and soda—all of the very finest grades, expertly blended. It never adds a bitter taste to the nice things you bake, but makes them light, white and truly wholesome. Insist on "Magic" and refuse all substitutes.

SAVE THE COUPONS
AND GET VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE

The Goodness of Prime Beef

CHILDREN'S PUZZLE

A delight to every child. Two picture puzzles in one — 72 pieces. Sent to any address on receipt of 30 "OXO" Cube wrappers.

The rich nourishment and meaty zest of prime beef are in "OXO" Cubes. They add food value and new flavour to every dish you prepare with them. Soups, sauces, stews, hash, croquettes — are made tastier and more beneficial when you add a cube or two of "OXO."

A splendid beverage to prevent "after-chill" when coming in out of the cold is hot "OXO." It's warming — invigorating — nourishing. Always keep "OXO" cubes in the pantry.

Tin of 4 cubes, 15c; tin of 10, 30c.
Send for the free "OXO" Cook-book.

OXO LIMITED, 356 St. Antoine St., Montreal

"OXO"

The Great Beef Economy

N. B. To ensure quick dissolving, always *slice* the cube into hot water.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

All from one Package of KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

~ *Two Desserts, a Salad, and a Candy!*

DO YOU realize what a *plain, unflavored, uncolored* and *unsweetened* gelatine, like Knox's, actually means to cookery? You have no idea, until you try, how many *different* desserts and salads can be made by combining fresh or canned fruits, vegetables, fish or meats with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. You have no idea of the simplicity—and the *economy!* A single package contains enough gelatine to make four different dishes—*six servings of each.* Try a package and prepare these four delicious dishes. Make one today—your family will ask you for another tomorrow.

Write for Mrs. Knox's Books, containing dozens of unusual recipes, and valuable suggestions for entertaining, for economizing and for maintaining health. Free—for your grocer's name and 4c for postage. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W, Montreal.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

[1]

Salad in Jelly

(6 Servings)

Basic recipe for a simple fruit or vegetable salad.
½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. 1 cup boiling water.
¼ cup mild vinegar (or lemon juice).
¼ cup sugar. ½ teaspoonful salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and salt. Allow jelly to thicken somewhat, then stir prepared vegetables or fruit through and turn into wet molds. When canned fruit is to be molded, the fruit syrup may be substituted for part of the boiling water.

[2]

Coffee Marshmallow Cream

(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. 1½ cups strong boiling coffee.
2 tablespoonfuls sugar. ½ cup condensed or evaporated milk (or use plain milk). [nilla.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. ¼ teaspoonful va-
Few grains of salt. 1 cup of marshmallows.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in hot coffee. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add milk, lemon juice, sugar and salt, and when it begins to stiffen stir in marshmallows cut in fourths. Turn into wet mold and chill. Serve with or without cream. If plain milk or evaporated milk is used, allow one-fourth cup more sugar.

[3]

Orange-Pineapple Sponge

(6 Servings)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. ½ cup hot water.
½ cup cooked pineapple juice.
½ cup orange or apricot juice.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice.
Few grains salt. Whites 2 eggs.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt and fruit juice. When it begins to stiffen, beat until frothy, and fold in whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Beat thoroughly, pile in glasses and decorate with pieces of pineapple and cherries. Serve with or without cream.

[4]

Chocolate Fudge

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine.
1¼ cups milk. 2 cups sugar. Few grains salt.
1½ squares chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa.
1 cup nut meats, chopped.
½ tablespoonful butter. 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Soak gelatine in one-fourth cup cold milk five minutes. Bring sugar and remaining milk to boiling point, add melted chocolate and salt and let boil until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from range, add soaked gelatine, butter and vanilla. Beat until it thickens, add nut meats and turn into buttered pan. When firm, cut in squares.

Feeding Our Family

By Barbara B. Brooks

THERE is a most important question which the housewife has to answer—a question that has more to do with the welfare of mankind than any other since it involves the health of every man, woman, and child. Wherever civilization has extended, this question is being asked by millions of anxious enquirers using as many shades of inflections—*What do we eat?*

This is not a question such as was asked by a man who was one of a crowd standing by a grade crossing looking at the pieces of an automobile that had just been hit by a train, "Has there been an accident?"—or such a one as was asked of a man who had mistaken the open door of an elevator shaft for the door of his room, stepped in and fell ten stories and lay bruised and bleeding on the floor of the elevator shaft. "Are you hurt?"

"What do we eat?" is not a foolish question. It is a most important question for the health of ourselves and our families depends on whether we answer this question haphazardly or scientifically.

The body is a machine—one that works all the time—a most wonderful machine in that it builds, repairs and furnishes its own fuel from raw material. This raw material is food. All food may be listed under three heads: building foods, fuel foods, and regulating foods. Building foods are those which keep the body in repair and build new tissues for the growing child. Cheese, eggs, fish, legumes, meat, and milk are building foods. Fuel foods are those which provide the body with heat and energy. Cereals, fats, sugars and starchy vegetables are fuel foods. Regulating foods are those which keep the body machinery in good running order. These are the foods which contain laxative material, minerals and vitamins. This is the group most often neglected in meal planning. All bran, whole grain cereals, fruits, vegetables and milk are regulating foods.

In planning meals at least one food should be selected from each group for every meal. This may seem difficult to do, but a simple breakfast of corn flakes with sliced peaches served with milk, fills this requirement. Milk is your building food, peaches the regulating food, and corn flakes the fuel food. A still more simple meal could be served with all bran muffins, butter, and a glass of milk. Milk is your building food, butter contains vitamins and all bran muffins the fuel and regulating food.

Cereals are our most economical source of fuel. Uncooked whole grain cereals are cheapest but the convenience of being able to open a package of ready-to-eat cereals, such as corn flakes, fill the bowls with this crisp, appetizing food, often balances the added cost.

Milk is our most economical source of building material. Milk has been called a protective food because the liberal use of milk protects against dietary deficiencies of many kinds. Milk contains protein, a building food, also an enviable supply of the minerals calcium and phosphorous. These are bone-building materials. Children should have a quart of milk a day and adults a pint. It is not necessary to drink that amount. Cereals can be cooked in milk instead of water and served with either milk or cream.

A Talk About Turkeys

"COOKERY It's Art and Practice" by J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., London, England, gives some interesting information about turkeys, which is not generally known even to those in America who think of this bird as exclusively their own.

This learned gentleman tells us that "Turkeys were known to the Greeks, who termed them 'meleagrides,' because a king of Macedonia, Meleager, introduced them into Europe. It is related that the Greek tragic writer, Sophocles, had introduced into one of his now lost tragedies a chorus of turkeys which deplored the death of Meleager.

The Romans bred Meleagrian birds at the time of Pliny, who describes them accurately. The birds then became so rare that they were no longer reared in open yards and fields, but shut up in cages, and after the Middle Ages turkeys were practically extinct in Europe. They were imported again in 1432, it is alleged by the French trader Jaques Coeur, then a great merchant, later Master of the Mint, or Treasurer and Director of Artillery in the service of Charles VII, of France. Hence the French name of "poule d'Inde," transformed into "dinde," or "dindon"; and to show that the India here referred to was East India, the Germans who received the turkey from France or Italy and have termed it mostly "Walscher-Hahn," or "Welsch-Huhn," frequently yet call it a "Calicut cock" (In North Germany the name of "Puter- or Trut-Hahn" is more common). The turkey lived wild in America at the time of the discovery of that continent, and is not yet quite destroyed; according to some authors we have received it from thence. Brillat-Savarin figures as the hero of a hunt for wild turkey. In the present day turkeys are reared all over the world, and in Spain we have seen flocks of many thousands.

The Farmer Goes to Town

By Frank Miell

1910	1926
98 lbs. flour.	2 loaves white, 2 loaves Graham.
20 lbs. sugar.	5 lbs. sugar.
20 lbs. rolled oats.	3 pkts. shredded wheat.
Rice. 25 cents.	3 pkts. puffed rice.
25 lbs. beans.	1 case mixed—tomatoes, corn, asparagus and oysters.
2 lbs. salt pork.	1 tin Superblend Santos coffee.
3 lbs. coffee beans.	1 fruit cake.
Raisins (loose), 25 cents.	1 box McIntosh reds.
Currants (loose), 25 cents.	1 box peaches.
Candied peel, 15 cents.	1 iodized salt.
Dried apples, 50 cents.	1 gallon sweet mixed pickles.
Prunes, 50 cents.	3 bars scented toilet soap.
Salt, 10 cents.	2 boxes magical washing powder.
Mixed spices (whole), 20 cents.	1 tin violet talcum powder.
Black Pepper (loose), 5 cents.	1 carmine lip-stick.
1 quart pickling vinegar (bottle sent).	Small pkt. Raven smoking mixture, 40 cants.
3 bars general purpose soap.	1 50 Cleo. Egyptian cigs.
1 lb. Muskeg tobacco, 20 cents.	Chocolate bars, 50 cents.
2 pkts. Zog-zig cigarette papers.	2 mantles for gas lamp.
Candies, 10 cents.	1 dry battery, P.D.Q., for five-tube radio.
1 lamp globe.	2 spark plugs.
1 10-inch record "Hearts and Flowers."	Drum of gasoline.
5 lbs. 5-inch spikes.	Call at garage and tell them we'll pay our instalment on car, just as soon as we get the money.
1 gallon coal oil.	
Call at blacksmith's, and pay him the $1.25 we owe him.	

Around the Kitchen

By Robert A. Meehan

Keep a strip of fine sandpaper at hand in the kitchen, and when a screw-top cover of any kind sticks, wrap the strip of sandpaper around the cover, and there will usually be "grip" or "traction" enough to get hold of the cover and loosen it

If the watering can, or a pail, or other container only used for cold water springs a leak, a quick mend may be effected by pouring paraffine over and around the defective spot.

To keep the sieve or sieves or colanders or kitchen graters clean, wash with a stiff-bristled brush and save the hands. Wipe and dry in a current of hot air to prevent rusting.

When making any freezing mixture, the process may be speeded up by using one-third washing soda to two-thirds rock salt. By speeding up the process, time and ice are both saved.

An ice pick is an excellent tool to keep at hand to open cans of tin having a sprinkler-top arrangement. The perforated portions may be forced downward without the least trouble, or stopping to hunt for a hammer and nail.

A cup of left-over squash, insufficient for another meal, will make a small and delicious squash pie; or in cooking squash enough may be prepared to have a pint or two cups left over from which a large pie may be made. A squash pie is much richer than a pumpkin pie.

If you are filling up a bottle of some kind of liquid, and pieces of cork are present; or if an empty bottle has pieces of cork in it, fill with the liquid or with water, and the bits of cork will float to the surface.

Keep a watchful eye on the electric iron, and see that whoever uses it never fails to turn the current off if the iron is to be left even for a few moments. Fires to the extent of ten million dollars occurred on this continent in a single year, due to carelessness in handling electric flat-irons.

Keep an indelible pencil in the kitchen, at the telephone, and near the front door, with which to sign for packages, telegrams, or to make any other notes necessary. This will save a lot of running around when one is busy.

Keep a bottle of carron oil in the kitchen cupboard, also a small package of absorbent cotton, a roll of bandages, a roll of adhesive tape, and a bottle of iodine. The carron oil is made of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water. It separates when it stands. When shaken, it makes a creamy emulsion. For a burn, apply at once, moistening a piece of the absorbent cotton. Hold in place with some of the bandage or a litle of the adhesive tape. For a cut or scratch, use the iodine at once.

When boiling sweet potatoes, wash, boil with the skins on, and peel when they are done. This is more economical than to peel when they are raw.

Important Details of Good Grooming

By Phoebe Cole

WOMEN of today are paying more attention to being well groomed than ever before in history. Manicures have become a necessity the same as frequent bathing, frequent shampooing and frequent changes of clothes. Modern scientists have discovered ways and means to enhance beauty and it is well to be abreast of the times and make use of these discoveries.

In this day of short skirts, short hair, sheer hose and sleeveless frocks, the question of being well groomed is often a problem. Many women are given to an unsightly growth of hair on their arms, limbs and even on their faces, and too many women resort to the razor in such cases. Regardless of the result it must be admitted that using a razor is far from feminine. Striving for boyish figures, boyish bobs and boyish clothes as they do, women still wish to retain all the little feminine niceties attributed to them.

The simplest and daintiest means for removing hair is with the new scientifically compounded creams now on the market. These depilatory creams are carefully mixed by experts and delicately scented; they are far superior to the old fashioned method of powders, which had to be mixed by the user and which were of so vile an odor. Moreover, with the depilatory powders there is no gauge for the inexperienced person mixing for her own use. She may use too little water and thus make too strong a paste which will irritate her skin.

Modern methods have done away with this bad feature;—the new depilatory creams are soft, guaranteed not to harm the tender skin, and instantly effective in their results. Certainly they should appeal to women more than the razor, which makes hair grow stiff and bristly.

No woman of today need let her good looks be marred by a downy growth of hair on her upper lip. cheeks, arms and underarms or legs. Inexpensive and perfectly safe depilatory creams solve that problem easily for her, just as excellent deodorants solve another personal problem.

One of the best features of the modern quest for beauty is that today so many safe and effective toilet accessories are within reach of the woman of small means. Formerly only the successful stage beauty or woman of wealth could afford beauty aids. Today, the woman with perhaps only five dollars a year to spend on beauty preparations can have execellent cleansing cream, tooth paste, perspiration control, cream depilatory and deodorant.

Eros in the Sun

Continued from page 64

martyr, lovely, sad, abnegating? Suppose she had some—ugh!—some love affair? Suppose some brute was breaking her heart? He'd kill the beast. Kill 'im. His hands clenched themselves. Why could he kill a brute hurting her?

Dark. How dark. He hated the striped veil stealing her face into it. He must push through the veil. He was hungry to see her, to see her. He would always be hungry if for a million years he could live with that white small face in his sight.

As a flower turns to the sun slowly her face turned to the warm energy of his eyes.

He saw in them something that made him dare to say:

"Why, child—you dear little child, you adorable—adorable— I love you. Phyllis! Phyllis! I have always loved you. I've made you work so—you were a part of me—you—I'm selfish—you could never learn to care about a selfish brute—"

A small swiftly, quietly capable hand flew, as a bird to its perch, and pressed his lips so that they could say no more words.

And then the lights of El Morro began to twinkle and laugh, all the lights of Havana and the stars of heaven. They laughed because a secretary and an employer sat very close together on a bench on the Malecon and kissed.

The Malecon in March is magic. Try it.

CHASE & SANBORN'S
SUPERIOR BRAND TEA

Pleasing flavour—wholesome goodness—never-varying quality. No wonder Chase & Sanborn's Superior Brand Tea has won the friendship of a nation!

Three kinds - BLACK, GREEN & MIXED Sold only in air-tight packages

The meal surely starts right if its

CLARK'S SOUPS

Canada's choicest vegetables, "Canada Approved" meats and tested spices and herbs are handed to the skilled Clark Chefs to produce the delicious Clark Soups.

And they are good!

All you need do is to add even amount of water, bring to a boil and serve. Each tin provides four servings of delicious flavory soup. Assortment includes:

Tomato	Oxtail	Mutton Broth
Vegetable	Consomme	Mulligatawny
Julienne	Chicken	Mock Turtle
Pea	Green Pea	Scotch Broth
	Celery	

Keep an assortment handy of your favorite soups.

"Let the Clark Kitchens Help You"

W. CLARK, LTD., Montreal, St. Remi, P.Q., & Harrow, Ont.

Packers of the Celebrated Clark's Pork & Beans

From Generation to Generation

Down through the years since 1853 Christie's Arrowroot Biscuits have been recognized as a perfect form of nourishment for young children — because of their wholesome ingredients and exceptional purity.

Sold in moisture-proof, sealed-tight cartons or by the pound. In the store or on the 'phone always ask for

Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853

WHEN sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size required. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Bloodshot

Eyes are unattractive. Clear them with *Murine*

When your Eyes become bloodshot from over-use, lack of sleep or exposure to sun, wind, dust or tobacco smoke, apply a few drops of *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fine as they look. *Murine* contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Get it from your druggist today!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Acid Decay

PARTICLES of food hide behind your teeth, between them and at the base, where the toothbrush fails to reach. Acid forms and sets up decay.

Dr. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash counteracts acid. It destroys the germs of decay, keeps the mouth clean and the breath sweet.

Dr. A.W. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash

Keeps the Breath Sweet

50 Cents, all dealers

Body Warmth

It is hardly possible to insist too earnestly upon the supreme importance of an abundance of fat-nourishment during the winter to keep up energy and body-warmth.

Scott's Emulsion

is an easily assimilated fuel-food that is of particular advantage to those who feel winter's cold over-much.

Scott's Emulsion nourishes the whole body and sustains strength.

Be sure it is Scott's.

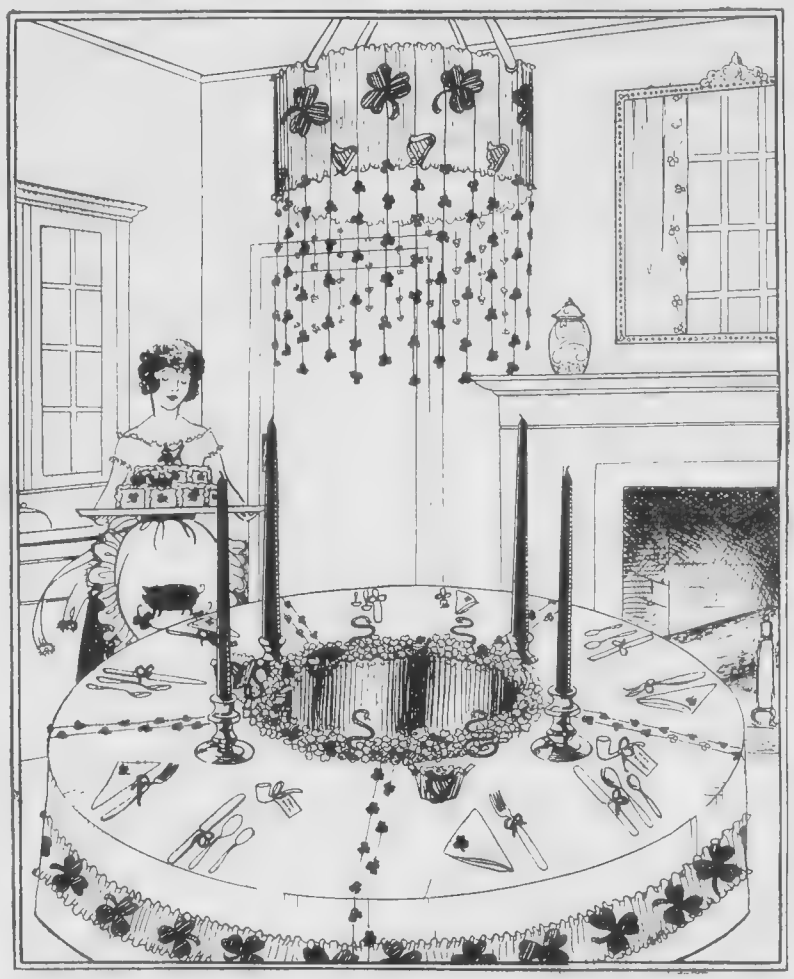
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-46b

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

For St. Patrick's Day

IT is not necessary to be a descendant of Erin to celebrate the "seventeenth of Ireland" and many hostesses save this date so as to add a bit of novelty to their entertainment. Here is a copy of an invitation issued by a hostess who was always clever in planning for special days:

Miss Elsie Gray
begs the honor of your riverint prisince
at a rivilry
in memory of St. Phadrig
Thursday avenin', March the Siventeenth
at 655 Palm Street
Ivry wan is requested to wear
a thrifle of grane
To extinguish himself from the ithers.



These invitations were issued on cardboard of green cut in the shape of a Shamrock.

To decorate the house take down all the portiers and replace by ones of cheesecloth of unmistakable green and carry scarfs of green cheesecloth from the windows and doors to the central chandelier; the Irish flag predominating everywhere. To decorate a house as they would in Ireland there would be large crosses of straw and flowers hung over the doors. A black cock is also a symbol, for on the Seventeenth this bird was solemnly sacrificed in memory of St. Patrick.

A novel way of selecting partners for any game the hostess may plan, or for refreshments, is to have a grab bag covered with green; in it place just half as many smmbolic favors as there are guests, having the duplicate tied up in green crepe paper. The men grab and the girls are given their favors in the dressing room. When all assemble the favors are matched.

A good stunt is a soap bubble contest with clay pipes tied with green ribbon, the prize for the most or best bubbles blown in a minute to be a cake of green soap or a bottle of green hued toilet water in a bottle tied with a huge green bow.

Prizes for various games should consist of something of an emerald hue. If a card party is planned any of the following would make suitable prizes: a green glass art vase, a volume of poems bound in green, a green pottery jar or a picture framed in green moulding.

Place cards may be made of any quaint conceits of the day, snakes, Irish lads and lassies, frogs, or use tiny pipes with name on stems fastened with a bow of green ribbon. A round mirror with tiny frogs on it surrounded by smilax makes a very effective centre piece. The fork and spoon for each guest could be tied with green ribbon and each napkin pinned with a shamrock.

Editors Know Everything

He wrote to the editor: "How can I keep postage stamps from sticking together?"

The editor's reply: "Buy 'em one at a time."

The Bow—Alberta

By Mary Matheson

Seeping—sparkling—
Thou art come;
Mountain fastness
Once thy home.

Seething—speeding—
Treach'rous—drear;
While white mountains
Hover near.

Softly silent
O'er the plain;
Thus we see thee
Come again.

Swiftly—silvery
Eddies turn;
Clasp the dead; nor
Living spurn.

Sorrow—smiting,
Low hast laid.
Child?—or aged?
Man?—or Maid?

Savage? Saint?
Of long ago,
Thy trophies claimed—
River Bow?

Solemn, sentenced
Warrior brave?
White or red man.
Coward? Knave?

Smiling as thou
Seem'st—I wot
Majestic—yet I
Trust thee not!

FREE if you are GRAY

New Safe Way to End Gray Hair

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by friends.

This new scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

Test it free if you wish by writing for free outfit—or go to nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1354-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Please print your name and address

Famous Beauties and Society Leaders the World over secure that bewitching, attractive touch to their complexion thru

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

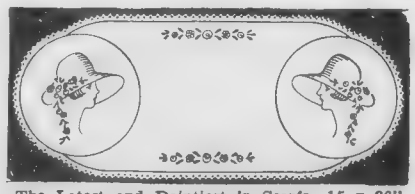
Made in White - Flesh - Rachel

In use over 85 years

Send 10c. for Trial Size 33

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

Lady Betty Scarf and FREE Offer of Doily 25c



The Latest and Daintiest in Scarfs—15 x 36"—quaint Lady Betty Design, to match Vanity Set offered in our last advertisement—stamped on the same heavy quality pure white Embro Cloth—at the VERY SPECIAL PRICE OF 25c.—the most marvellous value we have ever offered! And in order to increase our membership, we are offering to include with the Scarf, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a Dainty and Useful Service Doily to all who will send with their order the names and addresses of a few ladies who do fancywork and **who are not already members of our Society.** We also include a copy of **our Complete Catalogue of wonderful values in Art Needlework.** If you did not happen to see our last advertisement and would like to have the 3-piece Vanity Set to match this Scarf, we shall be pleased to send same on receipt of an extra 25c. Order today and be the first to display the Complete Lady Vanity Set. Society of Art Needlework, Dept. 33, Toronto 10, Ont.

Patterns will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps forwarded to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Is Your Style of Hairbob a Key to Your Character?

Lya de Putti Defines Seven Distinct Fashions

THE wide spread interest in the modern woman's coiffure has brought forth an interesting commentary from Lya de Putti, celebrated German movie star, imported to this country several months ago. The distinguished continental star has her own original ideas on the subject of hair bobbing. She maintains that the style of the bob indicates a woman's desires and therefore provides a key to her character. And as Miss de Putti was one of the first advocates of bobbed hair in Europe, she is apparently well qualified to speak.

A rakish daring type

Seven Distinct Bobs

"As the hair goes, so does its owner," was the manner in which she briefly stated her belief. "If you will observe the bobbed-haired woman that you meet —and there are very few otherwise nowadays— you will see that what I am going to say is true.

"From my observation I find that there seven distinct desires shown in bobs," the diminutive star continued. "They are, briefly: Ambition, Art, Maternal, Seeking Youth, Brazenness, Dignity, and Temptation."

Maternal type

The little lady who has made men's hearts beat faster the world over then elaborated on the seven original types that she named.

"Consider the type that desires Ambition. That type you will find carelessly bobbed, with the hair having a somewhat

The type of Art

dishevelled appearance. It is invariably towsley and unkempt. It favors a close-shagginess, with no great length to the tresses. Women who bob in this fashion are frequently prominent in the world of arts, literature and painting. Anita Loos and Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore) are foremost in my mind as I think of them.

The Type of Art

"Then consider the type of Art. You will find that the bob is plastered back, tight to the head, and clipped close. This type you will find to be highly sensitized persons whose temperament and character lead them to art. They live as well as feel it, and it manifests itself through the sleek coiffure. Actresses and kindred types adopt this, for it is fastidious and indicates a great neatness of person. And forms so admirable a background for the clothes that this type person is inclined to wear," she said.

"The Maternal type—and certainly this one is predominant throughout the world, is the simplest. The hair is cut primarily for convenience. The mother, in ministering to the wants of her children, does not seek to be fastidious. She wants convenience and comfort, and it is amazing that bob for this purpose should possess the magnificent beauty that the

Youthful type

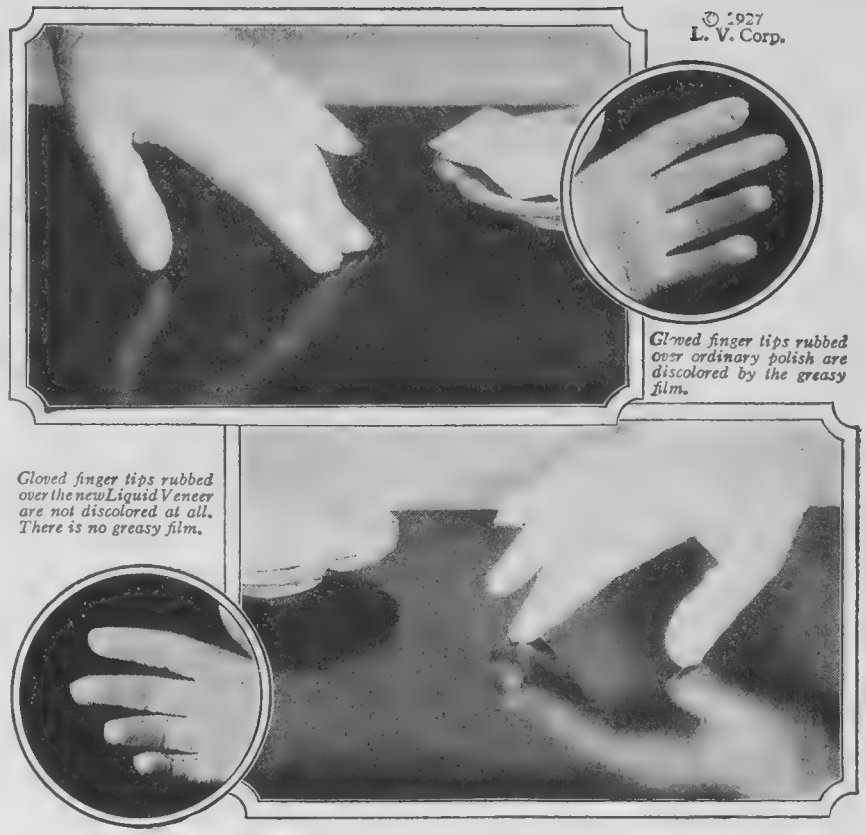
maternal type represents. Surely some children think that the bobbed hair bears a resemblance to a 'halo'," she continued.

The fourth type, Miss de Putti explained, was the Youth Seeking type, well known throughout the famous "bads" and "cures" of her native Germany. "This type of woman who seeks to bring back the pink flush of youth seems to labor under the mistaken impression that a reversion to the bob of childhood will miraculously restore all of the youth that formerly accompanied that type of coiffure. The result is that the matron who is fat and forty always chooses the most flippant, flighty type of bob. And by their heads you can tell them. Ugh!" and the beautiful movie queen shrugged her petite shoulders in distaste.

The Brazen Bob

The consideration of the next type brought to Miss de Putti's eyes a sparkle of mirth. "This fifth type. So brazen. We have seen them in Europe. Berlin and Paris has them and labels them 'gamin,' after the street urchins who are so brazen. They are the ones that you see with their hair plastered close to their heads, revealing a head that must be solid. And usually they will segregate two strands of hair and curl them down against the side of each cheek. And their foreheads are generally adorned with the inverted question mark or other hirsute arrangement. They shout their presence by the manner of their bob. And the

Continued on page 95



Now! a furniture polish that leaves NO GREASY FILM

THE photographs show what a difference it will make in your furniture. The table in the upper photograph was treated with a polish typical of hundreds. The *same* table as shown in the lower photograph was treated with a new *greaseless* polish, an *improved* form of a preparation sold everywhere for years — Liquid Veneer.

The difference in richness and brilliance is shown clearly. The *greaseless* polish brings out the natural color and beauty of the original finish. The ordinary polish is dull and lustreless in comparison.

Look at the finger tips of the gloved hands in the circles and you will see the reason why. The grease in the ordinary polish leaves a film that dulls the finish, no matter how hard it is rubbed. The *absence* of grease in the new polish makes it easy to produce a hard, clear, clean, bright surface.

Not only does the new greaseless Liquid Veneer mean better looking furniture, but less effort, fewer applications, quicker dusting. And this same *greaseless* characteristic also makes it unusually satisfactory for the dull finishes, and for pianos, woodwork, floors, automobiles.

This superiority of the new Liquid Veneer has been proven scientifically. A report from the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York, is in our files. Ordinary polish and Liquid Veneer were purchased in the open market and each applied as directed on the labels. Photographs of the treated surface then showed clearly the greasy film of the ordinary polish and the clean, lustrous results produced by Liquid Veneer.

IMPORTANT!

The new greaseless Liquid Veneer is on sale everywhere. There is no change in the design of the container but the contents of the packages now in the stores were manufactured according to the new formula.

Fill in coupon below and mail today.

Special Offer No. 1

	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture)	$. 50
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	.10
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes"	.25
Total value	$1.10
Special price	**$ .50**

Special Offer No. 2

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes"	.25
Total value	$ .60
Special price	**$ .25**

Special Offer No. 3

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Total value	$ .35
Special price	**$ .10**

1913 Liquid Veneer Bldg. **LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION** Buffalo, New York

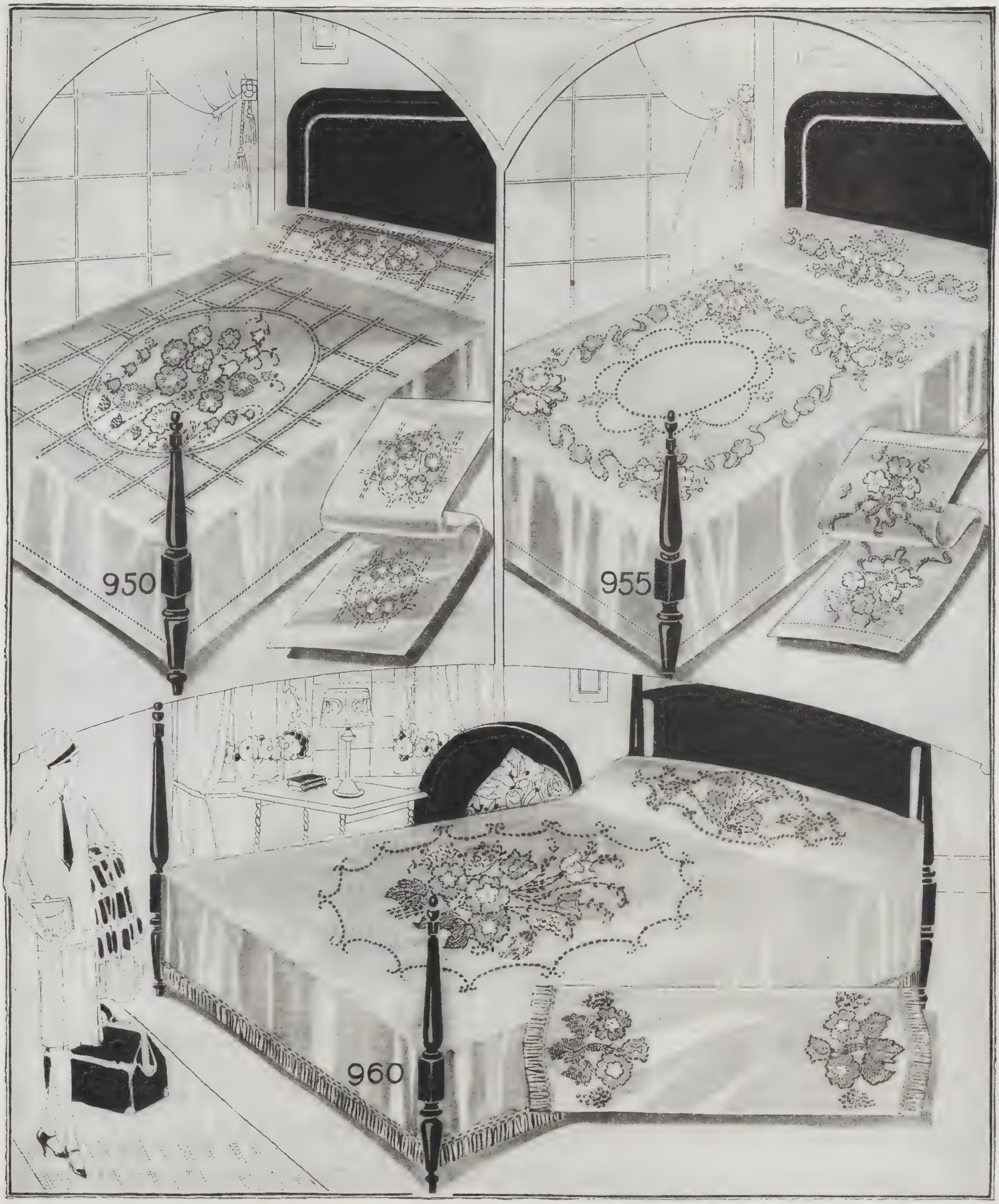
The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

Liquid Veneer Corporation,
1913 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of the offer checked:
—No. 1, 50c postpaid —No. 2, 25c postpaid
— No. 3, 10c postpaid

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....

Inexpensive Stamped Bedspreads and Scarfs



THE above attractive designs are stamped ready for embroidering on a good quality unbleached art cotton that will wash and launder splendidly. The spreads are full size and the stamped designs are very easily worked. When embroidery and trimming are complete you have a Spread that any one should feel proud of. Numbers 950 and 955 have hemstitched border all round. Number 960 has plain edge (fringe not included). The Bedspreads are stamped as illustrated and are furnished with working chart and sufficient embroidery material to complete. **Price, $2.75.**

Scarfs with chart and embroidery material to complete. **Price, each 59 cents.**

Spread requires 8 yards, and Scarf **1** yard of fringe to complete. **Price, per yard, 15 cents.**

When ordering from The Western Home Monthly be sure to state number of Bedspread desired.

SLICED PEACHES

—for instant use in scores of ways

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, too, offer scores of ways to make your meals more tempting.

They're tree-ripened fruit—picked and packed at the moment of perfection—sliced in their own rich syrup for quick, convenient use.

In cobblers, shortcakes, pies, tarts and puddings they offer a real adventure in menu-making. Best of all, they are a royal treat by themselves—a quick, easy fruit that everybody likes.

But no matter how you serve them, remember to insist on DEL MONTE. This label is your assurance of uniform quality—no matter when or where you buy.

Send for These Special Recipe Folders

We have just issued two new folders—containing selected recipes for the service of Sliced Peaches and Crushed Pineapple. Both free—together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Address Department 37-S, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Pineapple—
in its most convenient form

Search as you will, there's nothing finer for everyday meals than the fresh touch that pineapple always offers!

And it's so easy to have, too—without a bit of extra preparation. DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is the finest, sun-ripened Hawaiian fruit—in its most convenient form for recipe use. Sweet, mellow and luscious, it adds a distinctive charm to scores of desserts and salads.

Delicious, too—right from the can alone—served as "pineapple sauce" for breakfast or any other meal.

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE. It's such a simple thing to do—but so important to guarantee the quality you want.

CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

Other Special DEL MONTE Varieties You Should Know

Fruits for Salad
De Luxe Plums
Peas, Corn, Tomatoes
Spinach, Pimientos
Asparagus Tips
Dri-Pak Prunes
Pickles
and many others

Two SUMMER FRUITS for keener enjoyment of cold-weather meals

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace-of-mind unknown before. Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 75c per dozen

Kotex-Super: $1.20 per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of KOTEX Made in Canada

KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name .....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

WHM-3

Spring Fashion Chart for 1927

THE bloused waistline is still with us, belts and draperies confine the hips, skirts are straight, and shoulders show more breadth.

Tiers, plaits of various widths, jabots and cascades add interest to the straight lines. Flares are shown in some circular outlines, and the dolman sleeve is still in evidence.

The back of dresses is usually flat.

Now and again one sees a skirt with plaits all around, or crosswise tiers on the back.

The jabot is receiving considerable attention. A cascade or jabot drapery below the surplice closing of a blouse or dress is very smart.

The blouse with a jabot trimming below the collar will be popular with tailored suits.

Skirts are still short, the proper length is of course that suited to the individual, a conservative length is two inches below the knees.

Plaits are much in evidence. Front plaits in groups, or single plaits at the sides or in front are much in vogue. Plaited tiers or flounces are used on daytime dresses. The popular groups of inverted tucks at the shoulder are quite universal.

Finely plaited skirts of printed silk are worn with jumpers of georgette in a plain color.

One and two-piece models are shown for sports wear and also for evening wear. A two-piece dress of metal brocade is very fashionable for evening wear.

An important style feature of the approaching season is the bolero. Many of the new models are part of the dress, some are separate, and often they are without collars. One sees boleros of lace with long sleeves.

Jackets of plain material are worn with striped or figured skirts. An ensemble consisting of a dress and short jacket in lighter tones is new.

A lace dress with long sleeves is suitable for wear at a dinner.

Lace in all colors is shown in entire dresses as well as for trimming.

Flowers are worn at the left hip and right shoulder.

Tie ends cut in one with neck are new and youthful.

Yokes are shown in new outlines.

The vogue collarless necks is growing; one sees the square and "V" outline on blouses and dresses.

The uneven hemline, now so apparent, even in formal dresses, is a good compromise between the short and longer skirt line. Panels, draperies and sashends are used to simulate this unevenness.

A blouse of georgette finely plaited is smart with crosswise stitchings in self color.

Bows of ribbon set in along the surplice closing of a frock form a very attractive decoration.

Narrow plaitings at the hem and sleeve edges are pleasing on a coat of taffeta.

Sashes of finely plaited chiffon are new and smart.

A simple blouse made with dolman sleeves, is worn with a tiered draped skirt. The drapery is formed in a cascade at the centre front.

Bows, belts and sashes are much in evidence.

Peplum blouses are worn with skirts that are finely plaited over the front.

The blouse with simple coat closing, inserted pockets and bishop sleeves is shown in moire and satin crepe.

Creased godets, and trouser plaits are new on skirts of tailored suits.

Very smart is an all around tunic with flare godets at the sides of the front. The underskirt is straight and narrow, the waist is bloused, and finished with close fitting sleeves and a scarf collar.

A two-piece frock of taffeta shows the jumper made with a deep "V" shaped vestee, and a wide hip belt, laced at the centre front.

Applied flounces form a bolero on the waist of a one-piece frock, in which the flounce is repeated on the skirt, and in the wrist flare of the long close sleeve.

Dainty lingerie *need not be* high-priced

The surprising low cost of Stanfield's NOVASILK is a welcome fact to the discriminating woman who appreciates charming lingerie in a wide selection of lovely colors.

NOVASILK is beautifully tailored and finished by a firm that has been making fine underwear for nearly fifty years.

See the fashionable new Spring colors now in vests, bloomers, costume slips, chemises, step-ins, nightgowns, pajamas and kimonos.

Stanfield's Limited, Truro, N. S.

Makers of Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear for all the family.

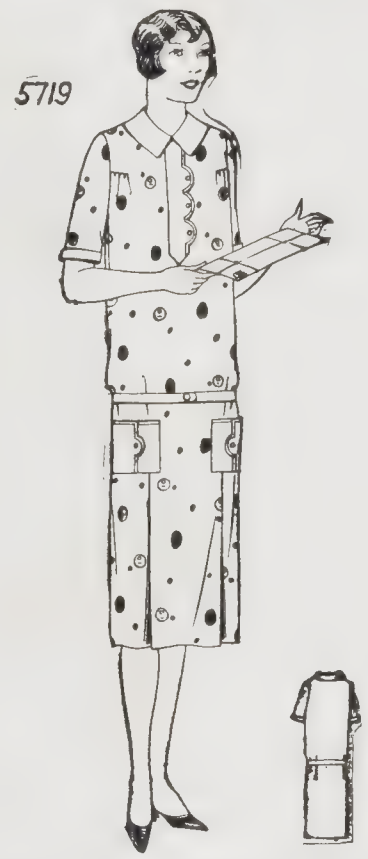
STANFIELD'S *Novasilk* REG'D LINGERIE

Eliminate Failure From Your Spring Dressmaking

5712. Figured silk, moire or crepe satin may be used for this style. The vestee may be of georgette or chiffon. The pattern for this attractive style is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 yards of 40-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on the vest. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 52 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5715. Plaid woollen or gingham, pongee or challie could be used for this design with facings in contrasting color or material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material together with ⅝-yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, cuffs, belt and bands. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5713. This model will develop well in satin, crepe, fine serge or moire. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1⅝ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5722. Cretonne, chintz or rubberized materials may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size will require 1¾ yard of 36-inch material. Patern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5721. This charming model may be developed in crepe de chine, batiste, voile or radium silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44 and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5723. Figured silk, moire or broad cloth could be used for this attractive model. The fronts may be rolled open as in the small view, or closed high as in the large view. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5729. Cotton prints, gingham, flannel and jersey may be be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size if made as illustrated in the large view, will require 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt portions. If made with short sleeves it will require 1⅞ yard of material and the contrasting material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Continued on page 82

Mighty Batteries

Put Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries to work for you and you'll discover what a might of power they put into their work.

You will also find that they will last longer.

Order Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries. There's an Eveready Columbia Dealer nearby:

Popular uses include:

- Gas engine ignition
- Doorbells
- Buzzers
- Heat regulators
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- Telephone and telegraph
- Starting Fords
- Ringing burglar alarms
- Protecting bank vaults
- Electric clocks
- Calling Pullman porters
- Firing blasts
- Lighting tents and outbuildings
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EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

–they last longer

Settling Immigrants in Communities

By Nettie Bushholder

FOUR of the dominions of Great Britain are developing and working out plans for bringing settlers to occupy their vacant lands. Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Canada are welcoming those men and women who wish to better their economic conditions. The wonderful possibilities offered to many more people than the Old World can spare, and yet she can release millions, seems like one of Bret Harte's Tales. But his tales came true, and so will the actual wealth of these countries bring comfort and opulence to those who are despairing of ever making a decent living.

Canada has given to three hundred and twenty thousand settlers from Central Europe alone her best and richest lands. Domineered over, deprived of liberty, with no hope of any amelioration of conditions, the people of Russia and Austria have been driven away by their own governments. Here, they found peace and plenty, and no one to molest them in the pursuit of an honest living. It was in 1896 that a large number of Galicians, Buckowinians and White Russians came to the Western Provinces. Winnipeg, as a distributing centre, and the Province of Manitoba, received the first contingents; then Saskatchewan placed her quota, also Doukhobors in her northern parts; and last to receive the immigrants was Alberta.

There are several settlements throughout this latter province, but the largest colony occupies a territory stretching from Fort Saskatchewan, east to Lloydminster, south Holden and north many miles beyond Athabasca Landing. Besides the races already mentioned, several thousands of Ukrainians have been admitted. In all, this area is the home of about sixty thousand peasants from a densely populated part of Europe.

To prevent homesickness and discouragement, consequent on coming to a new country, the priests of the Greek Orthodox and Uniat churches accompanied their parishioners. Nor were they neglected by the people among whom they came. Neighborly hands reached out and gave them help wherever possible. The government and various organizations, aware that it would be difficult for the parents to change long inherited modes of living, endeavored to give some culture and education to the children. Boarding schools and public schools were established.

These efforts met with little response from the immigrants. In Radway Centre, Wastao, Chipman, Smoky Lake, Vegreville and Lamont are schools, churches and hospitals. The churches and schools have a fairly good attendance now, but in the centre of the colony they are still avoided. The hospitals are beginning to make an impression on the community, but for a long time there existed a suspicion, that was hard to overcome, of doctor's orders and nurse's efforts for sanitary living. In the years that have elapsed since their arrival, the mass of the so-called New Canadians have persistently refused to adopt the life of the people in whose country they live.

Driving through this colony, one would feel that he was on a trip to Europe and in Galicia or Russia. The small, whitewashed houses with their straw thatched roofs, the clay ovens standing outside, the neglected appearance of the yards and around the front doors, the dome topped churches on the hills, the unfamiliar speech on all sides, would make him a stranger in his own land. The women still wear the fooska and the many colored harbodka. A time honored custom requires the girls to wear their hair hanging down their backs until their wedding day. The social customs at the celebration of marriages and of saints' days, and the observance of Christmas in the first week of January, also the New Year a week later, show how primitive they are. The pity is, they do not want to change; rather, they are working up a strong nationalistic spirit.

Archdeacon Budka, the leader of the Ukrainians in Canada, during the war period, headed a deputation to Ottawa to request the legislature that the Ukrainians be permitted to make their own laws, and to build up in Canada an Austrian state. This demand was refused, but, nevertheless, the nationalistic spirit is being steadily fostered.

With such a large foreign population, and sixty thousand in one block in Alberta, who are not interested in the development of the country, its progress is retarded intellectually. Very few can read English; they speak enough to buy and sell. The important questions that agitate the minds of Canadians, they do not know or care about. Any political heeler who rides through the district, if he uses a little sophistry, can gain their confidence. Elections are swung by voters who do not know for what they are voting. Indeed, among themselves there are bosses who have all the arts and cunning of Tammany Hall.

Among a people who are determined to maintain their former life and traditions, it is easy to imagine the difficulty in enforcing an English education. The teacher has trouble in securing attendance of the pupils. To induce them to speak English in the class room and on the playground is no easy task. Not only does the teacher receive little encouragement from the parents, but there is subtle and often open opposition. When this stage is reached, the inspector has to interfere.

To make the position of the teacher still more trying, there is no boarding place provided. Frequently, a little addition is made to the schoolhouse, or a shack is built on the grounds. Lately, the government is erecting small four-roomed cottages for married men; but young men and women when obliged to "bach," find teaching in a foreign settlement a real hardship.

Since the Austrians and Russians have found they must obey the law regarding school attendance, they have got around the question in another way. Those of their own nationality, who reside in towns and cities and who have passed the required examinations for teachers' certificates, are hired by the trustees. Although these men are the possessors of certificates, their knowledge of the English language and literature is very meagre. Furthermore, many of them are not eager to teach English, and the children might as well be in Austria.

From several instances of the determination of some neighborhoods to oust any teacher who employs Canadian methods in conducting a school, one may be cited. A young lady, who had graduated from the University of Alberta, was very desirous of helping the New Canadians. For this purpose she took a school some distance from Edmonton and quite within the colony. Of course, she "bached" in a small shack next the school. Her pupils grew very fond of her, but she met with a chilling response from the parents. Her shack needed banking to keep out the cold. After repeated requests to have the matter attended to, she told the trustees she would be obliged to leave. They let her go, and immediately hired one of their own race.

Although discipline in the schools was not difficult at first, there has crept in a certain lawlessness. This contempt increases as the children grow up. It is partly due to the conditions under which the parents live. When large colonies of a European people are transplanted to a new country, some of the restraints of the home and traditions are left behind, and the temptations of a new life confront the children. "To me," said Dr. Mihaychuk, "it is one of the greatest tragedies that so many names of my countrymen appear on the court lists of Canada. The older people could not give attention to the young because of the conditions they faced."

This lack of parental control is now manifesting itself. Extreme radicalism is strong in the second generation. The community hall, their public meeting place, when in a district composed almost entirely of foreign speaking people, can become a hot-bed of ultra liberal ideas. It is only by mingling with the less excitable Saxon that the seething of the pot is prevented from boiling over. Dr. Mihaychuk suggested that "the cure was a larger experience of Canada."

IT is this "larger experience of Canada" that the Mennonites and the Doukhobors have needed. As a consequence, they have treked from place to place, and many of the latter race after many years in Canada, are going back to Russia. Both these peoples are industrious and would have made good citizens, if they had been more scattered and separated into smaller numbers.

Yet in the years succeeding the date of the first arrival of immigrants in groups, those who have been courageous enough to break away from the community centres, and step out into a new life, have made remarkable progress in nearly every kind of occupation and profession.

From the date of the founding of the university, foreign names on the attendance rolls are very numerous. It is doubted if any university has a more cosmopolitan class of students, and the number of graduates with unpronounceable names is increasing each year. Medicine, dentistry, and the natural sciences seem to be the favorite subjects of study. One young man is a barrister and solicitor in a town near Edmonton; in another town there is a successful physician.

In the preparatory schools of the cities, about ten per cent. of the pupils are of recent foreign extraction. To arrive that far in education, means considerable sacrifice by some of the parents, and frugal living on the part of the students. Therefore, they waste no time on amusements.

Many young men who have not been able to secure higher education, are found in banks, in drug stores, as dry goods clerks, grocery clerks, chauffeurs; in fact, any business requiring responsible service. Young women come to the cities for domestic service "to learn English ways." They are quick to imitate and soon adopt the modes of dress of their Canadian sisters.

Because nearly all the Russian and Ukrainian immigrants are of the agricultural class, it is found they succeed much better in farming, if they are living near or in English-speaking communities. They learn the best methods of treating the soil, adopt the newer kinds of machinery, and soon become keen in the knowledge and practice of marketing their produce.

The business of buying and selling gradually brings them into some position of importance in their neighborhood. By taking a responsible share in township affairs, they learn the meaning of obedience to law, and learn also that British law is just. It is this knowledge that knits these down-trodden peasants to our Canada. From this latter class, a number of men went as soldiers to fight against their own country.

Buying and selling of products reveals a wonderful talent, noticeable among all these newcomers, their inbred love of barter. In a farming district one man will set up a store in a little shack, nine by nine feet, on a corner of his farm. He buys butter and eggs from the women, keeps post office, sells dry goods, farm implements, and runs a sort of stage to the nearest town. Not many years pass, and he builds a large department store, which may be the centre of a growing village.

Side by side with this love of trade, is the great fondness for the æsthetics. Music is both a pastime and a study. The men and women have good voices, which is evidenced in the chants in their church service. The study of musical instruments is a favorite occupation. The son of a farmer living near one of the cities, and who has nearly completed his university course, has attracted attention as a violinist. Even now, a future is prophesied for him.

In other ways this love of the artistic is manifested. After the old thatched roof house has been pulled down, the new one has touches of beautiful designs that are quite attractive. The colors on the doors and window sashes are interesting revelations of their knowledge of color. In poetry, that of Shevchenko, their national poet, is memorized. An institute, erected recently in Edmonton, was named in honor of him.

These people who have so much to recommend them are needed in Canada, but care must be taken in developing their abilities. Their ardent adherence to their country, their fiery enthusiasm, their quick imagination, are weapons either for or against Canada. The American Republic allowed the different races from Europe to settle in groups, and when she wished to enter the war, found that these peoples had not become Americans, had no sympathy with her ideals, and, in many communities, the second and third generations could not speak English. As a consequence, only a limited number of immigrants are admitted yearly, and a vigorous policy of education for those already in the country is begun.

Settling foreign races in colonies is a kindly act at first, but a detriment later to them and to the country they live in. A clear headed Scotchman, who came last year, has determined already to leave his kith and kin, and take his family to a place where he can strike out for himself, unhampered by opinions and customs of his neighbors.

It is in this coming year, that we must profit by the mistakes of former times, and make of the different peoples of Canada one nation. In attempting to do this, there are three problems to solve—to fill her vacant lands, to select the right men and women to occupy them, and to distribute the settlers in the most advantageous way. Placed as this country is, in a climate neither too hot nor too cold, gifted with all that makes material prosperity, and approaching the peak of her intellectual forces, she can, by judicious foresight, give rest, peace and comfort to her less fortunate neighbors.

An Idyllic Scene

Paris Through Canadian Eyes

Continued from page 15

wilderness. So much for romance Anyone who says it does not exist in real life is a pessimist and utterly wrong.

DURING the last two weeks in December, Paris held its tenth annual aviation exhibition. It was truly a marvellous display. Upon the vast floor of the Grand Palais, overlooking the Seine, one of the largest public buildings in France, were assembled a hundred flying machines of all shapes and sizes from the tiny seaplane of the French navy to the monster passenger airplanes which fly from Paris to England, Germany, Russia and other parts of Europe. The world is looking forward to universal peace. But viewing the number and variety of machines destined to carry bombs, peace seems very far away. It is impossible, without going into pages of technical description, to give any idea of the marvellous advances made in engines and framework that have been accomplished by the French alone. The claim that they lead the world in the conquest of the air seems borne out by the gathering of machines. At the exhibition there was also shown daily motion pictures of the work of the French flying fleet . One gazed upon large flat plains literally covered with a spider fleet of speedy aircraft. Their number must run into the thousands, though, this being a military secret, I could not get any figures.

I talked also with a relation of mine, a French officer in the flying corps, and he told me of a new tank just completed that weighs seventy tons, and can be driven through a stone house. This latest marvel of man's demoniacal ability in creating engines of destruction, is naturally kept a great secret. No pictures of it are allowed to be taken. Even men in the army not directly connected with its operation are not allowed to come close to it. But I understand the chief triumph of this monster is that it can be entirely operated by one man. Just what a fleet of these would do to a modern city is horrible to contemplate, for they are supposed to be able to resist even a heavy shell.

THERE is no race prejudice in Paris. The Latin Quarter, always the residential district of foreigners, is crowded as never before, making rooms at a premium, and the price in keeping. And the number of Chinese, Annamites and negroes is enormous. To a Canadian it is rather an unpleasant sight to see these black and yellow men everywhere in company with the prettiest of French women. Yet unions of this kind pass without comment. Black and yellow men with white companions have quarters in all the hotels. Last week I attended the weekly dance at the Bal Bullier, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, dance hall in Paris, in the Latin Quarter. It is a historic place, much renovated, of course, but the same as told about in Murger's immortal "Bohemian Life," and mentioned in hundreds of novels in French and English devoted to Paris. Two orchestras took turns in playing for the crowd of about two hundred couples on the vast floor. And here again one sees the the inevitable miscegenation: huge and very ugly colored men, and dapper Annamites, Chinese and Japs doing the "Charleston," the "Blackbottom" and other dances with beautiful women of France. But then, France is short a million and a half men. So what can one say? And it must be admitted, when it comes to clothes these colored foreigners are the last word in dress. Far and away superior to the average Frenchman, who, it must be admitted, is a dowdy dresser.

Divorce is on the increase. And on the billboards and in the newspapers one reads such striking notices as: "Divorce on credit. Pay in easy installments over three months time. Notice furnished gratis." With such incitements to sever the marital knot, what a temptation to anyone with the installment habit.

Undoubtedly the thing of supreme importance in Paris at this time t many Canadians is the wide variation of the franc. To the Canadian student or worker in Paris of modest means the franc in the past five months has been watched with as much interest as it is by brokers. For though the franc has varied 15 points since last July, prices of rooms, food, and in some cases clothes, have remained unchanged. In October I bought my first francs at 32 to the dollar while at sea one day's sail from Cherbourg. On the ship I could not procure enough to carry me to Paris. One day later in Paris, the franc had climbed to 30 to the dollar. By the middle of December it was worth 24. So many a Canadian student is of consequence forced to become a small gambler in international exchange. And, paradoxical as it may seem, the fact that the franc has steadily risen in price has caused much unemployment. This problem of international exchange is a most baffling one. And, strangely enough, even the men learned in finance guess the wrong way on which the franc will jump quite as often as the laymen.

TO THE new arrival in Paris from North America or England probably the most exasperating thing is hunting a letter box upon the street. The boxes are blue in color and set in the walls of buildings. Judging from the positions in which these boxes are placed, one is led to believe the postal authorities did not want to have any letters posted, for the letter boxes are placed in the most inaccessible places. It is only by walking long distances and carefully scrutinizing each building that you can find one. The other evening, after walking many blocks, I came upon one half hidden behind a table containing a display of soap. The table jutted out well into the boulevard and I never would have spied the box except that the postman at the moment was bending over to clear it.

This occupying of as much as half the street space by tables containing goods is another of the amazing sidelights of Paris. Even the biggest department stores have long lines of tables outside the building, in some cases completely circling the main building. Also in almost every arcade and doorway a man or woman is to be found with a little stand entirely devoted to selling stockings. There are actually hundreds of these scattered along the main thoroughfares. How they all make a living in competition not only with each other but with the hundreds of regular stores is one of the marvels of our modern civilization.

IN THE past twelve months three thousand people have been either killed or injured by automobiles in Paris alone. The traffic is unquestionably the worst organized of any city in the world. Taxis and motor vehicles of all kinds race down the street at forty miles an hour. So far I have succeeded in dodging the best of them, and if I continue to do so, I will later relate for the Western Home Monthly readers some of the interesting stories of Canadians in Paris, and of the remarkable things that are being done by scientists in the Schools of Medicine and at the Sarbonne, which lies just around the corner of my apartment.

To be continued.

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Aids for The Home Dressmaker

Continued from page 78

5734. Voile, batiste, China silk or taffeta could be used for this model. The long sleeve portion may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 3⅝ yards of 32-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 3¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

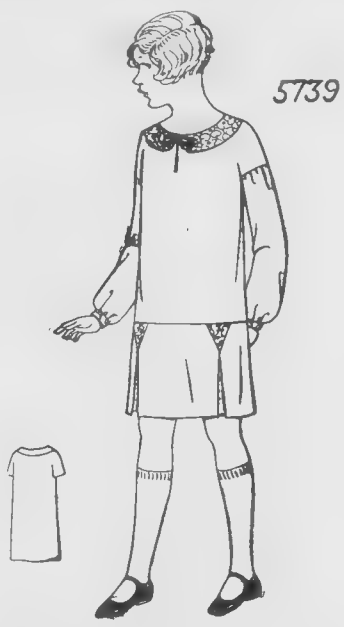
5735. Dotted challie and satin are here combined. The style is also attractive in the new figured prints or plaid cottons. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size if made as illustrated will require 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material together with ⅜-yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, band cuffs and the string girdle, also ½ yard of material 6 inches wide for facing on the vestee. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5739. Crepe de chine with metal embroidery or figured silk would be an attractive development for this design. The long sleeve portion may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material 18 inches wide for inserts and facing on collar and cuffs, if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves ⅜ yard less of 32-inch material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5719. Figured percale, gingham or chambrey, as well as broad cloth or linen are excellent materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material for facings on overlap, pockets, collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1⅝ yard with plait extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5714. This model features the surplice closing with smart shawl collar. The skirt is mounted on a yoke. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress as shown in the large view for a 38-inch size will require ⅝ yard of 36-inch lining for the skirt yoke, ½ yard of plain material 40 inches wide, for facing on vestee, collar and cuffs, and 3¾ yards of figured material 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5717. Moire in a new shade of green was used for this design. The trimming is of satin in a matched shade. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 4 yards of 40-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for neck facing with tie ends and facing on belt and sleeves. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1¾ yard with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



Fashion Book Notice

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer, 1927, Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of ladies' misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15c each from The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

Transformation

By Jean Mitchell Smith

My eye, through a pattern on a frosted pane,
Beheld one morning, a wondrous miracle,
When at the sound of a note in a robin's throat,
Winter cast off his ermine, crystal and lace,
And handed Spring the keys of his vast domain.
Forth, I limped into the newborn world sublime,
And as I leaned on my trusty staff,
A little robin gayly drest in orange-red and brown,
Sat on a cherry bough and sang with tilted head,
Of God and Hope and Love in the sweet springtime.

A Highland Romance

Continued from page 13

She looked up and adored. It must have been heaven to have been loved by him, she thought. And Caria was a girl who had learned many lessons of practicality both in love and out. She came from Texas.

After a time she turned away from the painting of Donald Stuart and began to rummage among the books on the shelf like a school girl turned loose in a cupboard of cakes and jam. Caria was in heaven; her own heaven, to be sure, but she felt a joyous little thrill to think that Dorrit Joyce had absolutely no business in the castle of Glenardan.

The books enthralled her. She knew it would be hours before the caretaker could return from the village. Even when he did he would not likely come until after he had eaten. Recklessly she climbed on chairs, pulling the dusty tomes from the resting place of years, revelling in their antiquity, their wormy beauty. In one, a book of cavalier lyrics, she found a picture of the same Donald Stuart who smiled down at her from his place above the hearth. It was the same picture; yet not the same, for, where in the great painting the nobleman's hand gripped the knob of a stick, in the book it rested on his breast. Caria was a woman of whims, and Caria wondered.

It was a whimsy that made her climb from a chair on to the broad mantel and press her hand down on the pictured fingers that jauntily held the stick. The world seemed to drop from beneath her feet. She reeled; she was falling—falling—into oblivion.

All was darkness when Caria came to life. She lay on the hearth-rug, where she must have been for hours. Her first coherent thought was that the picture above her in the darkness was laughing at her, slyly laughing. What had happened?

She sat up. Her body ached in more parts than she had known herself possessed of. Her head was splitting. She must have tripped up there on the mantel where she had gone to—what was it she had climbed up to see? Oh, yes, to look at the hand of the laughing cavalier. It served her right for being so silly. What troubles her whims did cause her. How in the world could she get out of Glenardan to find her way back to the village past the caretaker and a host of distrustful sheep dogs on the hillside? It was a miracle that the old man had not come and found her there.

CARIA'S escape was easier than she had hoped. It was a bright night. The stars and a cameo-moon showed her the path. The postern shut noiselessly behind her. She hurried, still very dizzy, down the steep to Heather Cottage, doctored herself with liniment, tea and cold scones, and went promptly to bed to dream of galloping cavaliers whose horses upset her, gay cavaliers who lifted her off her feet. But her dream-knight always had the same smiling, patrician face—the face of Donald Stuart.

Caria, save for a few minor aches and a stiffness in her left arm as though someone had given her a blow on the wrist, was none the worse for her fall. At ten o'clock the following morning she took her sketch-book and set out for Ben Glower, a peak a mile away from that on which the castle stood. From Ben Glower, Hamish had told her she could get a wonderful view of the sea, far better than that from Glenardan.

Caria found it a breath-taking climb. The road was most of the time a narrow track among boulders. It was so little trodden that heather and harebell and wide-fronded brake covered it partly over.

At noon she reached the summit. The broad vista of the sea, gleaming, shimmering in the sunlight; the smoke-smudges of three trawlers far off near the sky-line; the long, even leap of the combers on the jagged rocks far, far below—these made her feel at once infinitely small and infinitely happy. She sat down on a flat rock near the edge of the cliff and tried to capture with deft pencil the sweep of sea and sky.

Soon she abandoned a task which seemed suited for a god's genius on a canvas wide as the world. She began, unwittingly, to draw the profile of Donald Stuart. She knew its every feature. The result pleased her. Yes, he had smiled like that — only more recklessly.

A pebble rolled on the rocky ground. She looked up and instinctively ducked the drawing out of sight. The original of her sketch stood above her.

He wore no velvet jerkin—a rough tweed coat and knickers of hodden gray; his hair was blond to redness, but closely shorn; his smile was the same that had, literally, knocked her off her feet.

The smile gave place to a look of steady seriousness. He had not seen the picture. Caria decided that she would not show it to him—yet.

'Have ye no' made a mistake?" he asked gently. "The fairies belong in Ireland, off to the west. I've never seen one till now in Glenardan."

Caria was—most rare predicament for her—at a loss for a word.

"I—I'm just a mere mortal, sorry to say," she managed at last.

"Oh! And you are English into the bargain," he said, forsaking the broad Scots in which he had first addressed her. "Though I've never seen one like you in England either."

She almost blurted out that she was an American—a Texan. She wisely withheld.

"I'm Dugald Stuart, if I may make so bold," he continued. "And I have just come up from Edinburgh to say a few farewells. You won't mind my sitting here. I'll try not to bother you."

Bother her—with a smile like that. Caria laughed — that throaty, gurgling laugh. It was all so glorious; to fall in love with a man who had been dead for over three centuries; then to find him standing above you asking if he may sit near you.

"I am Dorrit Joyce," lied Caria without effort. "The cliff-top is not private ground, I imagine."

"It could be," said Dugald, sitting down on a rock facing her. It belongs to the castle yonder. Yes. It may very well be private. I have come to say farewells, I told you — farewells to Glenardan and the house of my fathers."

Something in his rugged Highland face touched Caria's heart more deeply than his smile had done. And a woman's sympathy is more dangerous than her admiration. She wished her hand were the briar bowl he crushed in his brown fingers. She felt guilty. She was the one who was taking Glenardan away from him. She had the deed to his father's home in her kit-bag at the cottage.

"It was your home?" she asked, trying to hide the tenderness that sought to fill her voice as it flooded up from her heart.

"Till two years ago. I could meet the MacAlan's demands with hard work. My father, Tod Stuart, owed them a lot. But I saw I should have to do that all my days. I had no fancy to raise sheep that they might shear the wool. I went off to Edinburgh and found a job on a magazine. Now I've sold my first book; so I could

Continued on page 84

"Something New Most Every Day"

"A NEW little frock for Jane that she can wear to school tomorrow. A smart new dress for myself made complete in an afternoon—stitching, trimmings and all. New curtains and draperies for every window in the house. Something new 'most every day and I never dreamed I could do such things before."

No wonder women feel they have made a discovery when they find what a modern Singer will do. It is so smooth, so quiet, so easy to operate, so swift in the completion of each task that sewing itself becomes a delightful pastime. And when you realize that it makes possible three lovely dresses at the usual cost of one, you know a Singer is not an expense, but the best investment a family ever made. Often it saves its cost in a single season—then goes on saving money through the years.

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Vancouver, 869 Granville St.
Victoria, 726 Yates Street

Manitoba

Brandon, 137 Tenth St.
Portage La Prairie, 206 Saskatchewan Ave.
Winnipeg, 368 Portage Ave.

Saskatchewan

Moose Jaw, 353 Main St.
Prince Albert, 1013 Central Ave.
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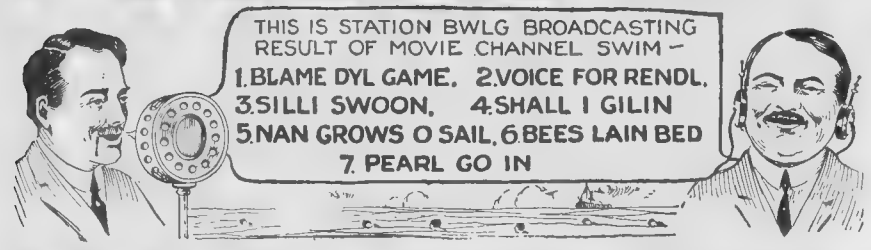

WIN NEW 1927 CHEVROLET COACH

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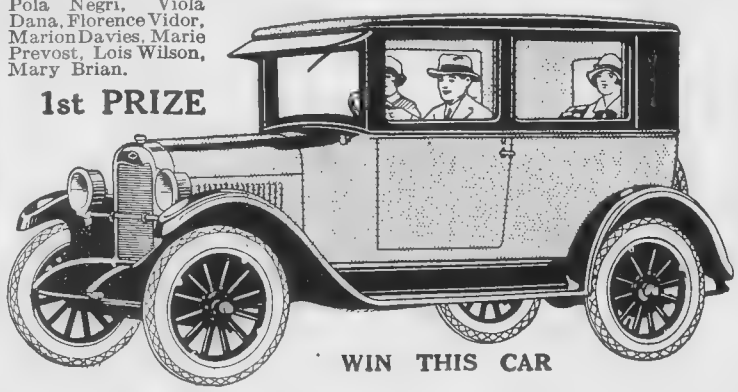

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A Highland Romance

Continued from page 83

afford to come and see Glenardan. I love Glenardan. It is a part of my soul. I heard an American had bought it from the MacAlans. I hope she . . . for it is a lady—will take good care of the books and the old pictures — especially the one of Laird Donald. It needs to be taken care of, that one."

"Why so?"

"Well, I'll explain: Long years ago the Spanish ships from the Armada — some of them — were wrecked on the coast right below where we are sitting now. Donald gathered much treasure from them, so the story goes, and it was hidden by him . . . where do you think? In a real old-fashioned secret hiding-place behind his own picture above the mantle in the great hall of Glenardan."

Caria dropped her sketch-book. Dugald picked it up and gravely handed it to her.

"All you do is press Laird Donald's hand and the picture flies back. But it will knock you off if you do not watch well."

"I know—that is, I see," said Caria. I suppose the treasure was found long ago."

"Yes, long ago."

"And the castle is haunted by your ancestors' ghosts—bogles, is it not?"

Dugald laughed whole-heartedly.

"So you have been talking with Hamish and Jeannie Muirhead," he said. "Well, I'll tell you, if you will not repeat it — Hamish and Jeannie and Fergus Kyle, the keeper, are the only bogles that ever haunted Glenardan. They think to keep all strangers away; so that the Stuarts—the Red Stuarts—may come back. They are all of the clan, Hamish and Jeannie Muirhead and Fergus."

Again Caria laughed, this time at the subtlety of the old people.

"I should love to go through the castle," remarked Caria innocently enough.

Dugald looked at her eagerly.

"Will you come with me. You will help me to bid it all goodbye. It is not an easy task to say goodbye to such a spot as old Glenardan."

"Tomorrow afternoon?" asked Caria. "You will find me at Heather Cottage."

"I will find you," said Dugald.

Together they walked down the cliff through the brake, through the harebell and heather. He left her at the gate of the cottage. But many a curious eye had watched them pass, this laughing pair of youths, down the street of the clachan .

THAT afternoon, while Caria was rummaging in her kit-bag, there came a knock at the door. Hamish MacTaggart entered.

He made a pretext of giving her a receipt for her rent. She knew he had come to talk.

"Laird Dugald is a braw lad," remarked Hamish casually. "The leddies o' the land are daft ower him, but he'll have nowt to do wi' them. Mony's the time he could have married siller aplenty to buy back the land the MacAlan stole. But Dugald will marry her that meets his fancy. I just thocht I'd be tellin' ye. Ye needna be frichted o' the laird—Dugald's a braw lad."

Long after Hamish had departed Caria sat by the window of her cottage. She saw Dugald Stuart go into the inn with Fergus Kyle, the caretaker from the castle. Shortly after that she set out for Glenardan, bent on exploring the hiding-place of Donald's treasure.

It was as Dugald had said. With the slightest pressure the great frame flew quickly on hinges from the wall and then as quickly back in place, unless one held it open. She saw clearly what had happened to her the previous afternoon.

The next morning she met Dugald in the street. He walked with her to the cottage. It was near time for lunch; so she asked him to stay with her, and afterwards they would go together to the castle.

Boyishly over the cream-buns and tea, Dugald talked to her of his work, of all it meant to him. He was alone in the world! Some day he would buy back Glenardan. He would write always with that high purpose. She lost herself in his honest frankness and almost wept when he said he wondered if the American lady would permit him to take some books he had loved in his boyhood at Glenardan. She thrilled at his smile. It was not hard for Caria, who had loved a picture, to worship that picture's reality.

It was three o'clock when they set out for the castle. The steep road seemed a flowered path to Caria. Once he helped her over a boulder and her fingers gripped a tweed-clad arm that felt like sinewy steel. Often he looked down at her with the daring, challenging smile of his favorite forebear.

Fergus Kyle bowed low to his master and graciously veiled the mistrust he felt for Caria after her previous visit. He let them in at the same postern where Caria had first entered; then wisely went off about his business.

"I'll show you how Donald's picture works," said Dugald, vaulting on the mantel. "If only I might find in here the bars of gold and bags of doubloons that Donald once possessed, if only I might—Miss—Miss Dorrit—It's a poor place to speak to you, from the shelf up here. But—but I—Will you not come up?"

He reached down, caught her and lifted her lightly up beside him.

"Now, what I was saying was that if I had anything but a poor book to offer you I'd beg you to marry me. Would you like to share a little flat in Edinburgh? We would get along well—in no grand style at first. But after—say you will."

"I will. And promise you will never let me go, Dugald."

He promised. He kissed her precariously, but in the way she knew Donald, who smiled down upon them, would have kissed his love.

"You have not showed me Donald's secret cupboard," said Caria when she could.

"Stand over here then," commanded Dugald, drawing her to him like a bending reed. "Psst! There ye are. It's open—hello! Here's a bit of paper tied with purple ribbons."

"Hurry, hurry," urged Caria. "It may be news of treasure."

Dugald picked it up, untied the ribbons and read. His face lighted, clouded; then smiled as Donald's in the picture smiled.

"It's the deed to Glenardan, made over to Dugald Stuart by—by his wife —" He looked at her with adoration, with dawning wonder.

"You see, I anticipated," said Caria. "It was a whim of mine that you should propose before you knew what you were getting. I thought you would."

Neither Caria Graeme nor Dorrit Joyce came back to Elbert Carew when a month had passed; it was Lady Dugald Stuart of Glenardan. And Carew was glad. He rather thought, he told her, that it would cure her devilish whims.

Height of Absentmindedness

The man who leaves home to catch a train, forgets his watch—then pulls it out to see if he has time to go back and get it.

Transients

Continued from page 16

As she stood aside to let him pass, he stopped and said: "Oh, Sylvy, the flowers in my room are beginning to wither. You might throw them out today."

This apparently simple statement was of great significance to Sylvy. She knew that Myrtle had put those flowers there only the day before. They were not regal, nor costly—just a cluster of wood-violets bought from a child at the door.

"He'll be that pleased at the sight of them!" Mrs. Mullins had said. "He's mentioned so often about going out to gather spring flowers when he was a boy. Put them up in the little glass bowl in his room, Myrtle!"

Myrtle followed her mother's suggestion willingly. The way her curled eyelashes drooped over her brown eyes as she carried the blossoms up sent Sylvy into an inward rage.

"The sly thing!" she fumed to herself, and even felt a twinge of vexation with Mr. Fletcher, though she could not have explained why. The vexation continued, and when her work gave her a breathing-space she went into her room, snatched the shoe-box from the window ledge, and with the tip of her shoe assisted it urgently to the dark and unexplored tract beneath her bed. And these were the flowers Mr. Fletcher was now asking her to remove from his room!

As he descended the steps, Sylvy was almost happy to note that the weary droop had returned, and that his step went laggingly and slowly once more.

She carried the bowl down to the kitchen. But she paused with the flowers in her hand. They seemed like so many tiny faces looking up at her, appealingly, wistfully, "sorta like Mr. Fletcher," she thought. She could not cast them away to die in the malodorous darkness of Mrs. Mullins' garbage container. She hesitated, then went to her room. Placing them for the moment upon her dresser she scrambled under her bed, and emerged, breathless and dusty, with the shoe-box in her hand.

"I didn't mean to!" she said remorsefully.

The flowers were tenderly placed in it with the button, the cigarette box, and the other treasures. As she stood looking at them, Sylvy saw, instead of violets, the face of a child who loved to gather spring flowers long ago.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Mullins, boudoir-capped, and cutting bread for toast, asked with a hint of impatience: "Whatever have you been at, Sylvy? I see the parlor hasn't been dusted yet, nor the milk brought in, nor the vegetables done for dinner!"

"Things seem to go slow today, 'm," said Sylvia humbly.

"Well," said Mrs. Mullins, "see that you hurry! I suppose Miss Myrtle isn't up yet?"

"I ain't heard her movin' round. Shall I rap on her door?"

"Yes. Tell her it's high time she was out of bed on a nice bright morning like this!" said Mrs. Mullins, who was just up herself.

Sylvy seized the opportunity to return the glass bowl to Mr. Fletcher's room. The opening door, to Sylvia's great surprise, disclosed Myrtle standing by Mr. Fletcher's dressing table in street attire. Sylvy wass too amazed for words. Myrtle spoke first, breaking out into a torrent of: "Oh, yes, I know, Sylvy—you think so, too—they all do—that I am a—a man-hunter—willing to let my mother set the trap! *He* thinks so, since last—night!"

"Why—why, Miss Myrtle!" gasped Sylvy, not knowing what else to say.

"You needn't try to smooth it over," cried Myrtle, her pretty face twisted into an unlovely caricature of itself. "And I didn't care—what the others thought—but I did care—about him!"

She cradled her head in her arms on the dresser and broke into jerky sobbing. Sylvy stood for a moment, her former impatience and dislike of the girl undergoing bewildering changes. Then she went swiftly and put her lean arms about the shaking shoulders.

"There, there," she said tenderly. "You poor little thing, you. You're all lost, ain't you!"

The sympathy brought on a fresh outburst of tears.

"I *hate* my mother!" sobbed Myrtle. "She spoiled it all. I'm going away!"

"Oh, Miss Myrtle," protested Sylvy, "you mustn't talk like that!" The sobbing continued. Sylvy's tender heart could stand no more. A flash of inspiration came to her. "You mustn't go — if you knew what I have for you—"

Myrtle lifted a heavy head. "It's nice of you, Sylvy, but—there isn't anything that could interest me — now."

"Not—not if it was from him?" asked Sylvy, and was almost scared at the desperation of hope that leaped to Myrtle's tear-stained face.

"From *him?*"

"Yes," answered Sylvy. "Now you go to your room and take off them things, Miss Myrtle, and bathe your eyes. I'll be back as soon as I can."

HURRYING to her basement room, Sylvy caught the violets from their resting-place and started back up the stairs. As she passed the dining-room door she called to Mrs. Mullins: "Miss Myrtle'll be down later, 'm. She's feelin' a bit off this mornin'."

Sylvy went on up, tapped on Myrtle's door, and entered, carrying the violets well before her.

"He sent them? Oh, Sylvy!" cried Myrtle, tears filling her eyes again, and to Sylvy it was as though she said: "Oh Richard!" To avoid embarrassing questions she slipped out of the room and back to her work.

"Yer dumb!" she said savagely to herself. Meddlin' with other people's affairs, all along of a soft heart, and gettin' things into a pretty mess!"

She spent the day feverishly thinking of a way out. She didn't see how she could have done otherwise. Mr. Fletcher was lost and lonely—the only cure was Myrtle. Myrtle was lost and lonely — the only cure was Mr. Fletcher. And Sylvy was the only one with the key to the situation.

As soon as she was sure he was back in his room, she went up and knocked timidly. The door was swung open with a disconcerting abruptness. An equally abrupt "Yes?" all but routed her.

"Mr. Fletcher, sir," she began hesitatingly, "'taint no affair of mine, I know—but—you've got it all wrong about Miss Myrtle!"

At the name his listening face became devoid of expression. Sylvy noted that his eyes were heavy, as if they had not known sleep for a long time. When he spoke his voice was hard and mechanical.

"Thank you, Silvy," he said. "I wonder if you could tell me where my clean towels are."

Then Sylvy was really afraid. If Mr. Fletcher refused to talk or to listen, she had done a wicked thing in giving those violets to Myrtle. She had ruined everything. Very likely Mr. Fletcher would go away. Her audacity would be uncovered. Instead of helping, she had added to their trouble. She would

Continued on page 86

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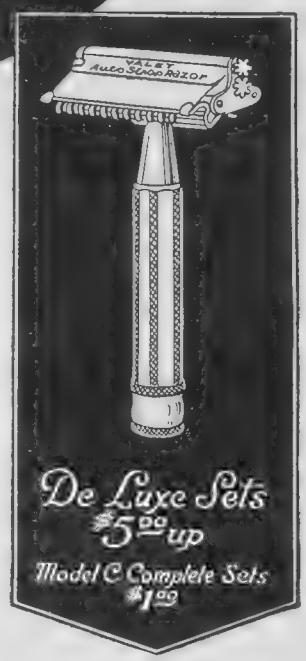

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Transients

Continued from page 85

lose them both. Her lip began to quiver.

"But Mr. Fletcher," she implored desperately, "if you would listen to me for a minute—"

His face retained its stony blankness.

"If you feel you must say something, Sylvy, and if it will relieve you to say it, go ahead. I can manage to endure it, I suppose."

"You've got it all wrong about Miss Myrtle," she repeated. "She don't hold with what her mother's done — she never knew what was comin' last night—"

"Did she send you to tell me all this?" he interrupted coldly.

This pricked Sylvy's pride of sex.

"That poor little thing!" she blazed, forgetting that not so many days ago she had been as angry at Myrtle on Mr. Fletcher's behalf. "Would she be likely to send me up here to palaver with you, and her all ready this morning to leave for dear knows where on account of her mother? Would she?"

Mr. Fletcher forgot to look cold and stern.

"Leave?" he said in a half-frightened voice.

"Yes, leave!" said Sylvy emphatically. "And if you'd 'a seen her cryin' her heart out with her head right on that there dresser—"

"Crying? Myrtle crying?" interrupted Mr. Fletcher again.

"Fit to break her heart!" Sylvy answered him eagerly. "And I couldn't bear to see her take on like that, so I give her them flowers you told me to throw out, and told her they was from you."

The expression that came upon Mr. Fletcher's face seemed corroboration of all that her guilty conscience had tortured her with during the day. Instinctively she chose the time-honored way of those caught in an awkward position—that of laying the onus of the deed on the shoulders of the most convenient person.

"Yes, I brung them up to her," she repeated defiantly. "Now what are you goin' to do about it? You'd better hurry up!"

DOWN in the kitchen again, busy with the supper dishes, softly plaintive chords from the piano in the parlor oppressed her with a sense of loneliness. The sound of Mr. Fletcher's footsteps descending the stairs did not make her feel happier, though she thought it should. And later, the air of importance with which Mrs. Mullins burst in upon her was a positive offence. So were her words:

"Well," she said, "Myrtle had the good sense to see that her mother was doing it all for the best. A girl should always trust her mother's judgment in such matters, Sylvy, remember that!"

"Yes'm," murmured Sylvy.

"And," continued Mrs. Mullins, utterly complacent, "there they are, sittin' up there with the door closed, and never a sound when I went by to listen!"

"Yes'm," murmured Sylvy, and took the earliest opportunity to be away to her own room .

She took the shoe-box up for a last look, "because," she thought audibly, "they don't need me no more." At sight of one fading violet, dropped from the cluster when she removed it in the morning, she was tempted to regret what she had done. "But then," she reflected dully, fingering the withered flower, "I couldn't 'a stood it—I just couldn't 'a stood them two poor lost things!"

Her night was restless with unsatisfactory dreams, and a wet, grey Sunday morning increased a feeling of lassitude. Half-heartedly sweeping the vestibule she heard gay voices in the hall — Mr. Fletcher's and Myrtle's. They must be going to church. She shrank from seeing their happiness together, they had no further need of her, but there was no way of escape. They passed through the vestibule, radiant, absorbed in one another, unaware of her presence. The shutting of the door behind them was to Sylvy as if she had been cast out into utter darkness. She watched them to the corner, and as she looked a great light came into her eyes. They still needed someone to look after them!

Snatching an umbrella from the stand, she opened the door and ran after them, her funny dilapidated shoes, all crinkled at the toes from much kneeling by the scrubbing-pail, twinkling back and forth over the wet pavement.

"The poor dumb things," she thought with beaming face, waving the umbrella in the hope of attracting their attention as they turned the corner.

"Miss Myrtle! Mr. Fletcher!" she called gaspingly.

They turned, saw her, and waited in a daze.

She proffered the umbrella with one hand, wisping up her soiled white apron with the other.

"You—poor nuts!" she berated them breathlessly. "Can't you — see — it's rainin'?"

The Romance of a Strong Man

Continued from page 20

scattered in a panic as engine after engine thundered round the corner and skidded crab-wise into the curb. Now the police were clearing the crowd and with lightning speed the firemen laid out their hose and steel ladders shot up their slender length into the night.

The strong man woke to life. Yvonne the dancer, where was she? Was she safe? From his towering height he singled out the little group of theatrical folk huddled together. Yvonne the dancer was not among them; but he could see the white face of Carl the juggler and he shouldered his way towards him. As he saw the great figure of the strong man, Carl grinned foolishly and tried to say something. The strong man shook him fiercely.

"Yvonne," he jerked out, "where is she?"

The juggler winced and pulled ineffectively at the iron fingers on his shoulder. "Let go," he said. "How should I know where she is? She—she was in her dressing-room."

The strong man left him without another word. With such as Carl the juggler, words he felt were a waste of time. Hustling those around him out of the way, he hurried around to the stage door. All that remained of it was an inferno of flame. That he saw was hopeless; he could never get in that way. Back he went to try the main entrance. Two blue uniforms blocked his path and he pushed them on one side; then a fireman spotted him. "Where the hell—?" he cried, but Alexander the strong man had already gone in and the fireman followed him.

The auditorium was thick with smoke but the strong man could see that the flames had not reached it. Overhead the roof was roaring like a furnace

Continued on page 87

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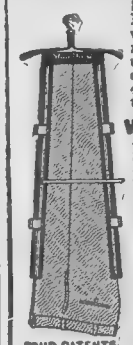

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The Romance of a Strong Man

Continued from page 86

with the damper out and through the roar there was a steady hissing as the firemen played their hose. He tripped over something on the floor and picked it up. It was a woman's scarf; the first he had ever touched. Thankfully he tied it around his mouth and made his way down the aisle. Behind him he could hear the crashing of the seats as the fireman scrambled after him. Now the smoke was smarting in his eyes like hot pins and the tears nearly blinded him so that unseeing he suddenly bumped into the orchestra pit. He smashed his way over and at last he was on the stage. Then above the crackle of the blazing roof he heard a faint terrified cry. It was the cry of Yvonne the dancer.

YVONNE the dancer pulled frantically again and again at the door of her dressing room. The door was still jammed.

"Help! Help!" she screamed. "Queek! I burn to death!"

The roar of the flames grew nearer; smoke poured into the room. She was suffocating. Again she screamed and beat on the door with her tiny fists. Suddenly it crashed open and a dim figure loomed through the smoke.

"Carl!" she cried. "Ah, non — ze strong man." She got no further for the strong man gathered her up as he would a sack of coals and hurried her back the way he had come. The fireman saw him and shouted in his ear, "The roof!" The strong man nodded his head and rushed with his burden up the aisle. Already blazing timbers were falling in the auditorium and he knew he had only a few seconds left. Dimly his eyes made out the exit; then with an awful crash and a shower of sparks the roof fell in.

ALEXANDER the strong man got dazedly to his feet. The firemen were pumping water harder than ever into the blazing shell for he could still hear the sizzling hiss. Above him the wall still stood; behind him was nothing but a lurid glow, and in front the blackness of night stabbed by myriad faces as a great crowd watched the fire. They were calling to him and the shout reached his ears; but he took no notice. Where was Yvonne the dancer?

He heard a noise behind him; it was the fireman crawling out of the wreckage and his left arm hung limply by his side. With his uninjured arm he pointed to a great beam lying across the pile of wreckage. "The girl!" he cried—"pinned under the beam."

Then Alexander the strong man prepared to perform the greatest feat of his career. A crane had lifted the beam into position; nothing but a crane could lift it now. But was he not as strong as a crane? Three more firemen had started to cut away at the wreckage as he crawled underneath the beam.

Outside the crowd watched the struggle for the life of a girl; the muscles of a strong man against the forces of nature. They saw a huge figure, naked from the waist up, crawl under the beam. They saw three hundred pounds of bone and muscle rise and strain at the great weight; but the beam remained immovable. Then faintly from under the wreckage they heard a cry like the cry of a hurt child. It was the cry of Yvonne the dancer. The giant figure galvanized into furious action. Two arms like bars of iron gripped the girth of the beam and the torso strained till the muscles stood out like steel cables and the sweat poured down the hairy chest. Slowly, inch by inch, the beam rose and the firemen crawled under the raised end and cut away at the mass of burning wood and plaster. With the utmost speed they worked; yet not a blow was wasted. Underneath them was Yvonne the dancer; and above them, with his bare feet in the smoldering wreckage, stood Alexander the strong man like Atlas holding up the world.

Breathlessly the crowd looked at the wall. Could they get the girl out before it fell? Up and down their eyes travelled; now the men, now the wall. The few moments seemed an eternity; then, at last, they gave a mighty triumphant cheer. The firemen had reached her. They were bringing out Yvonne the dancer. Alexander the strong man let the beam fall and staggered out after them. The crowd saw the wall shiver; they shouted wildly to him . . . it was bulging . . . the strong man passed the entrance and collapsed on the pavement. Then the wall fell with a crash that shook the ground.

YVONNE the dancer gave an uneasy sigh, opened her eyes, and sat up in bed. She looked around her; the room was strange, and she rubbed her eyes in wonderment. Then the whole scene came back to her: The fire—the strong man — the wall; and then — what?

She cried out and a familiar figure hurried in. It was Silvie, her dresser, and the only mother she had ever known.

"*Ah, mon petite!*" she cried. "Thank *le bon Dieu* you are safe!"

Yvonne the dancer narrowly scanned the homely features of Silvie and an awful dread crept into her eyes.

"Ze brave strong man," she breathed, "where is he? Ah, but the wall—he is dead—I know he is dead." And she fell into a torrent of weeping.

The old woman put her arms lovingly round the shaking shoulders. "There, there, *mon cherie,*" she crooned, "*le bon Alexandre,* he is not dead."

Yvonne the dancer gingerly felt her bandaged foot, wriggled under the arms of the old woman and hopped out of bed.

"Where is he?" she cried, "queek, queek, tell me!"

"Quiet, *mon petite,*" soothed the old woman. "Back to bed—he is in the hospital."

Yvonne the dancer threw on her clothes with reckless haste. Get ze taxee," she ordered; "I go to him."

The old woman started to remonstrate with her and was cut short imperiously—"Taxee! Taxee!"

She shrugged her shoulders in despair and left the room.

Half an hour later Yvonne the dancer was ushered into the presence of the doctor. "I cannot allow you to see him," he said decisively, "he was badly crushed beneath the falling brick. It is a case where I would only allow his wife to visit him."

"Ees he conscious?" she asked. The doctor nodded. "Then take me to him. I am to be his wife."

Yvonne the dancer leant over the bed that supported the huge frame of the strong man. The tears ran down her cheeks, and into the eyes of the strong man, laid low, there dawned a great wonder, for was she not speaking —speaking to him?

"I was so ze beeg peeg," she sobbed. "Aleex—I love so ze name Aleex—tell me you forgive me—I love you—*mon Dieu,* you must not die—"

And the eyes of Alexander the strong man closed. God would not let him die now he had found happiness so great. His iron fingers closed with infinite care over a tiny hand; and then he slept.

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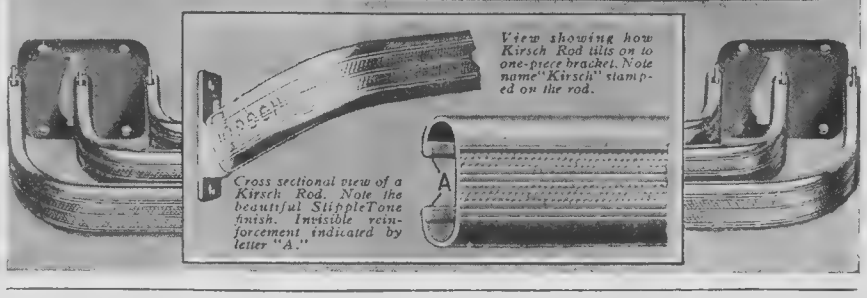

View showing how Kirsch Rod tilts on to one-piece bracket. Note name "Kirsch" stamped on the rod.

Cross sectional view of a Kirsch Rod. Note the beautiful StippleTone finish. Invisible reinforcement indicated by letter "A."

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These challenges to the intellect have aroused tremendous interest among readers of MacLean's Magazine, and Canadians at large.

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All you have to do is see how many words you can make from the key words "A. C. VALENTINE"; Let's try one or two: "vat," "can," "lane;" now carry on yourself! How about "entwine"? No, that won't do. It has a "W" in it, and that letter does not appear in the key words.

Also you cannot use any letter, in any one word, oftener than it appears in the key words.

A good dictionary you will find of great assistance; also list your letters like this: $\frac{2}{EAC}\frac{2}{}\frac{1}{}$ and so on.

With these suggestions, and after reading the rules go right ahead. Get all the family to help you; you will find the tests exceedingly interesting.

If you are doubtful of the eligibility of word, put it in anyway. It will not disqualify your entry. Thirty opportunities of winning a cash prize.

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A. C. Valentine whose illustrations so often are a feature of MacLean's, is a genial soul who works and dwells in Montreal. "Val," as he is known to the craft, had made a name for himself as a commercial designer before he entered the illustrative field. He still is kept as busy as he wishes to be with commercial contracts, but his inward leaning is toward the magazine and book work.

This Coupon Must Accompany Your Entry Properly Filled In

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I attach my entry in your contest for words made from letters in the words, A. C. VALENTINE.

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My name is.....

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Read These Simple Rules Carefully:

1. Each entry must be addressed to the
   Test Campaign Editor,
   MacLean's Magazine,
   Toronto, 2.
   Entries will not be accepted through salesmen or on special offers.

2. Anyone, other than an employee of MacLean's Magazine, the MacLean Publishing Co., and members of their immediate families, is eligible to take part in this Test and compete for the prizes offered.

3. Only one of the first four prizes may be won in all MACLEAN-AGRAM tests by the same person or from the same home.

4. In order to compete for the prizes, contestants must send with their entry, their own renewal subscription payment or a new subscription payment for yourself or for a friend of $2.00 for one year's subscription to MacLean's Magazine.

5. The number of words you have listed must be totalled, listed on the coupon, and the lists be prepared in strictly alphabetical order. Lists must be written plainly, as well as the names and addresses of Contestant and Subscriber. Unintelligible words will be disqualified, as well as words changed or corrected.

6. All answers to this Test, together with the subscription payments, must be mailed by contestants at their post-office not later than March 15th. Answers for this Test mailed after this date will not count.

7. In determining the winners, the judges will count only printable and recognized words of the English language. Do not use obsolete words, abbreviations or contractions. Where the singular of a word is used, do not use plural or possessive and vice versa. Do not use hyphenated or compound words. Do not use proper names (such as Christian names and surnames, biblical names and geographical terms).

8. MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any person, for any reason deemed sufficient by it and the judges, who are the contestant's representatives.

9. No discussion can be entered into by telephone or otherwise in reference to these tests, and all entrants are understood by the fact of their entry to agree to accept as final the judges' decision on all matters relating to this competition.

The Judges Are: DR. E. J. PRATT, Lecturer in English, Victoria College, Toronto University. MISS PANSY ATKINS, Teacher, Brown School, Toronto. A well-known writer on Children's Topics; J. HERBERT HODGINS, Special feature writer, and financial expert.

The decision of the judges will be final and absolute, and in a case of a difference of opinion, the Concise English Dictionary will be used as the final arbiter.

Mr. Polecat Saves a Life

Continued from page 18

Within ten feet of it he halted, and his hand moved slowly from his pocket freighted with a pebble. At the same moment his heart began a rapid pounding. Excitement swept over him in such a wave that his whole frame quivered; his hand shook with the violence of palsy. He, who without a tremor had shot down moose and grizzly, caribou and bounding deer, stood trembling before a little bird!

Battling for self-control, he remained motionless. By no effort of will, however, could he stay the shaking of his hand or the thudding of his heart. The very nearness of the lark only served to increase his excitement.

At last, after fully a minute had passed, the bird began the peculiar body-rocking motion and flirt of tail which signal its intention of taking flight.

Hastily Anderson flung his stone, but it fell wide of the mark by many feet, and the lark winged away. Convinced of the futility of further attempts, the prospector emptied his pockets of the remaining pebbles.

The sun beat hot upon his bare head and his heavy brown shirt. Presently he removed the shirt, carrying it flung over his shoulder.

As the sun approached the zenith he reached a small stream, one of the many in this region of plentiful water-supply. He drank deeply, and then bathed his heavy head.

Somewhat refreshed, he moved on again. Before him the seemingly interminable low hills undulated towards the mountain-broken horizon. Somewhere between himself and that dim line of jagged peaks was Fort Good Cheer; just how far away still he did not like to contemplate. But Anderson plodded on, becoming with every passing hour more of an automatic expression of the will-to-live than a normal human entity.

IT WAS perhaps two hours after his pause at the streamlet that Anderson abruptly halted. The dullness in his eyes gave way to a glittering light. He had reached the flat top of one of the low hills. Directly beyond his feet was a sandy strip bare of vegetation, a level stretch perhaps thirty feet across. And there, almost in the very centre, curled on the sand in the full warmth of the afternoon sun, was a little animal, its black fur marked by a band of white. Despite the dread significance of this furred creature, it yet remained to the starving man a symbol of food.

There under the hot rays of the sun the polecat slept secure, free of natural enemies because of the deadly power it wielded—a spraying, almost vaporous fluid capable of blinding any eyes it reached, and choking and sickening with a mephitic odor that is perhaps the strongest in the world.

Anderson's heavy brown shirt, draped over his left shoulder, gave him an idea. Quietly he opened the garment out. By holding it at one shoulder and near the tail, he thought, it would serve as an efficient protection in the attack he now contemplated. He laid the shirt down for a moment while he removed his shoes. Taking it up again, he began crossing the fifteen feet of space between him and the quarry. The hot sand was soundless beneath his stockinged feet. His body bent forward, his heavy woollen shirt outspread and held low before him in shaking hands, he tiptoed onwards with a crouching, fearful eagerness, while his heart pounded madly behind his ribs.

With his eyes fixed upon the throat of the sleeping beast he flung himself down—a swift, sure pounce. His strong hands closed with that convulsive grip a great need produces, and his fingers

Continued on page 94

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 55

week's draft leave. He came straight to Alix and asked her to marry him before he sailed. As a captain he had, with pay and allowances, about six hundred a year. Alix was now of age and, with her private income, they would have just over a thousand a year between them. "We'll live like fighting cocks on that, old girl," Frankie declared. She, too, it seemed to her on looking back, must have believed that the war would last forever. They were married, very quietly, two days later. "In the war we were all mad," she used to say afterward.

Seven months later, while she was at Node with Lady Fubsy, out of range of the air raids, waiting for her baby to be born, Frankie unexpectedly came back. The battle of the Somme was raging. He told them he had been sent home with shell shock. He had not been forty-eight hours in the house before she realized that she was married to a drunkard. . . .

The murmur of voices mounted from the garden. She could make out Frankie's clipped accents and the superintendent's soft Wight burr. She propped herself up on her elbow and looked at her bedside clock. It was three o'clock. There was a lemon light in the sky. Sunrise was at hand. . . .

HER mind revolted from the memory of those early days of her marriage. Her husband never went back to the front. A home appointment with the Remounts kept his pay going until a year after the armistice. They took a furnished flat in the Cromwell Road. Even now the very name of the street made her redden with shame. The ignominy of her life there with this sodden shadow of a man, the quarrels and drunken scenes, the plausible lies, always lies, the broken promises! . . .

His gratuity lasted a few months while, once more, he was "looking about" him. But the blue eyes, rather swimmy now, which in the old days never flinched at a fence, looked out on a world unlike anything that Frankie Barleston remembered. Most of his friends were dead; and, of the country houses where he had spent so many joyous and profitable week-ends, those which had not been sold seemed to be shut up. There were new faces in the clubs. Life was shockingly expensive, and people were less hospitable than of yore. He did not know how to get work, and he did not try. Instinctively he turned to the things he understood —horses and cards. When what had been his pastime became his profession men began to cold-shoulder him in the clubs. But drink, which had blunted his moral sense, had also thickened his hide. He became less careful of his associates, and he drank more than ever. . . .

The distant whinny of a self-starter, followed by the purr of a motor engine, drifted in and out of the mysterious morning grayness. She sat up in bed and listened. There were footsteps in the corridor without. Then the bedroom door opened quietly and her husband came in. She noticed his soft movements; Frankie was always thoughtful in little things; it was in the big issues of life that he failed her. When he saw that she was awake he crossed the room and stood at the foot of the bed, staring at her moodily. His face wore a weary, rather perplexed expression.

"Well?" she asked eagerly. "What's happened? What do the police say? Answer me, Frankie. Can't you see that I'm in a fever of anxiety?"

He passed his hand across his brow.

"I'm dead beat," he murmured. "I'm going to turn in now. We'll talk about it in the morning."

"No," she cried. "We'll talk about it now. If I'm to help you, Frankie, you've got to tell me everything. How did you come to kill this man?"

He shook his head irritably.

"I admit nothing. Nothing do you hear? Why do you pester me with questions when I'm dropping with sleep? You're—you're worse than the police!"

She wrung her hands.

"I'm not asking out of curiosity. But I've got to know. . . ."

"That's just what you haven't! Listen to me, Alix. You may be questioned and cross-examined and God knows what—do you realize that? The less you know the better for us both. . . ."

"I'm not afraid of Superintendent Nolling," she broke in.

His face grew suddenly haggard.

"I'm not either. But Stanismore's an important man." He clasped his thin hands together. "They may call in Scotland Yard. . . ."

The note of foreboding in his voice sent a chill through her.

"What's going to happen to us, Frankie," she asked dully.

He seemed to brace himself up. His features hardened.

"Nothing, if you say what I told you to say, and stick to it."

"But that's a lie. I hate lies. Is there no other way?"

"There is no other way!"

"I don't like it, Frankie. Wouldn't it be better to tell the truth?"

"You're mad!" he exclaimed roughly. "D'you want to send me to the scaffold?"

At that word she shrank back in horror.

"That's what it would mean for me," he went on. "Stanismore controlled these Jews who hold my paper. . . ."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Merciful God. . . !" she groaned.

"YOU can see, then," he went on, that I need a solid alibi. I've got it if only you'll support me." His voice grew eager. "And you're going to support me, aren't you, old girl?"

She looked up miserably.

"Frankie," she said in a low voice, "this is madness. Don't you realize that your connection with Stanismore is bound to come out when they wind up his affairs?"

"We've got to chance that," he answered. "Stanismore was devilish deep. If I know anything of him, his relations with those thieving bloodsuckers were well covered up. Anyway, I'm going to stand by my alibi. If I were here with you, I couldn't be out there." He jerked his head in the direction of the open window all flushed with the rays of the sunrise.

She sighed. "And this money you owe—how do you propose to pay it?" she demanded.

He laughed. She saw that his wonted confidence was coming back to him.

"Now that Stanismore's out of the way," he said, "I fancy that Melchisedeck's will let me renew. A little of the ready will do it." He eyed her sidelong. A very few hundreds will do the trick, old girl. . . ."

"And this man Kavanagh. . . ?"

He laughed again.

"That was Stanismore's long suit. Pure bluff! Kavanagh go to the police! I'd like to see him. Besides, Creagh had no kick against me. The game was fair enough. How was I to know that the young fool lost more than he could pay?"

With a gesture of despair she pressed her fingers to her temples. "Oh, stop!" she entreated.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right," he said. He looked keenly at her. "I can count on you, Alix?"

"I don't know what I shall do," she answered doggedly. "Why should they question me, anyway?"

He paused.

"I hope they won't. But if they do, Nolling will expect your evidence to tally with mine. . . ."

She started up, staring wildly at him. She was destined to recall every detail of that scene, the prelude to so many anxious hours—the quiet, dainty bedroom flooded with a pinkish glow and Frankie planted there at the foot of her bed, his hands in his pockets, his eyes restless, an uneasy smile on his pallid, weary face.

"Do you mean to say you've told the police this lie?"

He nodded. "I knew I could rely on you, old thing. Anyway, they're not likely to bother you. . . ."

"But you had no right to do it without my consent," she declared piteously. "Frankie, I don't like it. I'm afraid."

"Well," he answered impatiently, "the thing's settled now. There's no going back on it."

She sank down among her pillows, her head drooping on her breast.

"No," she said sombrely, "there's no going back!"

(To be continued next month)

The Common Touch

By G. Arthur Hallam

"I've little of what the world calls wealth,"
Confided an old man to me;
And for many a long day now my health
Hasn't been what it used to be.

"But don't ever think I am one to complain,
God never was kinder to man;
It's not that I couldn't have garnered in gain,
Had riches been part of my plan.

"I dwell here alone on this dingy street,
It's the roughest of shacks, to be sure,
With its shingles warped with the rain and heat,
And an old threadbare rug on the floor.

"But it's more than a shed where I shelter, at that!
Heaven sure is no farther away
Than this broken-down bunk where I hang up my hat
At the end of my journey each day.

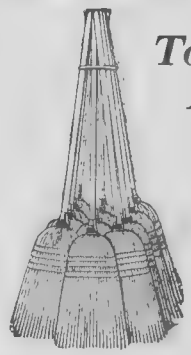
"I've a son with a flivver; he's wed now, is Bill;
And his wife—she's some cook, believe me!
But the pal of my own heart rests under the hill,
And her comrade is now seventy-three.

"Yet though I grow feeble, I still have my sight,
And my hearing is youthful as ever;
And the children around sure are merry and bright,
I never feel lonesome, no, never!

"And I've memories I wouldn't exchange, my boy,
For the sceptre and office of a king!
Not all the world's wealth could bring me the joy
Just a few of my memories bring.

I've books too, that I treasure; a cat and a dog,
But — sure you'll sit down for a while?"—
And he pointed with pride to his radio log,
Then tuned in with a wonderful smile.

100,000 Women Wanted



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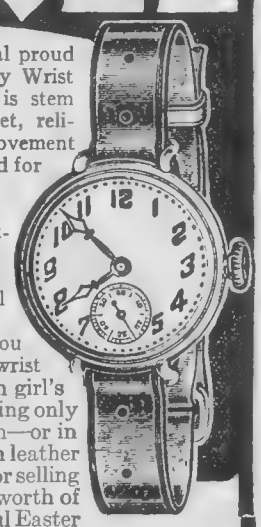

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2. Contestants must be over 15 years of age.
3. No one connected with Paragon is permitted to enter.
4. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
5. The names of the judges and how they will award the prizes will be made known to each and every contestant.
6. Contest closes July 30, 1927. Entries should be forwarded at once. BE NEAT; handwriting and general appearance will be taken into consideration.

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Spring is Here!

IN THE morning the sun is shining. The air is fresh and cool. The snow has almost gone; the green blades of grass are showing. We feel joyous as in the bare old apple tree we hear a robin sing. In our general exuberance of spirit, however, we must not let such mundane things as subscriptions be ignored, and do you not think that *The Western Home Monthly* which has been such a companion to you during the dark winter evenings should be welcome in the spring and summer days that follow? Let us not forget our old friends.! *Note the coupon below.*

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man. Date.....

Enclosed please find One Dollar in payment for one years' subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

Trapping in B.C.

Continued from page 38

like a giant billiard table with a white cover over it.

We now started down for the head of the valley. Sitting on the heels of our snow-shoes, we slid and tobogganed sixty-five hundred feet in a most exhilarating manner over the snowy surface that covered probably the most densely bushed country in British Columbia, for, in the summer time when the snow is gone, the route over which we travelled is quite impassable owing to the heavy underbrush.

George took his bearings from the compass when we started, and so good was his judgment that we landed out in the valley within fifty yards of his objective, a damp, uninviting place where two great trees had fallen together toward the river.

GEORGE was forever making mental calculations. He demonstrated to me at this point how costly food became when carried a long way. He reckoned that a hardened packer could carry on his back some sixty pounds steadily on such a trail as we were moving. A packer's wages were at least five dollars a day and, even on a twelve days' trip, sixty pounds of food at sixty dollars for wages would raise the value of the food one dollar a pound freightage alone, without consideration of the actual cost of the goods and the amount consumed on the way. It was a simple way of making one understand why eggs cost a dollar each in Dawson during the Klondike rush.

Our tenth day out, we were still twenty-four miles from George's ranch, to which we were gradually circling back.

Along the river we came on a marten running free in the snow. The skunk-musk which George carried on his back must have aroused this marten's curiosity.

George had seen a marten running free only once before in all his eighteen years of trapping, for the marten is wary and very timid of humankind.

Coming down the valley, we re-set several traps, but the bluejays pestered us. These birds have a keen scent. They will smell the trapper's bait-meat wrapped up in his pack and, as he goes along, will flute a strange note of anticipation. They get into the traps almost before they are properly set. This flute-like note changes to an excited "chat-chat-chat" as the bluejay draws near to the trap.

At the beaver dams we watched a mink come out of a hole by the side of the river and go slowly down the water edge as if on some definite errand. He made his way to a furry object that was lying partly submerged in the water. An otter had got trapped and the mink had been feeding for the last day or two on the dead animal's tongue and throat.

Our going began to get very bad again on account of the continuing thaw, but we were determined to reach George's fourteen-mile cabin that night, come what might. We were dog-tired and the dark was setting in when at last we got to it. What a miserable, cheerless cabin I had thought it on my way out, but what a palace it seemed now! It meant a change of food, a bunk to lie in for one night, a warm, covered shelter and dry clothes. It was now the epitome of all that pleasure and comfort stood for. Thus is our mental vision influenced by what we go through.

WITH fourteen miles ahead of us still, we rose at daybreak, but George refused to commit himself as to our ability to reach his ranch that

Continued on page 93

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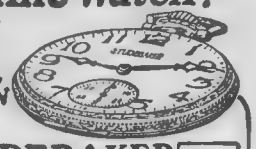

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Give the children SHILOH FOR COUGHS

When Age Grown Young

Continued from page 9

After some discussion Kellar and his wife got into Dad's car, but Mrs. Noble refused to leave her escort.

"I started with Mr. Randall, and I'm going to stay with him if we have to walk," she declared.

Randall looked as pleased as it was possible for him to appear, and Dad shot a sharp glance at the widow.

"The walking will be very hot and dusty, and will not improve your temper," he told her.

"My temper's my own, Mr. Winters," she retorted bitingly.

"We'll be waiting at the Lake to admire it," Dad replied grinning, and throwing in the clutch, they slid away smoothly, kicking up a spiral cloud of dust derisively.

Randall turned to the widow excitedly. "D-did you see his hair?" he stuttered.

The widow giggled. "I did," she said. "I've been wanting to laugh at it ever since he drove up," and she went into peal after peal of laughter, that almost drowned out Randall's noisy cackling.

"I never noticed until just as he left," he gurgled. "Thought he looked queer, but didn't catch on to what was the matter. Wouldn't that startle the dead? Wow!"

"It would," agreed the widow. "Men are funny."

"Old ones are," said Randall, looking at her significantly.

The widow was looking after the fast receding car, and laughing softly, but as she didn't pay any attention to his last remark, Randall went to tinkering at the engine again. But it would not go and in the end they started out on foot. It was getting well on in the afternoon and they did not get a lift; those that were going to the lake were already there.

THE road was very dusty, and the day very hot, and after two miles the lady's temper began to get the best of her. When she had left the car her dress was spotlessly white, but a couple of miles walk did not improve it. For some unknown reason she began to blame Dad for her predicament, instead of Randall, and at the end of half a mile she voiced her feelings.

"I wish we could get even with Mr. Winters for being so smart," she said crossly. "If we could only do something to his hair," she mused. "The idea of a man of his age trying to look like a boy!"

Randall, plodding along in the dust, stopped and gazed at her, his mouth slack; not because her tone was as near a sneer as she was capable of, but that the reference to the dyed hair had given him an idea, for one of his practical jokes.

"Hair," he said, gazing vacantly at her. "Hair—that's it, by jove!" He slapped his skinny knee, and went into a fit of cackling laughter.

"Well, snapped the widow, staring at him severely, "what about hair?"

Randall sobered instantly. "I'll tell you," he promised. "When I was learning to be a druggist a maiden aunt came to visit my mother. She dyed her hair, and as I was pretty mischievous, I put in much time endeavoring to get a solution I could palm off on her. Something, you understand, that would be a nice dark brown when applied but woulld be another color when it dried. I got it at last, and emptying her dope out I filled the bottle with my mixture, which looked and smelled very much like what she had been using. Imagine the consternation of everybody present when she came down to breakfast one morning with her hair a brilliant light green. It looked like a newly-mowed lawn." He doubled up and roared chokingly, and the widow clapped her hands and joined in joyously.

"If only we could," she breathed, with brimming eyes.

"We can. Let's walk on, and I'll figure how we can work it on Dad. We must spoil his present make-up today; so we can get some of this dope on his pate for the party tonight. Let's see," he mused, as he trudged along.

At last he looked up with an exultant grin. "I have it," he informed his companion. Gasoline will fix his dye. I'll get one of those small rubber, bouncing balls the kids play with, slit it and put in some gasoline. We will have to get Dad in bathing, and it will be up to you to dump the gasoline on his hair. You will be able to get the chance easily. You can carry it in the palm of your hand—there will be only a spoonful or so in it—and you can apply it the first opportunity.

"All right, I'll do it if you get the stuff," she agreed, laughing.

THEY arrived at the Lake to find Dad had parked his car on the rise overlooking the lake, in a position to give them a view of the road leading to town as well.

"How's the temper?" Dad inquired, smiling at the widow.

"Never was sweeter," she replied, casting a side glance of understanding at Randall, who was grinning from ear to ear.

Dad turned to him. "Did you come up under your own steam?" he wanted to know.

"If by my own steam you mean my leg-power, I did."

Dad stared at Randall's long, skinny shanks intently. "Should have lots of power," he decided, nodding his head solemnly.

"All right on the level, or on a down hill pull, but I don't believe he would have much going up stream," the clerk opined.

"Never mind my legs," Randall retorted. "I'm warm. Dad, I'll stump you to go in for a swim."

Dad didn't know that he wanted to. It was several years since he had done any swimming, and though the others all welcomed the suggestion he demurred. "I might, but I haven't any bathing suit."

"I'll loan you mine, Dad," Kellar offered. "I'm not anxious to go in."

"You'll want to go in, I know," Dad affirmed.

"I believe you're afraid, Mr. Winters," the widow laughed.

"Sure he is," Randall chuckled.

"Show them, Dad," Brown advised.

"Give me that suit," Dad demanded. He would show them he wasn't too old to swim yet.

For an hour they swam and played with the hundreds of bathers. Randall secured his rubber ball, and got the gasoline in it, then, at the first opportunity, slipped it into the widow's hand. She swam alongside her victim, and playfully slapped him on top of the head with it, allowing the fluid to run out over his hair. At once she was away with Dad in hot pursuit, but she was too fast for him, and after a few rods he gave over the chase.

"This place would be a lot better if they would keep the motor boats away from the beach," he sang out to her. "The smell of gasoline is a fright."

"Yes," she replied, swimming back to him, and trying to keep a straight face, "they do make it unpleasant, don't they?"

Continued on page 92

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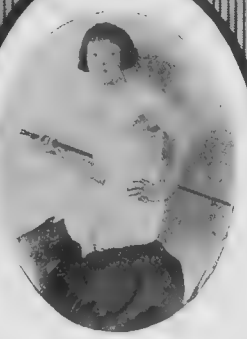

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When Age Grows Young

Continued from page 91

THEY had supper at the lunch rooms, and in the evening returned to town, picking up Randall's car on the way, and towed it in with them. They left it at the garage, then Dad drove around and let the Kellars and Mrs. Noble out at the house, and after dropping the clerk at the hotel, he drove around to Randall's drug store.

"Come into my office," said Randall pleasantly, and when they reached it, he handed Dad a small mirror. "The water seems to have played havoc with your hair," he grinned.

Dad took a look and his jaw dropped. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "how long has it been like that?"

"I only noticed it when you raised your hat in farewell to the ladies."

"What in the name of misery am I going to do?" Dad groaned, staring horrified at his head, which was streaked intermittently with long, irregular, straggling grey patches.

Randall gave his high, cackling laugh. "It's all right, Dad," he assured him chokingly, "I can fix you up with some dope in a jiffy. Here, take this basin," he went on, pouring some fluid into it, "and wash all the old dope off, while I get you some real dye."

Dad scrubbed his head clean of the old hair dye, and for the next half hour Randall worked at his hair, putting on the new dye with painstaking care.

"There," he said at last, "take a look at yourself and see how you like it."

Dad looked and was greatly pleased. His hair was a lovely dark brown, with every hair smoothed out in place, making him look remarkably young.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Bob," he said heartily. "That is a real artistic job."

"Yes, you look like a frisky two-year-old. Say, Dad, I want to go out to Randolph's before the party, and as my car is out of commission, how are chances to get you to drive me out?"

"Fine," said Dad, vastly pleased with Randall's efforts on his hair. "Fine. Come along."

AN HOUR later they returned, put the car in the garage, and from there walked around to the Kellars. At the entrance to the house Randall fell in behind his companion, so he could give his hair careful scrutiny. The light from the gate, behind them, gave him a clear view, and it took herculean efforts on Randall's part to keep from bursting into hilarious cackling. The night air had done its work, and Dad's hair was a beautiful, shimmering light green.

Mrs. Noble met them at the door, and shook hands with both. She took one hasty look at Dad's hair, and Randall could see it was costing her a very great effort to keep a straight face.

"Just go right in, Mr. Winters," she told him, in a stifled voice, as he hung up his hat and coat, in the cloak room at the side of the hall. "You two are the last to arrive, and they are waiting for you," she added, casting a meaning glance at Randall.

Dad walked down the hall and stepped into the room, where some thirty people were just getting started at the card tables. At his entrance most of them looked up. They were all old acquaintances, and Dad took them all in with his hearty "Hello, folks."

For possibly ten seconds, while he stood just inside the doorway, there was an amazed silence that puzzled him. Then the teller of one of the banks gave a shout, and went off into a roar of laughter. It was the signal for an uproar that shook the building. They were all well-bred people, and few of them would have hurt Dad's feelings knowingly, but his appearance with his hair dyed a startling, bright green took them unawares, and they were not sure but it might be the outcome of a bet. At any rate they went into burst after burst of joyous hilarity. Dad stood rather helpless, looking around the company in a dazed fashion. He knew they were laughing at him, but why? He colored violently, and the embarrassment was becoming stifling when someone shouted: "Look in the glass, Dad."

THERE was a large mirror on his left, and he stepped across, and took one horrified look, and at that instant the whole miserable plot flashed through his brain. He knew now why the widow had slapped him on the head, while in bathing, and the reason for the strong smell of unburned gasoline immediately after. It had puzzled him why the water should affect the oily dye he had used on his hair. That hasty glimpse in the mirror also gave him a look at himself as he had been the last month or so, and in this moment he knew he had been a very foolish old man. There surged up in him a bitterness he had never experienced before. The widow and Randall were responsible for his present embarrassing position. Had she not had a hand in it, he could have laughed and gone through with it, but knowing she had taken an active part, to make him appear a fool, turned him sick. Even though he was cut to the quick he did not show it when he turned to the company.

"This," he said very quietly, "has just shown me what a fool a man can make of himself. I do not think I feel like playing cards, friends," he said with a slight bow, and passed into the hall."

There he found Randall and Mrs. Noble leaning weakly against the wall. She had been enjoying his discomfiture as much as the rest, he saw. He did not look at her, but held out his hand to her companion.

"Bob, I want to thank you. You have done me a real service tonight, in showing me what a fool I have been," he said, in a quiet voice, that sobered the two instantly, and somehow made them feel guilty of something monstrous. "And now," he went on, in the same quiet tone, with his hand still extended, "if you'll give me the antidote for this green hair I'll go back to my natural color, and senses."

Randall, feeling anything but hilarious, now promptly placed a vial in the outstretched hand. "Had it ready for you, Dad," he said with a feeble grin, "and it will remove it instantly."

"Thanks, Bob," Dad said quietly, and getting his coat and hat, passed out with a polite bow. But he had not looked at the widow at all.

NOW the heart of a woman is a remarkable thing. The widow had been as keen to play this practical joke as Randall, and had taken as much enjoyment out of it as anyone present, until Dad came into the hall, on his way out. But in the minute, or so, he talked with Randall, she saw in his innermost soul, and she was the only one of them all that realized the terrible hurt he had suffered, though hiding it courageously under a calm exterior. She also knew she was the cause of that hurt, and suddenly it came to her what the good opinion of this man meant to her.

Quickly she ran into the cloak room and threw a wrap around her shoulders.

Continued on page 93

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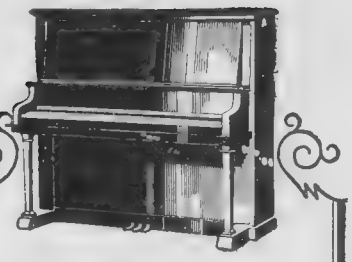

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
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When Age Grows Young

Continued from page 92

"What are you going to do?" Randall asked anxiously, attempting to place a hand on her arm.

She turned on him fiercely. "Don't you dare to touch me!" she flashed out at him, and with that was gone.

At the corner she could see the sturdy, well-dressed figure of Dad Winters half way down the block of the tree-bordered sidewalk. She broke into a run; she must catch him before he got his car and left.

Hearing footsteps, Dad turned and waited. She came up breathlessly.

"Oh, Mr. Winters, can you ever forgive me?" she panted, with a sob. "I did it and couldn't let you go like this."

"It looks more like one of Bob Randall's jokes," said Dad stiffly. He was too much hurt to realize what her following him might mean.

"Yes, yes, but I entered into it, and even gave him the idea in the first place. Please, Mr. Winters, let me explain, won't you?" The words rushed out in a breathless, sobbing stream. She stood in front of him, her eyes searching his face anxiously. She looked very pretty and appealing in her distress. "I want to tell you about myself. Won't you let me, please?"

Dad nodded. He couldn't speak as his heart was threatening to choke him. "If you care to," he said at last.

"I do want to. I was married when I was sixteen, Mr. Winters," she began, never taking her eyes from his face, "and I have never had a chance to play like a girl should. No girl should be allowed to marry under twenty; every one of us have a right to our girlhood. We had two girls, and when the youngest was a year old my husband died, and he did not leave us anything. I had to make a living for the three of us. I kept a small confectionery in Merle, and by doing some sewing we were able to get along. It was very hard sometimes and always I have wanted to play like a girl. I have continually looked forward to that as the greatest thing I could have, almost. The girls grew up and six months ago were married—they were married at the same time—and they were over twenty, the youngest was twenty-two. Just shortly before their marriage an uncle of mine, who went to South America, and whom we had not heard of for a long time, died and left me more money than I can ever spend, and can't you see the outcome? At last I was in a position to realize my life's craving, and play like a girl, and make a fool of myself, for I know now that a woman of forty-five must not try to act like a girl of twenty, Mr. Winters."

"Why," said Dad, "do you mean to say you're that age?"

"Yes," she nodded, "and I have been very silly lately, she confessed meekly, and let her head droop.

Dad stared at the pretty, contrite, averted face with mixed emotions. He reached out, and placing his hand under the smoothly rounded chin, gently raised her head until she had to look at him.

"I wonder if you would be silly enough to marry me?" he asked softly, while his heart thumped his ribs loudly.

She looked at him steadily. "It would be the first sensible thing I have done since I came here, and I will if you want me," she told him tremulously.

"Green hair and all?"

"Oh, please, don't ever mention that again," she begged, with quivering lips.

"I won't," Dad promised, drawing her to him.

BOB RANDALL was of an inquisitive turn of mind, and when the widow left him so abruptly, he decided he would look into her actions before playing cards. He therefore got his coat, and followed her slowly, and came up just as Dad took his arms from around her. Randall was shocked, and besides, he was a poor loser.

"Green," he snorted angrily, "green seems to be a favorite color."

The widow turned a flushed face towards him. Her eyes snapped. Kind as she was at heart, she could not forget how ridiculous he had made the man she was going to marry appear.

"It is my favorite color, Mr. Randall. You see I'm Irish and a Roman Catholic," she told him sweetly. "You see I helped you with the joke because I loved Richard, and it made me very angry to have him think grey hair would make any difference to me."

But Randall did not hear the last sentence. His jaw dropped, at the first one, and after staring vacantly at the two a moment, he staggered around the corner. Here he stopped and goggled at a tree. "Irish," he wailed to the unsympathetic spruce, "Irish and a Catholic. And I turned his hair green. Why, oh, why," he groaned loudly, didn't I turn it orange?"

Trapping in British Columbia

Continued from page 90

day. "It doesn't do for a man to feel sure of anything in the bush or in the mountains," he remarked sagely. "If he does, old Mother Nature will knock the cock-sureness out of him."

We ran across the fresh tracks of a grizzly, who must have come out a week or so too soon. His tracks were twelve inches across. We did not sight him, but when we reached the ranch later, we discovered that another trapper had come across the big fellow that morning and had dropped him with one shot clear through the brain. He had just skinned the bear, a beautiful silver-tip measuring eight feet four inches.

Our going kept fairly good till we reached the marshes, a few miles north of Sugar Lake. A mile from home we ran into the unexpected of old Mother Nature. All the ice and snow bridges over the Shuswap River had given way and fifty yards of icy water lay between us and home. We had to get over somehow. George, with his usual grit and self-sacrifice, stripped off, took both packs and went through the icy slither, waist deep. He would not hear of two getting wet when one would do. He came over again, got me onto his shoulders and forded a third time. He was chilled to the bone. I got off my sweater and rubbed him until the circulation began to glow again. Then I went ahead, breaking the trail to the ranch, where they were excitedly awaiting us, for we were almost two days late.

We completed that last fourteen miles in seven hours; close on George's best for the distance.

Next day, I set out for home, with our catch, thirteen hundred dollars' worth of fur, on my back. The ice on Sugar Lake was breaking also and it was impossible for any conveyance to travel through, so I had to tackle the next twenty miles over broken ice and broken roads on foot. Sixteen miles more I did behind a buckboard, then sixteen miles on an automobile, and the twinkling fairy lights of the cheery little town of Vernon told me that the adventure was behind me and the cushion comforts of home once more within hail.

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Mr. Polecat Saves a Life

Continued from page 88

tightened and twisted until the struggling form beneath the heavy woollen folds lay still in death.

Anderson dropped his quarry and staggered to the rim of the hill. He sat there for a long time, and at last his nausea lessened. The heavy folds of his shirt had afforded him a good deal of protection, but it was complete. Hopeful that washing might banish the worst of the odor clinging to his undervest, he walked down the hill.

In the narrow ravine below was the dry bed of an ancient watercourse. Here and there were little pools of water left by the recent heavy spring rains. Pausing beside the largest of these, Anderson kneeling, began vigorously cleansing it. The water was only a few inches deep, and to assist the work he rubbed the garment hard on the sand and stones of the bottom. Satisfied at last, he drew the vest out, and began to wring it. Then all of a sudden his hands relaxed, for his eyes fell upon some curious glittering specks which clung thickly to the wool.

In a moment Anderson's mind became strangely clear. Hunger was for the moment forgotten. Long years of experience, of hope and seeking, had built up within him a something which now, in the face of discovery, asserted itself. For an hour he moved ceaselessly up and down the ancient creek bed, but even before this brief examination was finished he knew he had found at last that which for twenty years he had dreamed of finding. Here was gold in quantities—nuggets and coarse placer, richness sufficient for all the days of his life!

How strange were the workings of Destiny, he thought; he had had to endure all these hardships to find a fortune, and had found it at the very moment when, after twenty years of patient belief in eventual success, hope had utterly forsaken him!

Resolutely Anderson returned to the skinning of the polecat.

Later as he crouched over the fire cooking his first meal, he muttered aloud to the star-filled sky: "With your help, little polecat, I'll win out!"

And five days afterwards, when he stumbled by chance upon the night encampment of a Sikanni Indian band on their way to Fort Good Cheer, thirty miles distant, the delirious prospector was still muttering at intervals the same talismanic refrain.

The Sullivan, The World's Second Largest Lead Producing Mine

Continued from page 34

boarding-houses resembling a modern family hotel is only one of the many evidences the company has given of its interest in its employees' welfare. In Kimberley we hear of a gymnasium and swimming-pool, of golf and tennis tournaments, of three recreation halls for tennis, badminton, etc., but now in the course of construction, of new skating and curling rinks, of a baseball team, and of the Consolidated hockey team that in 1925 captured the Provincial championship pennant.

One hears a great deal about the "New Method" of dealing with ores, a discovery of one of their own chemists some six years ago. This is a method of treating refractory ores, that is, ores difficult of reduction, which has practically revolutionalized the work, making possible the great expansion in mining that the last few years has seen in the East Kootenays. At present as we have noted they get silver, lead and zinc in quantities, but the by-product values in cadmium, copper, tin and iron make it profitable to work over the old tailings at Kimberley, and in the dump at Moyie. A ten-inch centrifugal suction pump is now recovering 500 tons daily from Moyie Lake where it had formerly been dumped as waste.

Is Your Style of Hairbob a Key to Your Character

Continued from page 73

amusement they cause they always seem to be oblivious to," she continued in a laughing voice.

The sixth type that has come in for a great popularity is the dignified type. There were many women who balked at the idea of having their hair cut short and sacrificing their crowning glory. But Miss de Putti said that when they did have their hair bobbed in obedience to the mode, they chose the conservative type, which the film star described as follows: "It is a type of cut that frames the face in a boyish elegance. It brings out the firm lines of the profile and shapes the contour of the head in bold, resolute strokes. It is by far one of the most charming of bobs, for it carries a quiet dignity that elevates the face of the owner.

Men Like This One

"The seventh type is always interesting. It is a rakish, daring type that most all men like to see at least occasionally. It is cut to a point in the back, with the neck closely shaved, high, accentuating the devilishness of the ensemble. This type of person is always revealed by the fastidiousness and daring of her clothes, borne out in the bob. The element of temptation is there, and men seem to like it," she concluded.

Thus the art of reading a person's character that had formerly been left to the occult powers of fortune tellers, palmists and phrenologists is interpreted into a common sense practical version. For everyone has seen the various types portrayed above, and the analysis of their characters will indicate that Miss de Putti has made an accurate forecast.

"Bill—A Great Heart"

Continued from page 36

terror in her voice as she greeted him. "Oh, Tony, baby was unhurt! The blood wasn't . . . " She stopped with a gasp as she caught sight of his burden.

Tenderly they bathed and dressed Bill's horrible wounds. His throat had been torn open, and numberless jagged cuts in his head told of the deadly ripping thrusts of the boar's tusks.

When they had ministered to his hurts Bill lay in an improvised bed, whimpering. His great eyes were dumbly questioning.

There was a lump in Barber's throat as he rode hard to the nearest farmhouse from which he could telephone to town for a vet.

TWO days later, Tony Junior, perched on his father's shoulder, called piteously for "Bee-lee." Anthony's eyes were wet. At his side his wife wept unrestrainedly.

Together they stood in a shaded spot near the house gazing at a rude wooden cross, into a slab of which Mrs. Barber had, with infinite care, burned the inscription:

"Billy—a great-hearted dog, who gave his life for his Friend.' "

To a Flu Germ

(With abject apologies to Robert Burns)

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', treach'rous beastie,
O what a venom's in thy breastie!
That ye would deal wi' me sae sairly,
A dirty pliskie!
I wad be glad to rin an' lea' thee,
Thou murd'rer pawkie!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has not denied you social union,
And ostracising ill opinion
Nor sent you skirlin'.
For me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
Ye're sairly nibblin'!

I do na doubt but thou maun thieve,
Or that, poor beastie, thou maun live.
On wholesome parritch you would thrive.
Why choose my chest?
I'll gie my blessin' if you'll leave
And let me rest!

—"A.F.L.," in the South African Nation.

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BABE RUTH, the world-famous ball player, remarks the following in a personal letter: "I have enjoyed reading your book, 'The Fast Way to Health,' and only wish this knowledge had been in my possession before my sickness and operation last year." The origin of these testimonials is indisputable; let them help convince you that even now bounding health is within your grasp. But the decision rests with you; which will you have—misery or health? "The Fast Way to Health" explains in simple language just how you can cure yourself of chronic catarrh, asthma, as well as thirty-eight other ravaging diseases.

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In the April Issue "Yellow-Back"

By James Oliver Curwood

Everybody admires courage and loathes cowardice. Everybody loves a fight between a bully and a man of mettle. Everybody deep down in his heart wishes right to conquer and wrong to be defeated. In this country in its early days, truth, honor and courage were typified in the red-coated North West Mounted Police. In the story of "Yellow Back" Curwood has given one of the most graphic pictures possible of life in Western Canada fifty years ago. It is a story for men and boys because it speaks of action and of bravery, and it is a story for women because it deals with a knight and a fair lady, of love rewarded, and honor enthroned. It will be completed in the April issue. It is fittingly illustrated and is rated as the greatest story of one of the greatest writers of the Continent.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

LETTERS of thanks for buttons received from Doreen Assmus of Swift Current. Doreen is only four, and she has composed a verse of thanks for the editor, which she encloses with her photograph. Her mother wrote the verse under Doreen's own handwriting, which is a little hard to read as yet.

"I like my badge so very much,
I want to tell you here,
That every time I touch it
I'll think of you, my dear."

Doreen and her little friend will be seen in the snapshot, both wearing very fancy hats.

Doreen Assmus and little friend

Jean Pielou, of Braintree, who has a star on her gold button, wants Bobby Burke to have a photograph in the Cosy Corner. Oh, that would never do, Jean; think how terrible it would be if you were disappointed! Now, not knowing Bobby Burke, you may imagine all the nice people you know rolled into one, and there's Bobby Burk, but how terrible it would be, suppose that unfortunate person had cross eyes or a simply terrible nose. You wouldn't like the Cosy Corner half so well. Would you, now? 'Fess up Jean wants also to know the age limit for the Corner. There is none, Jean, as long as you love us we love to have you come, only the older members will sometimes be ruled out of competitions in fairness to the younger ones.

Lottie Cuthill of Ladstock, Kathleen Elkinton of Markinch, and Katherine Nancekiwell of Athabasca all acknowledge receipt of their buttons and say how proud they are of them. Katherine sends us some verses about Camping that I think are very nice, and I am sure if she goes on writing and reading good poetry she will be a poet some day herself.

Two letters from far-off England, and such sweet, friendly letters. One from Betty Day, 8 Selwyn Ave., North Ferriby, E. Yorkshire. Betty would like to have some boys and girls in Canada write to her. She thinks it would be so queer to use dollars and cents and thinks that the £, s. and d. are much easier. I know lots of boys and girls in Canada—yes, and grown-up men and women too, who don't think so. Will you write to Betty and tell her something about your part of Canada?

Alfred Ash, of Wentworth Road, Barnet, Herts, is delighted with his gold button, and he got such nice Christmas presents. He has a strange pet: a little marmoset monkey from South America. Isn't he a lucky boy?

These little verses were written by a little six year old. Could you do as well?

Moon Song

There is a star that runs very fast,
That goes pulling the moon
Through the tops of the poplars.
It is all in silver,
The tall star;
The moon rolls goldenly along
Out of breath.
Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?

—HILDA CONKLING.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Pinkity-Winkety Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

LITTLE Pinkity-Winkity lived in a lovely low green valley. Now, this valley was part way between Somewhere Town and Nowhere Town. Pinkity-Winkity was a very fortunate little girl to live in this low green valley, because it was close beside the fairie' hill-top.

Every night when the moon was shining brightly, just at the stroke of ten, the queen of the fairies and all the fairies came from—The-Place-Where-Fairies-Come-From, and made merry on this little hilltop: frolicing and dancing on the green amid the moon-beams, as only little fairies know how.

Sure enough, there were the little people all frolicing on the green hill-top amongst the silvery moon-beams—such a gay, gay crowd of happy little creatures! All around the hill-top grew a fence of daisies and buttercups, dancing and swaying to the fairies' music so that it was hard to tell which were fairies and which were buttercups and daisies. In this fence was an open place, which Pinkity Winkity knew at once must be the gate. Right by the gate grew a tall green stem, on top of which grew one blue-bell. Pinkity Winkity rang the blue bell and out came

·The·Fairies'·Watchdog·

·By·Grace·Judge·

When·Fairy·Folk·a'·dancing·go·
Round·Magic·Rings·at·night,
The·Baby·Elves·are·put·to·bed·
In·Dogwood·Blossoms·white;
And·there·they·slumber·peacefully,
Nor·fear·the·night·so·dark·
Should·any·danger·threaten·them·
You·see,—the·Dogwood·bark!

Now, little Pinkity Winkity had once met a Pixie—a cousin of the fairies, who lived in a hollow tree in the low green valley, and this pixie had told her:

"If you go to the fairy hill-top after twelve o'clock on a moonlight night, and wear a green cloak, a green cap, green slippers with silver buckles; and sit on the wishing-green under the big tree by the side of the hill, and there tell the fairy-queen the thing you wish for most in the world—your wish shall come true: the fairy-queen will give it to your right there."

So one night Pinkity Winkity slipped out of bed just as the clock was striking twelve, put on her gay green slippers, her gay green cloak and cap, and—skipped away over the low green valley to the fairies' hill-top.

a maid-of-the-mist fairy who said gaily:

"Welcome, Pinkity Winkity, to our hill-top!"

Then she brushed the dust from Pinkity Winkity's gay green shoes with a scarlet painter's brush, gave her a buttercup filled with dew-drops, and before she had time to drink it, all the little fairies were frolicing about her and calling out:

"Welcome, Pinkity Winkity! Welcome, Pinkity Winkity!"

And the fairy queen said:

"Now drink your dew-drops, Pinkity Winkity, and you shall be a fairy just for one hour."

So, Pinkity Winkity drank the dew-drops from the butter cup and then, all at once, she began to feel so happy that her feet seemed wanting to fly; and, before she knew what was happening, she had become about the size of a clothes-pin and was out on the hill-top dancing away with the fairies.

SHE loved being a fairy; but the hour for being a fairy seemed so very short! Then the silveryest of all the silvery moon-beams came—quiver—quiver—quivering over the hill-top and, that very moment, all the little fairies stopped their dancing, and the fairy queen called:

"Hurry, Pinkity Winkity, we must away to the wishing green; for we fairies leave the hill-top before the moon grows pale."

So Pinkity Winkity and all the fairies skipped merrily away to the big green tree by the side of the hill-top. The fairy queen jumped upon a little pink toad-stool there on the wishing-green under the tree, and asked:

"Now, Pinkity Winkity, 'for what is it you wish? Kneel there on the wishing green and tell it to me three times over."

So Pinkity Winkity kneeled there before the fairy queen, and said,

"Oh fairy queen! my wish is for—a doll that can blow it's nose!

My wish is for a doll that can blow it's nose!

My wish is for a doll that can blow it's nose!

Grant me my wish, quickly fairy queen, for if the moon is soon to grow pale how shall I find my way back to my home in the low green valley if I am late!"

The fairy queen waved her wand at the big green tree. One of it's branches stooped low in front of Pinkity Winkity and there at the end was the most beautiful doll that Pinkity Winkity had ever seen, and in it's hand was a little whisp of white lace which it suddenly lifted to it's little pink nose and blew it so hard that all the little insects and birds asleep on the tree wakened up and flew suddenly away.

Pinkity Winkity reached out her hand to take the doll which she thought must surely be for her, as it was the very thing for which she had wished; but, just as she touched the doll it suddenly—disappeared, and she found nothing in her hand but a leaf from the tree.

"Oh, Pinkity Winkity! Oh, Pinkity Winkity!" exclaimed the fairy queen. "I am so sorry! You nearly got your wish. But, you see, you missed one of the fairies' rules when you asked for it—which everyone who comes to the fairies' hill-top must remember if they are to have their wish. So, dear Pinkity Winkity, go back to your low green valley and when you find out for yourself this rule—no matter how long it may take, come back and you shall have your wish."

SO, Pinkity Winkity turned sadly away to her low green valley. "I'll never, never be able to find out that fairy-rule for myself," she said sadly. "So, I'll never, never get my lovely doll that can blow it's nose."

But—the very next night Pinkity Winkity came skipping again over the low green valley to the fairies' hill-top. The fairies all ran to welcome her and took her at once to the wishing green under the big tree.

The fairy queen stood on the little pink toad-stool just as before; Pinkity Winkity bowed low before her, and said:

"Oh, fairy queen, my wish is for a doll that can blow it's nose!

Oh, fairy queen, my wish is for a doll that can blow it's nose!

Oh fairy queen, my wish is for a doll that can blow it's nose!

Grant me this wish, oh fairy queen, PLEASE!"

At once the big green tree leaned one of it's branches down to Pinkity Winkity and dropped right into her arms—a beautiful, beautiful doll that could blow it's nose.

Look in the Cosy Corner for April and you may read of some more of Pinkity Winkity's experiences.

Something to Do

This is for the Girls:

Did you ever try making a doll out of just any old thing that was around the house? It's great fun on a rainy day. There's the useful "kitchen doll" made of, say, a potato masher with its face made of black stocking pulled over the top and eyes and nose and mouth embroidered. Her clothes may be made of tea-towels and dusters and such like things. A marble covered with white stocking makes a sweet baby doll, with long clothes to complete her. Two rubber balls, one with a squeak for the head, the other one plain for the body, will make an interesting doll. **Now then**—with the things that you have around the house see what kind of a doll you can concoct. When it is finished either send it to me, or send me a photograph of it, and there will be a prize of a small doll that you can cuddle for the best doll that you invent.

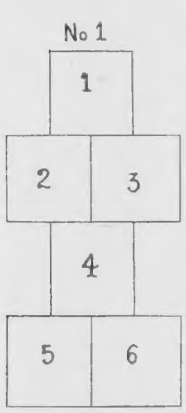
This is for the Boys:

Most of you are young carpenters I know, now, I want to see if you are as smart as the girls. Can you make a small cart out of things around the house? Such things as small boxes, bolts that ribbon has been wound on, and such things. If the cart is too large to send in, either draw a picture of it with full description underneath, or photograph it, and there will be a prize of a knife for the best cart. Now here's a chance to show how smart you are.

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Hop Scotch

I SUPPOSE most of you think you know all about this game, but you read this over and see if you do. To begin with, did you know that Hop Scotch was one of the oldest of all games? It used to be played by grown-up people, and on the pavement of the Roman Forum there have been found several figures such as you see drawn on our sidewalks today with chalk. These figures were of course engraved in the stone. The early Christians played Hop Scotch and they made seven spaces in their figure because seven was a mystic number and the space

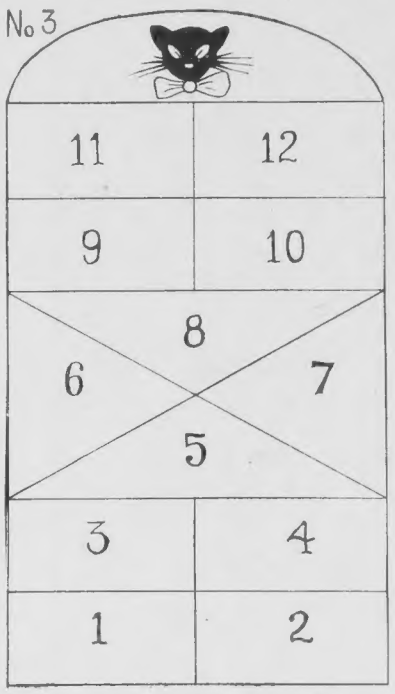


marked seven was called "Heaven." The object of the game was to overcome all difficulties and to get safely into Heaven. In Germany and some other countries one of the spaces was called Paradise, and the name of the game meant "Paradise Hopping."

Here are some different ways to play the game: First you "pink" or pitch the stone you play with for place. The one who pitches the stone nearest the first line of the figure has first play. If you are playing the game with a figure like No. 1, you toss a stone into 1; pick it up; hop, placing one foot in No. 2 and one in No. 5, and the other in No. 6; jump around; then go back in the same way you came. Place the stone on your foot, walk through the figure; then kick the stone up and catch it. Whenever one player misses he gives way to another player. When a player's turn comes again he begins where he left off. Whoever gets through first wins.

Fig. 2 may be used in a similar way. Other ways of placing the stone are on the back of the hand, on the eye, on the shoulder, on the head. Sometimes the stone is left in each place in turn, the player hopping through the figure and returning to the stone each time. Sometimes the stone has to be kicked out of the different spaces. Figure 3 is often used for this form of the game as follows: Toss the stone into No. 1; hop into No. 1; kick the stone out with the foot you are hopping on; hop out. While hopping and while in the figure, you may not put the other foot down, except in certain spaces where it is allowed. Toss stone into No 2; hop through 1 into 2; kick stone out as before and return hopping. The game goes on in the same way until No. 8 is reached. Here, the player may rest, placing one foot in No. 6, and one in No. 7, but hopping again when he resumes the game.

As many kicks are allowed in kicking the stone out of a space as the player wants, if he does not put his other foot



down, or step on a line, or land his stone on a line. If he makes any of these mistakes he gives way to the next player. When a player reaches the last space with the cat's head, he must kick the stone back through each space in the right order, taking only one kick for each space, not putting his second foot down, stepping on a line, kicking stone into wrong space, nor over a side line. Whoever gets through all these difficult stunts first, of course, wins.

Hop Scotch is really a wonderful game requiring great skill and bodily strength. How would a tournament at school be?

Something to Learn Quickly

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow,
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow,
But he didn't catch me!

—VACHEL LINDSAY

In March the earliest bulebird came
And carolled from the orchard tree
His little tremulous songs to me,
And called upon the summer's name,
And made old summers in my heart
All sweet with flower and sun again.

—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Reason for Waiting

Nurse: "Whom are you operating on today?"

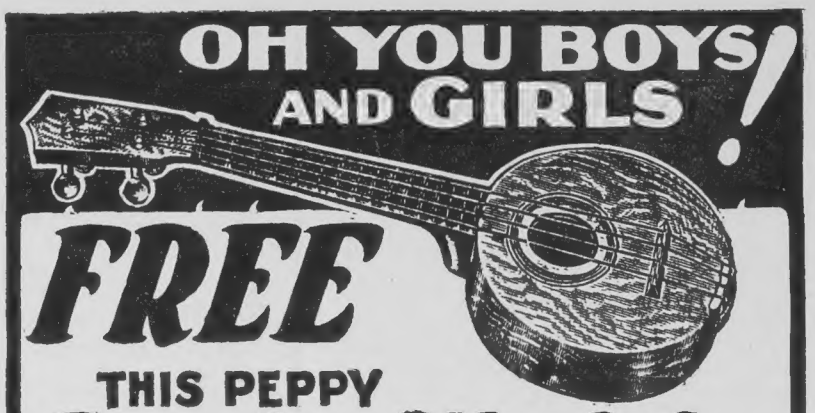
Surgeon: "A fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat at the links."

Nurse: "And who's the man waiting so nervously in the hall? A relative?"

Surgeon: "No that's the golfer—a Scotch gentleman. He's waiting for his all.—The Sample Case.

Lady: "I think there is something so romantic about a night watchman."

Watchman: "Yer right, ma'am, it settles in me pore ol' legs sometimes till I can't 'ardly walk."



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offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 75,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

THE
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WINNIPEG

Haven't you longed for a dainty mirror, comb, hair brush and clothes brush of your very own? Keep your hair smooth and healthy and your clothes spic and span. The comb has a stylish and useful handle. The hardwood backs of brushes and mirror are smoothly finished.
This splendid outfit given *Free* for selling only $4.50 worth of our beautiful Easter Post Cards at 3 for 5c; or Gold Medal "Guaranteed to Grow" Flower and Vegetable Seeds at 10c a packet—the biggest and handsomest packets of the best and freshest seed sold in Canada—Get busy right now—Tell us whether you want Seeds or Cards or both—WE TRUST YOU WITH THE GOODS TILL SOLD. Send us your order TODAY.

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The Philosopher

Things Statistics Cannot Tell

IN LOOKING over a bulletin from Ottawa about last year's census of Western Canada, The Philosopher is struck anew by the fact that statistics cannot tell everything about people. Take, for instance, religious belief. A man may be listed as belonging to this, or that, denomination. But what he will do when a crisis puts his religion to the test cannot be set down in a tabulated statement, in advance. Will he risk his life to save another's life? What sacrifice will he make for an ideal? There are men and women all about us, who without making any pretension at all to being heroic, would give proof of supreme heroism, if the test came. Many there are about us who have given such proof—and many who have actual heroisms hidden under the surface of their lives. How many things of importance there are in the world that statistics can tell us nothing about!

Which is the Happier Sex?

A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY reader has sent in an article clipped from the *London Daily Mail*, written by Florence A. Kirkpatrick, and asks for a comment on it. The article says:

> Are women happier than men? Judging by expression, then it is obvious that they are.
>
> That men take a more serious view of life than women is proved by statistics. The Registrar-General's latest figures show that seven out of every ten suicides are men.
>
> It would appear, then, that women are obviously more sanguine, more hopeful, and more contented than the opposite sex, and therefore happier.

This is not a subject that either a man or a woman can write about with complete knowledge. Sometimes The Philosopher thinks that women are so much closer than men to the realities of life and live much more in their emotions that they can be happier, and more unhappy, than men. But who can know? At other times, Hamlet's words: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," seem as true as any conclusion that thought can bring us to. And then, again, there is that wise saying of an ancient thinker that the heart has reasons of which reason has no knowledge.

About Speeches and Politics

THE PHILOSOPHER has a friend who likes to talk cynically sometimes. "Political meetings," he said recently, "are of no use or interest to me. If I know something about the question, why should I listen to a speaker whose design is not to inform but to have me adopt his opinions and vote the way he wants? I can make up my own mind. If, on the other hand, I know nothing of the question, the best thing for me to do is to study the facts for myself. In neither case do I want to have my mind made up for me by somebody else!" Which sounds very knowing and clever, but like a great deal of the clever and knowing things that are said or written, is not as wise as it sounds. Even such a very knowing and clever person could surely learn something by mingling with his fellow-citizens at a political meeting and sharing their experiences and comments in listening to speeches by public men and intending candidates and in sizing up the character and ability of the speakers. The good citizen is not a superior person who holds himself aloof from mental contact with other citizens and from political activities. Citizenship means the art of living and practice together as fellow-citizens and talking together about public affairs and working together for the public good. And what is the making of speeches and the listening to speeches but the rubbing of mind against mind? Citizenship means, in a word, politics. The kind of politics a country has depends on the kind of citizens it has. Political differences can be bad for a country, but political indifference can be worse.

The Western Home Monthly

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 98
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 100

FICTION AND ARTICLES

THE HEART OF ALIX— V. Williams (First Instalment) 5
WHEN AGE GROWS YOUNG—Fred Turnbull 8
TRAPPERS AND SNOWSHOES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—Robert Watson 10
A HIGHLAND ROMANCE—Louis Arthur Cunningham. 12
IN THE TIME OF RIEL—Geo. D. MacVicar 14
PARIS THROUGH CANADIAN EYES—Francis Dickie. 15
TRANSIENTS—Margaret E. Elliott 16
MR. POLECAT SAVES A LIFE—F. Dickie 18
THE ROMANCE OF A STRONG MAN—B. J. Farmer. 20
JOURNEYING IN MOROCCO—W. Thompson 22
MARTHA OSTENSO—Lyn Tallman 30
THE HOUSE OF BRICK—V. W. Horwood 32
THE SULLIVAN—THE WORLD'S SECOND LARGEST LEAD PRODUCING MINE—N. M. and A. M. Clarke 34
BILL—A GREAT HEART—Ronald Tuckwell 36
LEAVING YOUTH BEHIND—Kathleen Redman Strange 48
AMAZING STORY OF A MAN WHO LIVED WITH A BROKEN NECK—F. Dickie 49
WHY, A GARDEN?—John Morris 57
EROS IN THE SUN—Edyth S. Draper 64
SETTLING IMMIGRANTS IN COMMUNITIES—Nettie Bushholder 80

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell ... 24
COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian .. 28
DOLLARS AND CENTS 42
LEGAL INFORMATION 44
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke 96

WOMEN AND THE HOME

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell 27
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES 58
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 66
SOMETHING FOR BUSY FINGERS 74
FASHIONS 77

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The Philosopher

What Canada Needs Most

FROM a letter written from Ottawa, since the present session of Parliament began, by a Western Canadian, not a politician, whose business took him to the capital, these sentences are taken:

> "One needs to be here in Ottawa for a while to realize the truth that this is a country whose geography and the diverse economic and other interests of its various sections, from Atlantic to Pacific, present formidable difficulties in the working out of its national problems. Surely there can be few other countries in the world in which statesmen and politicians find so many difficulties—there are so many diverse sectional interests for statesmen to grapple with, and for politicians who are not statesmen, but schemers for their own or their party's benefit, to take advantage of and make use of in playing their game. There is a great deal of cynicism on Parliament Hill. Sometimes it gets in one's throat like London fog. Not that it would be just to say that there are not many men in public life, men in every party, who came to Ottawa sincerely anxious to act for the advantage of Canada's welfare as a whole. But they constantly find obstacles in their way which would not exist if a sincere desire for the best interests of the country as a whole prevailed generally."

What Canada needs most is a national spirit of united Canadianism. When that spirit becomes strong throughout the country, it will not fail to make itself effectively felt at Ottawa. No one has felt this more deeply than Baron Byng. "You Canadians have the virility of youth and that quality you call 'pep'," he has said in one of his latest speeches before he left Canada. "Is there any fly in the ointment? None that I can see. If you will be a Canadian, work for the benefit of the whole of your country. I have tried to talk Canadian unity because I feel it so strongly and because I feel its importance so strongly." His successor in the Governor-Generalship, Lord Willingdon, is no less earnest a preacher of the gospel of Canadian unity.

When Will There Be Air Flivvers?

ONLY a few years ago we were all saying that before many years more aeroplanes would be as common as flivvers. It is undeniable that aviation has progressed marvellously. But for all that the air flivver is no nearer. The Philosopher was discussing this question with a well-known Winnipegger, who, when he was in Europe not many months ago, travelled from London to Paris by the regular air service. "I do not doubt that most people can get up courage to make a flight, as I did," he said. "And then they will feel very proud of themselves, as I did, and tell their friends how much they enjoyed it—as I have been telling my friends. But deep down in their hearts they will decide, as I decided the moment I stepped out of the airplane, that they will never go in the air again." Man has always lived on the solid earth, and feels safe and at ease there and nowhere else. There will always be daringly adventurous young men who will take to flying for the thrill it will give them. But when a man settles down to be the head of a household, his wife is likely to convince him that flying is too hazardous an occupation for him.

A Child's Life

HOW little we know of what the consequences of our acts may be! In The Medical News, an English publication, is related an incident which presents in itself nothing new. It happened sixty-three years ago; in many lands many such an incident has happeded. Through the streets of an outlying district of Manchester at night, in a cold, drenching rain, walked a widowed mother to a doctor's door. When the doctor opened at her knock, she told him that her infant boy lay dangerously ill. He knew she could not pay. But he went with her, and saved the child. How many a doctor has done as he did, in a like case! That child's name came to be known to all the world, when he was grown to manhood and was carrying the greatest responsibility ever borne by a man in all history, in an unprecented world's crisis—Lloyd George.

Why! a Garden?

Continued from page 57

by fabled magic nor supernatural agencies, but rather by a few earnest kindly souls possessed with the idea to try and make this grand old world a worth while place in which to live more and have our being, could not find any higher, nobler or better expression than to grow flowers. Others joined them inspired by their efforts until a perfect consummation of their work was brought to fruition in the city beautiful, the wilderness blossoming as the rose.

Another feature which we attribute to the growing of flowers is what might be termed the harmony of color. Have we not often heard that certain persons as being deficient in taste, that is, their arrangement of color is not harmonious? This idea could be elaborated on at great length but almost without exception you will find such persons are really not flower lovers. The fragrance of some flowers appeal to them—the form of others gratify them in a measure. The beauty so apparent to all pleases to some extent but they are without the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

So many pass through life without the love of these—God's best gifts.

The poet had such a vision when he imagined many were lacking in appreciation of the natural beauty of this grand old world as reflected by flowers.

A primrose by the rivers brim
A yellow primrose was to him.
And it was nothing more.

HAVE we ever considered thoughtfully that seeds are living things—plants and flowers must breathe, be warmed by the sun and watered by the showers sent by a kindly providence which enables them to live and develop, otherwise like all other living things they wither and die.

Have flowers and plants souls?

It is certain they respond to the care and ministration of some more readily than others.

Dean Reginold Hole, a great churchman, one of the wisest gardeners and also one of the wittiest the world ever knew, has truly observed, "If you want to grow roses you must first have roses in your heart." Doubtless herein lies the secret—we never get more out of anything than we put in. In the care and growing of flowers this will be very fully borne out.

IN the world of gardening, is it not remarkable the evident desire of the most successful to share with others their wonderful attainment? In the commercial world, in no matter what sphere you mention, each and every discovery is never given broadcast for the benefit of humanity in general. A patent is usually secured reserving the rights and use only to those who are able and willing to pay the price. This would seem just and proper, but what about the principles in the world of floriculture? No doubt new discoveries when offered commercially for a short time at least are to ordinary folk somewhat expensive but there can be no hoarding as in a short time they are available to all, surely "he that is greatest amongst you let him be as one that serves." Let us consider first principles.

We are told that at the Creation when everything was very good and Adam and Eve in their innocency "He put them in a garden." Perhaps if we are to win back to what we might, or should be, the way of the garden may be the true way.

Coupaying

Sam: "Where were you las' night?"
Doc: "May and I went coupaying."
Sam: "Big time I suppose?"
Doc: "Fair. May did the cooing and I did the paying."

He: "Since Helen married she has stopped wearing high heels; her husband disapproves of them."

She: "I always said she would lower herself by marrying that man."

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It's All in the Point of View

A Chinese high official says the white race is a menace to civilization.—Halifax Herald.

How Human the Bee is in This!

Scientists have discovered that the bee is not busy, but just acts as if it were busy.—Kingston Whig.

True Education Never Ends

A college education never hurt anybody who was willing to learn something afterward.—Boston Transcript.

A Compensating Advantage

One beauty about this Canadian winter is that you are never bothered by mosquitoes.—The Pas Herald.

So Many Points of View

Civilization, from one point of view, is just a slow process of evolving new needs to be supplied.—London Times.

Politicians Need Agility

If you think politics is easy, try standing on the fence while keeping one ear on the ground.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Gasoline Age

The automobile figures run into millions. Automobiles, too, it may be noted, run into large numbers.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Two Ways of Taking His Words

When Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King said that English cars needed only pushing to be a success, no doubt he meant well.—London Passing Show.

And the Salesmen Are Spouters

The real oil gushers are the men who write the oil stock advertisements and circulars.—Fargo Tribune.

The Pioneers Remember it

Speaking of the buffalo, who remembers the odor given off by a wet buffalo robe, or a buffalo coat?—Fort William Times-Journal.

She Doesn't Really Mean It

"Suppose," said Miss MacPhail, "the members of the House of Commons got up one day and wanted to kill each other off, I wouldn't worry about that a bit." Hey, Aggie, don't be so reckless. The carpet would be ruined.—Ottawa Journal.

The "All-Mightiest" Who Fled

The ex-Kaiser continues to confer titles upon those whose services have pleased him. The Kaiser regards himself as a king in exile, and only death will extinguish his hopes. And, of course, death will do it.—Niagara Falls Review.

Some of Them Are

A Denver professor has just concluded a series of experiments which prove that boys learn to walk on a tight-rope much quicker than girls. Queer blokes, these professors.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Bachelor-Editor's Comment, No Doubt

The president of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh says there are twice as many insane bachelors as insane married men. Several benedicts have written in to suggest the bachelors are not as crazy as they may appear.—Glasgow Herald.

Grandmamma Wore More

Of course, Grandmother arose at five o'clock in the morning when she was a girl. She had to, if she wanted to have all her clothes on by eight.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

But Will They?

Captain Bartlett, the arctic explorer, has been saying that for four or five months of the year Hudson Bay is the safest body of water in the world Montreal papers please copy. — Neepawa Press.

"Canadian Atmosphere" in the Movies

Young George Young, of Toronto, who became a celebrity by swimming from the California coast across the Catalina channel, has gone into the movies. When we see him on the "silver screen" he will, no doubt, be named Baptiste, he will be swimming with snowshoes on across a river flowing through a land of snow, and when he gets across there will be a dog-sleigh awaiting him—and later on, of course, the Mounted Police will come into the picture. Such is "Canadian atmosphere" in the movies.—Regina Leader.

A Fine Suggestion for 1927

Sir Henry Thornton's suggestion that Canada's Diamond Jubilee be observed as an "Old Home Week" is worthy of consideration. A cordial invitation should be extended to former Canadians now residing in other countries to revisit the homeland. Many of them would be amazed at the progress made by the Dominion and the prosperity that prevails at present. Canadians at home could improve the opportunity to see more of their own country. "See Canada First" should be their travel slogan for 1927.—Canadian Finance.

What the World is Saying

An Observant Editor

Women, it is said, are buying dresses on the instalment plan. We seem to have seen some of them wearing the first instalment.—Detroit Free Press.

May Find it Impossible

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has written a magazine article, in which he says it is hard to be a rich man's son.—Seattle Argus.

Times Not So Bad in Germany

An internal loan of 500,000,000 marks has been floated successfully in Germany. Times must not be too bad in that country.—Quebec Soleil.

"The Flavor Lasts"

An appraisal of the Wrigley fortune shows that the U.S. mint is not the only one which is making money.—Minneapolis Journal

Surely

An American author has made a list of the world's ten worst writers. But there must be more than ten of them.—London Daily Express.

Homette, Sweet Homette

In a bungalowette, with a kitchenette and a dinette, one needn't expect anything more than a housekeeperette.—Arkansas Gazette.

Music Note

The ukelele is now made with a single string. A useful little device to promote enjoyment at a party is a pair of pocket wire-clippers.—Dundee Courier.

A Dance With a Kick In It

A girl in Newark drove a burglar away by kicking him in the shins. The Charleston teaches them something worth while, after all.—New York American.

They Were Careless in the Old Days

Times are not what they used to be. All this season we have not seen a pioneer going about with icicles in his whiskers.—Wolseley News.

Worse Than the Russian Alphabet

A bigger and better alphabet—45 letters instead of 26—is the reform in the English language advocated by W. F. McLean, of Toronto. But that's not a reform. That's a menace.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Fashion Note

Mme. Germaine Cassagnac-Very, of Paris, says that skirts will be shorter than ever. This, from the point of view of the vanished Victorian age, will leave what is known in arithmetic as an improper fraction.—Brockville Times-Recorder.

Another War Rumor

Mr. John Erskine, novelist and professor, solemnly told an audience that he thinks there is a sex war brewing. And other people have been thinking it was time to cry "Camarade."—London Telegraph.

A Town at Peace

Our town is at last entirely free of bond or bank indebtedness and has all current accounts paid up. We have not experienced a boom, but there has been a decided improvement in business conditions over a year ago.—Peace River Record.

A Strange Land, Indeed!

An English explorer describes a country where the women carry off the men, marry them and keep them in subjugation until they get tired of them. How these English love to make fun of America!—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

No Occasion at all to Worry

Sidney M. Bruce, Australian premier, says that his country would have fought with the American colonies against England if Australia had been a nation at that time But a century and a half after the American Revolution John Bull can probably bear up under the announcement.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Will Rome Become Mussoliniville?

The Turks are talking about renaming Constantinople, and calling it after Kemal Pasha. The Russians re-named St. Petersburg, first making it Petrograd, and then Leningrad. The names of the dictators are being stamped on the maps instead of the names of the emperors!—London Daily Mail.

It is Safe to Say it Would

If an artist were to paint a picture of a person learning to skate, we suppose it would require a great many sittings.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Young Folk, Old Folk

Rev. G. A Wells, of St. John's College, says the young people of today are as good as their parents. Is this a boost—or a knock?—Selkirk Record.

The Passing Years Age All Things

When you see something offered for sale as an antique the like of which you bought when first married, you're getting old.—Hamilton Herald.

True, in the Same Measure, of Men.

A correspondent in a London paper says that women would get on better in business if they had more confidence in themselves.—Monetary Times.

Owners, Miners—Onus, Minus

The coal situation in Britain may be summed up by saying that the owners want to put the onus on the miners and the miners want to put the minus on the owners.—Calcutta Englishman.

Back Yard Big Game at the Coast

Local "big game" hunters can make a reputation for themselves by bagging the cougar reported to be prowling about the outskirts of the city.—Vancouver Province.

Editorial Unconcern

As a matter of fact, no matter what we may read about it, we don't give two hoots who is the king of Roumania. Or the queen. Or the jack.—Chatham News.

Ears Across the Sea

Wireless telephoning between New York and London now goes on every day. Thus the aspiration, "Hands across the sea," comes every day nearer to realization.—New York World.

A Question of Destination

Bishop Freeman, of Washington, remarks that the age in which we live is "going nowhere at sixty miles an hour." The clergy are not always so euphemistic in speaking of our destination, however.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fan That Has Outlived Empires

An ostrich feather fan has been found in King Tut's tomb. This merely proves that even four thousand years ago ostriches were having their tails yanked.—Vancouver Sun.

Too Much Cotton

For the purpose of dealing with the problem created by the surplus production of cotton, plans have been made in Memphis to organize the "Knights of Cotton." Nighties of cotton would help some, too.—Washington Star.

They'll Go Rolling Down to Rio

In view of the report of the Hoover commissioner, mid-western folk may be more than ever convinced that lake ships will yet go rolling down to Rio via the St. Lawrence.—Buffalo Express.

An Editorial Disappointment

We see that the son of a British baron who is missing carried "an unspecified sum of money." That is different from the most of us. About the only time we are fooled as to the amount of money we carried was when we thought we had a quarter and it turned out to be one of those big nickels.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

And Mighty Good Food it is, Too.

It has come out, in comparing expense costs of English and Scottish prisons, that the cost of keeping a prisoner in England is just double what it is in Scotland. The result is that English prisoners from now on may eat a little more oatmeal.—Toronto Globe.

It Seems to be Needed There

Chicago is planning to build a $25,000,000 Temple of Health. This will probably be a distributing centre for health hints on how to keep your whole skin while sojourning in that city, as well as instructions to the citizens as to dodging bullets while venturing out on the streets.—Galt Reporter.

The Jingling Bells of Long Ago

A party of Ontario school teachers planned a sleigh ride the other day, but when the day came it was discovered that there was not a sleigh to be had and there would be no sleigh ride What a pang this will give the older generation who need only close their eyes to hear the jingle bells ringing over the snow.—Montreal La Presse.

Most Extraordinary

Commenting on the discussion in the British Columbia Legislature on election campaign funds, the Montreal Gazette says: "Somebody has made the extraordinary suggestion that campaign funds are sometimes contributed with the idea of getting something in return later on." Extraordinary, indeed!—Montreal Devoir.